



HORIZON

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HORIZON

SPRING, 1974 · VOLUME XVI, NUMBER 2

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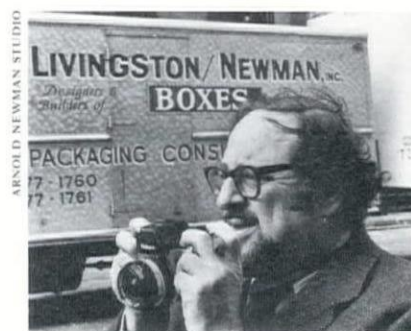
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Progeny



Arnold Newman

"The father of us all," said Matisse of Paul Cézanne, meaning, of course, the father of modern painting. The thought is generous, and generally accepted as true, but the road from the serene and solid still life on our cover to a Rauschenberg collage has many a hairpin turn. What might papa Cézanne think of his American great-grandchildren as they currently manifest themselves among the iron-facaded factories of lower Manhattan (see "Bohemia Reborn," beginning on page 64)? And what would he make of a document recently fallen into our hands—an art newsletter published in Germany advising investors that the rock-bottom price for a presentable pop art canvas is now \$100,000? And would Cézanne believe that one contemporary painter—of high artistic repute—has had to incorporate a shipping and receiving department into the permanent apparatus of his studio?

If a morality play had ever been born out of the bohemian mystique of the late nineteenth century, Art and Industry would therein have played the respective roles of God and Satan. Perpetual outsider that Cézanne was, ridiculed by the art establishment of his day, never dreaming of making a franc from the sale of a canvas, he would have understood this antagonism. He could hardly have guessed that the pair would one day opt, if not for matrimonial bliss, at least for co-habitation, and that his descendants in New York (and their dealers) would be masters at turning art into big business. But if he could visit some elegantly furnished loft in SoHo, he might at least rejoice that you don't have to starve any more to be famous.

Unable to send Cézanne to SoHo, we sent Arnold Newman instead. One of the foremost photographers of our day, Newman certainly has

his place among Cézanne's offspring, and he has other connections in SoHo as well: he is pictured here in front of a truck belonging to a local box-making firm founded by two of his uncles. Before he turned to photography, Newman studied art, and his schoolboy heroes were mostly artists. Since then, his favorite subjects and closest friends have been painters and sculptors.

Thanks to these friendships and his own taste, the apartment where he and his wife, Augusta, live houses works by Henry Moore and Claes Oldenburg, Max Ernst, Léger, Grosz, Mondrian, Giacometti, Noguchi, De Kooning, and Robert Indiana. His studio down the street is another gallery consisting chiefly of Newman's own portraits: Calder among his mobiles, Stravinsky at the piano. Newman always seeks out his subjects where they work, and thus the SoHo assignment was very much up his alley. He also has the aplomb not to mind being almost bowled over by passing trucks, or the hugs of passing friends, on West Broadway.

William Hickey is another of the cast of characters in this issue who would be amazed at his offshoots. He was an adventurer and a scribbler whose boisterous rise to nabobdom in Calcutta is retold for us by Jan Morris beginning on page 82. Hickey and his cronies were simply freebooters working under the umbrella of the East India Company; once India was annexed to the Empire, they retired to reminisce in London clubs. The successor proconsuls were a different sort. Out of the masses they ruled they deliberately created a class of civil servants to shoulder the daily chores of the imperial bureaucracy. From their ranks emerged, after World War II, the leaders of the former colonies. These Wogs, as they were nastily called by their former overseers, now run a number of Asian countries, not to mention the United Nations. Beginning on page 96, Tarzie Vittachi, of the UN staff, offers some wry and witty comments on the brown man's burden, which has upon occasion been more of a nuisance than a blessing.

If the phantom of William Hickey should emerge from the UN building some afternoon and bump into the shade of Paul Cézanne, just getting off the bus that has carried him uptown from SoHo, the pair of them might begin to chat—and, if not immediately arrested for loitering, they might well observe that one's progeny often do the most unpredictable things. — S.T.

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COVER: Paul Cézanne's glowing work, *The Blue Vase*, is a rendering of simple objects in an ordinary setting, which the artist painted in the 1880's. In such exquisitely balanced compositions Cézanne's concern with the forms of the natural world emerged and changed the course of modern art. An article by Michael Peppiatt, beginning on page 14, describes the artist's life and work; an accompanying portfolio of Cézanne's still lifes begins on page 21.



EIRE

SCOTLAND

WALES

FLANDERS

WALLONIA

BRITTANY

ALSACE

JURASSIA

OCCITANIA

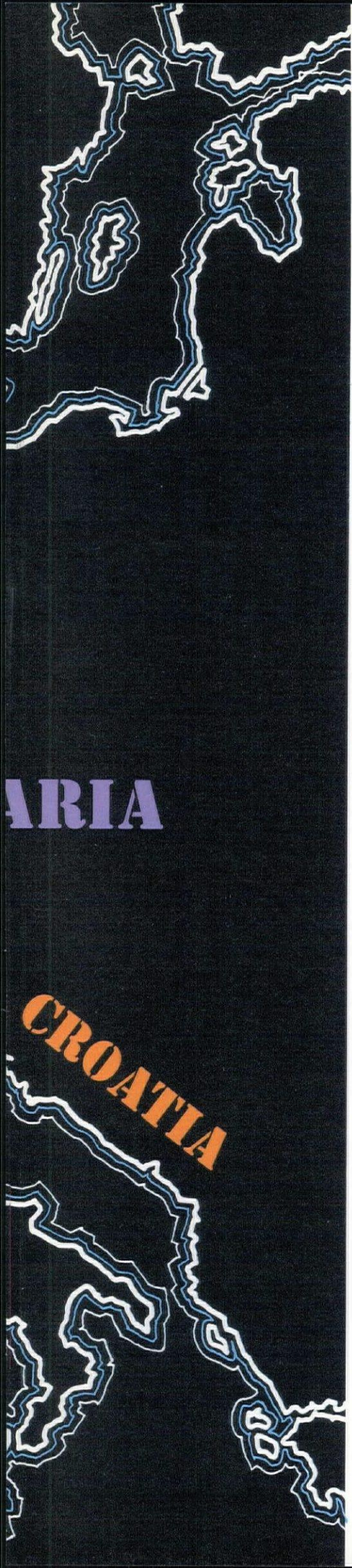
GALICIA

EUZKADI

CATALONIA

TYROL

BA



THE FOURTH WORLD

A host of ancient peoples is
rising up to demand
independence. Will the map of Europe
soon look like the one at left?

*Vaqui l'ora de la desfacha
L'idèa brutla sul lenhièr
Aqui l'alba de la victòria
Menam vòstra lucha avuèi:
Minoritats contra l'Empèri,
Indians de totes las colors
Decolonizarem la tèrra:
Montsegur, te dreïças pertot!*

—“Montsegur,” MUSIC AND
LYRICS BY CLAUDE MARTI

The language is essentially that of the troubadours, which has never completely died out in southern France, and the theme is one that haunted their verse in the tragic twilight of their age. It harks back to a thirteenth-century “crusade” launched by a coalition of land-hungry northern barons, with the blessing of the Church, and eventually led by the king of France; its ostensible purpose was to stamp out the Albigensian heresy that had taken root in southwest France, then independent un-

der its own feudal rulers. Montsegur, one of the last hilltop fortresses of the Albigensians and their defenders, fell in 1244, and with it there all but disappeared an exceptionally gentle, tolerant, life-loving variant of Western medieval civilization, whose vanished splendors, real or imagined, have since inspired floods of archaizing belles-lettres and poetic nostalgia. There is nothing nostalgic, however, in the robust baritone of Claude Marti, a thick-chested, black-bearded young village schoolteacher turned revolutionary poet and pop singer (his records have been selling increasingly well in his native Languedoc), nor in the subtle blend of contemporary rhythms with which he accompanies himself on the guitar.

The message of Marti's song is even less backward-looking. To be sure, it evokes the long, terrible siege of Montsegur by the northern hosts, the heroism of

the last five hundred defenders, and the horrors of the subsequent repression:

This is the hour of defeat,
The idea burnt at the stake.

There follows immediately, however, the contrapuntal statement:

This is the dawn of victory,
We have taken up your fight.

And the last four lines convincingly demonstrate how the Occitanian language, in which the thirteenth-century troubadours composed their *sirventes*, polemic or satiric verses, can be used to express typical twentieth-century ideological concepts:

Minorities against the Empire,
Indians of every color,
We shall de-colonize the earth:
New Montsegurs will rise up
everywhere.

The full text of Marti's song makes it clear that while he espouses the cause of all the planet's oppressed peoples, the particular empire he is metaphorically taking up arms against is French—not the vestigial French empire overseas, but the centralized, post-Napoleonic bureaucracy that rules the continental hexagon—and that the bit of earth he feels most urgently in need of "de-colonization" is his own native province. It encompasses the whole southern third of France from the Atlantic to the Italian frontier and even a bit beyond, an area he and a number of French intellectuals born south of the Loire now call Occitania. In effect, Marti proposes to wipe out more than seven centuries of history and restore the situation that prevailed before the northern invasion, when Languedoc, Gascony, Provence, and other areas of southern France were ruled by their own elites (in some cases nominally subject to the Catalan Crown). Another champion of the Occitanian *risorgimento*, Joan-Jaumes Fraisse, is even blunter in defying the "imperialists":

After so many centuries
There is nothing left of your Empire
Except Brittany, the Basque
country and Catalonia,
A piece of Germany, Corsica,
And the land of the troubadours.
It is already
The beginning of the end.

Each of the six French regions mentioned in Fraisse's poem now has its militants for "de-colonization," ranging from out-and-out separatists to moderate champions of cultural pluralism and administrative decentralization. And the poet might have added one other—French Flanders, where there exists an embryonic Flemish autonomist movement that is in touch with its ethnic analogue just across the border in Belgium.

The trend, however, is not confined to France: what one theorist calls the "regionalist revolution" is a general European phenomenon. Four revolutionary minorities already have clandestine radio stations: there is Radio Scotland, Radio Euzkadi (Basque), Radio Free Tyrol, and the Voice of Serbia. Every sizable nation in Western Europe has its ethnic minorities, and within these minorities agitation for more self-government and cultural expression has been growing in recent years—accompanied in some cases by revolutionary violence.

There is reason to believe that this centrifugal movement may continue to gather force, and that at least some of the lesser nationalities swallowed up in the rise of the great nation-states of modern Europe may eventually re-emerge as political units, if not fully independent sovereignties. "It will not be France, Germany, or Italy that confronts us tomorrow," one perhaps over-enthusiastic decentralizer prophesied at a congress of French minority leaders a few years ago, "but Bavaria, Alsace, Wallonia, Sicily, Brittany, Luxembourg, Catalonia."

The speaker, a French Basque, did not have to mention his own Euzkadi—at present, the four Basque provinces of Spain, but destined one day, perhaps, to include France's Basques as well. And if he had meant his list to be comprehensive, he would no doubt have included these: Wales (where an underground nationalist movement specializing in sabotage has existed since before World War II); Scotland (whose nationalists, though less addicted to revolutionary violence than the Welsh, have become increasingly vocal in

their demands for home rule and a national parliament of their own); Spanish Galicia (Franco's home province); the Faroe Islands (whose inhabitants once voted, though somewhat ambiguously, for separation from Denmark); and—if one were to accept the extremists' thesis—Sardinia, Corsica, and Occitania. Another new unit in the political map of Europe might be a twenty-third canton of Switzerland, one carved out of the present canton of Bern by its French-speaking minority, the so-called Jurassian autonomists; they have been conducting a noisy secession campaign for years—punctuated by attempts to blow up public monuments and other symbols of Bernese "imperialism." And there are other conceivable changes: the unification of Ireland, the attachment of the German-speaking section of Italy's Alto Adige province—South Tyrol—to Austria, and the splitting of Belgium into separate Walloon (French-speaking) and Flemish states, the latter possibly gravitating toward union with the Netherlands.

The most dramatic changes, however, would undoubtedly take place in Central, Eastern, and Southeastern Europe, the traditional storm center of conflicting national aspirations—if, that is, the totalitarian regimes in power there ever allowed their national minorities to decide their own destinies. Even today, despite the considerable measure of autonomy Yugoslavia has granted its component peoples in cultural matters, the nation's unity is once again threatened by the deep-rooted Croat nationalism that shook it during the nineteen twenties and thirties.

This new rise of ethnic nationalism, autonomism, or just simply regionalism, in France, Spain, Italy, and of course elsewhere complicates the official programs of economic and administrative decentralization adopted or contemplated in several European countries, and it raises some awkward problems for the builders of an eventual United States of Europe. Simply printing banknotes in all the languages of the hypothetical commonwealth might prove a headache for the future Bank of Europe, and a European parliament in which all the ethnic minorities were represented would require an army of simul-

taneous translators. Delimiting the frontiers of the resurrected ethnic member states, whose territorial claims often overlap, would be even trickier.

Nevertheless, we cannot assume from these mechanical difficulties that the movement for European unity and the regionalist movement are antithetical. Some ethnic or regional revolutionaries are, in fact, opposed to the whole idea of a supranational Europe, and regard existing European institutions as infected with the spirit of technocracy, capitalism, and, at least potentially, "colonialism." Yet the regionalist revolution as a whole is by no means irreconcilably opposed to European unification; indeed, there is reason to believe that it has actually been strengthened by the progress of the European idea.

There are several explanations for this apparent paradox. The main one is simply that the propaganda campaigns for a United States of Europe, waged ever since the end of World War II, have inevitably tended to drain the great-nation mystique of its emotional energy, and even in some measure to undermine public be-

lief in the capacity of the sovereign nation-state to secure the well-being and safety of its citizens. The division of Europe into Eastern and Western blocs and the permanent military alliance that has resulted among the Western European powers probably reinforce these trends. By dispelling the age-old European fear of being attacked by one's immediate neighbors and stressing collective defense against the more fearsome but distant Soviet threat, the interlocking NATO-European military system tends, despite the Gaullist *force de frappe*, to downgrade purely national armies—and the sovereign executives that direct them. The possibility of European integration on a regional, rather than a national, basis likewise provides the regional enthusiasts with a convincing rebuttal to the conventional nationalist argument that the poorer and smaller regions could not survive alone.

No doubt the regionalist movement would not have profited so much from the European one if the growth of European patriotism or loyalty to an eventual European super-state had kept pace with the

decline of the nationalist mystique. That it has not is in good part due to the stubborn refusal of the Gaullist regime in France to countenance the establishment of common European institutions, such as a European army or a democratically-elected European parliament, around which a general European patriotism might eventually crystallize (the Common Market being too technocratic and insufficiently charismatic to serve this purpose). Hence, a united Europe appears at worst to be a remote and hypothetical menace to the regional patriots.

At least in France, the greater number of regional revolutionaries appears to share the conviction of Robert Lafont—a university specialist of Occitanian studies, poet, and tireless propagandist for the regionalist cause—that a united Europe, while not a panacea, offers "a promise insofar as it can loosen the grip of French centralism." Ideally, the European community envisaged by Professor Lafont and other European intellectuals of similar views would be an "ethnic Europe"—a federation, not of states, but of ethnic

THE DEATH OF SIMON OF MONTFORT

The lines below, translated into English by Michael A. Taylor, are from the unfinished thirteenth-century Occitanian epic La Chanson de la Croisade contre les Albigeois (lines 8412-8490). They celebrate a moment of triumph for the defenders of Toulouse when, on June 25, 1218, a shot from their catapult slew the leader of the besieging army, Simon de Montfort (father of the Simon who, in 1265, virtually founded the English parliament). The first part of the poem was apparently written by a Navarese clerk, one Guillem de Tudele, and the rest by an unknown author.

[Now spoke the Count of Montfort:] "Righteous Jesus," he said,
"Grant me victory forthwith, or else strike me down dead. . . .
And then he rode forth, and sixty thousand followed behind,
The barons on horseback, and their minions and hirelings after,
And the motley throng of pilgrims, each one bearing a staff.
Then the shouts and loud blaring of trumpet and herald's horn,
The blood blows of slingshots, and the bone-breaking stones
The catapult throws amidst tumult, wind, and storm in the air,
A terrible thunder that shook the town and the river shore.
The men of Toulouse were stricken, stricken thereat with terror,
And many there were who swooned, and fell into the ditches,
But they recovered themselves, and straightaway rushed out
Through the gardens and orchards, to take up their positions.
Now the swift rounded stones, the tiny darts and long arrows,
Fell like a furious rain, or a flood that flowed on both sides.
Then from a parapet high on the left a bowman shot straight,
And the arrow pierced the brain of the mount of the Count Guy,
And as the horse dropped down, another archer took aim,
And struck Guy in his ribs, and the iron arrow dug

Deep into his flesh, and the blood flowed on his breeches.
Then the Lord Simon rode to his brother, whom he loved dear,
And jumped down from his horse, and cried out most wickedly,
"Sweet brother," he cried, "we have cast God into ire,
And now He loveth those dogs. For this wound will I
Be a monk of the spital." And as Guy would make answer,
There was in the city a catapult, that a carpenter had made,
And from the height of Saint Sernin it let fly a stone,
Which the women of Toulouse had aimed and then released,
The wives and the young girls, and the stone sailed true
And struck Simon hard, hard on his helmet of steel,
Breaking his skull bone to bits, and shooting out his brains,
And his eyes and his jaws and his forehead all were crushed.
Then the count fell down dead, all bloody was he and black. . . .
Great wail the French barons made, and bitter words spoke. . . .
Then came there a messenger, into the town of Toulouse,
And shouted out the news, and the joy then was so great
That folk thronged to the churches, and lighted many a taper,
And everywhere, in every place, the cry of joy was raised,
For God is merciful, and the land of nobility saved.
The count is dead now, dead, the evil murderer dead,
Deprived is he of repentance, for that he was cruel.
Now the horns and trumpets, and the joy of the populace,
The quick ringing of chimes, and the great bells peal,
The rattle and clatter of drums, and the singing of clarions,
Echo and sound on the walls and paving stones of the town,
Then the long siege that had obstructed the other shore
Was raised. By every road and path the Frenchmen left,
Leaving their herds behind, leaving their beasts of burden,
Leaving their flags and tents, their harnesses and silver,
And the men of Toulouse took many a prisoner that day.

groups, organized according to the formula proposed in 1963 by Guy Heraud in his influential pamphlet *L'Europe des Ethnies*. Above all, however, the new Europe, according to these thinkers, would be a regionalized one whose frontiers would be democratically fixed by the populations concerned, not by ethnic or historic considerations alone.

Because they consider themselves good Europeans, as well as Basque, Breton, or Occitanian patriots, regional revolutionaries like Lafont deny that they are nationalists in the classic nineteenth-century sense. Their rhetoric sometimes evokes the revolutionary idealisms of 1848 and the federalist mystique of the early nineteenth-century anarchist philosopher Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, but revolutionary regionalism—at least as understood by its most advanced theoreticians—is a new and complex phenomenon in European history. It is not, however, a purely European phenomenon. In certain respects it appears to be the reflection of a worldwide social-identity crisis, manifested elsewhere in such developments as the linguistic revolts in India, the convulsive couplings and uncouplings of national units within the Arab world, the Indianismo cult in Latin America, the Free Quebec struggle in Canada, and the Black (or Red) Power and Chicano movements in the United States.

This identity crisis undoubtedly reflects a general crisis of modern civilization. One of its roots, perhaps the deepest one, is the twentieth century's runaway technological revolution, which, in creating Marshall McLuhan's world village, has destroyed or at least gravely undermined the earlier family, tribal, and communal structures that shaped the sense of group identity and gave the individual a sense of belonging. There was—perhaps—a time when the traumatic effects of this upheaval were compensated for by the larger, richer social integrations—including the dawning sense of world community—that it made possible. In recent years, however, the increasing frustrations, disorders, and breakdowns in the technological civilization the West has imposed on our planet have seemed to

threaten the transformation of the world village into a mere, chaotic world mob.

The nation-state, as an intermediate social unit between the tribe or ethnic community and the commonwealth of man, appears particularly vulnerable to the psychological and sociological upheavals of our age. In the former colonial areas, the sheer artificiality of many of the new nation-states suffices to account for their difficulties. In the West itself, two catastrophic world wars and the failure to develop really effective institutions of international co-operation have contributed to eroding the prestige of the national-sovereignty principle, especially in the minds of the young. Blundering and criminal national policies abroad—the Vietnam war for the United States, the unsuccessful attempt to suppress the Algerian revolution for France—along with growing abuses and scandals at home have aggravated that trend: the sense of national mission and, above all, moral mission shared by the American Republic and the great nineteenth-century European empires has faded.

The declining prestige of the nation-state has been accompanied by a decline of the political, business, and bureaucratic elites most closely identified with it—usually members of the dominant ethnic element in the nation (one example being the WASPs in America). The former phenomenon tends to release or reactivate earlier, more parochial loyalties that were previously submerged in the general cult of the nation; the latter encourages members of ethnic minorities to assert with pride, sometimes even arrogance, a cultural personality their fathers were secretly ashamed of and deliberately tried to suppress in the attempt to “pass.”

The same psychological processes help to explain why the new European regionalism is permeated with the mystique of the anticolonialist and anticapitalist revolutions, as well as with that of Proudhon's federalism, and why its militants often feel closer in spirit to Che Guevara than to Kossuth or Mazzini. The most revolutionary feature of the movement is, of

course, simply its attempt to reverse what for centuries has been the trend of European history toward the development of culturally homogeneous nation-states and the progressive obliteration of provincial autonomies. But unlike many national-minority movements in pre-1914 Europe, it seems generally to have little or no aspiration toward union with racial cousins in other countries or the formation of what might be termed ethnic kinship states on the model of Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia. Nor, with only a few exceptions, are there any trends comparable to the one-time pan-Slav or pan-German movements: few Québécois, Walloon, or Jurassian separatists dream of ultimate union with France—though some Gaulists may dream of absorbing them.

The new regional revolutionaries—and not only those belonging to ethnic minorities—are against big political units in principle; they associate what they think of as the gigantism of the nation-state with its tendency toward oppressive bureaucratic centralism. Similarly, they tend to be anticapitalist, without necessarily being doctrinaire socialists, because of the alliance between the state and big business. (Most of them are likewise militantly hostile to the great multinational corporations of today, which, though not identified with a particular government, represent in their eyes the most extreme embodiment of soulless, conscienceless, and irresponsible capitalist exploitation.) Because the despised “collaborationist” bourgeoisie of their own ethnic or regional groups generally accept the values of the technological and consumer societies in which they live, many of the younger regional revolutionaries in particular are inclined to deride or attack these values.

Above all, because the attempt to impose a homogeneous national culture inevitably implies some repression, however gentle, and some contempt, however mild, of the submerged minority cultures, militants feel a certain psychological solidarity with all despised or oppressed social groups, especially those who have been the victims of colonialist contempt, and look upon their revolution as one aspect of the modern struggle for human dignity.

A closer look at three regionalist revolutions—the Basque, the Breton, and the Occitanian—illustrates the complex forces that animate them.

The Basques

Basque activists come closest to the nineteenth-century nationalist model, and have been—at least on the Spanish side of the international boundary that cuts their territory in two—the most militantly revolutionary. If any liberal or left-wing government should ever come to power in Spain, it is likely that the Spanish Basques would proclaim an autonomous republic. And so, possibly, might the Spanish Catalans. In the meantime, underground activist organizations with separatist objectives, like the ETA (Euzkadi Ta Azkatasuna, or Basqueland and its Freedom) will no doubt continue the terrorist *coups de main*, the bank robberies, kidnappings, and reprisal assassinations, that they have been carrying out for a number of years, with the passive complicity of virtually the entire Basque people. (In 1968 the Franco authorities had to declare a state of siege in San Sebastián after mass demonstrations; and at the end of 1973, when Spain's premier, Luis Carrero Blanco, was blown up in his car, ETA members claimed responsibility for the deed.)

Despite their evident sympathy today with the separatist extremists, the Basques have not for many centuries (except, briefly, during the Spanish Civil War) had a national state of their own. For a time in the Middle Ages there existed what might be considered a Basque empire, since a Basque dynasty ruled in the kingdom of Navarre and controlled a sizable portion of the Iberian peninsula, but throughout most of their recorded history the Basques have lived under foreign rulers—and usually their country has been split between two or more of them. Usually, too, as Léon Boussard, a French student of Basque history, remarks, they have accommodated themselves to foreign domination if there was no interference with their culture and local institutions.

Basque political history is, therefore, a

bore, but the social and cultural history of the Basque people is one of the most fascinating in Europe. Eskuara, the Basque language, is the only non-Indo-European tongue in Western Europe. The most widely accepted theory of the Basques' origins is that they are descendants of an original paleolithic stock native to the area where most of them live today—along or near the Atlantic coast of Spain and France, from Bilbao to Bayonne. Like their language, many of their customs, character traits, and even, it would seem, racial features have remained basically the same since the earliest Roman accounts of them, going back to around 100 B.C. (The number of Basques speaking Eskuara and maintaining the traditional Basque way of life has, however, declined considerably in the last two centuries: today they are estimated to number about a million, with only about a hundred thousand living in France.)

Up until the nineteenth century, the Basques were self-governing at the village and county levels. Each head of a household, regardless of wealth or social rank, was entitled to cast one vote in electing his village or parish council (even in feudal times all Basques were considered freemen, though only heads of households held the right of franchise), and each local council elected two to five delegates to a provincial assembly. There were seven of these Basque "provinces," four in Spain and three in France. The French Revolution radically modified the system on the northern side of the border, curbing the Basques' autonomy by incorporating them into an administrative unit that includes a sizable non-Basque population: the Département des Basses Pyrénées. Under the highly centralized French bureaucratic system, many matters that had previously been within the jurisdiction of the local councils or provincial assemblies were dealt with by administrative decision of the prefect or sub-prefect appointed by the French government. One result was that the Basque language was barred from French state schools.

In Spain, the Basques fared even worse—or felt they had—partly because they made the mistake of backing the (losing)

side of the pretender Don Carlos in the two Carlist Wars. Nationalist agitation, seeking autonomy or even independence for the Spanish Basque provinces, developed in the 1890's when the red, white, and green flag of Euzkadi was devised. Franco's savage repression of Basque nationalism during the Civil War—including such atrocities as allowing the Germans to fire-bomb Guernica, the traditional holy place of Basque liberty—temporarily broke the spirit of the Basque people. Since the early 1960's, however, a new generation of young revolutionaries has revived Basque nationalism in a more extreme form, and with a pronounced leftist tinge that it never had before. The Basque Catholic clergy itself has become increasingly radical, and John XXIII's encyclical *Pacem in Terris* is often cited to justify or excuse the violence of the ETA terrorists. No compromise solution to the Spanish Basque problem seems conceivable as long as Franco, or any of his spiritual heirs, remains in power.

Though the French Basques are considerably less militant than the Spanish ones, and actual separatists are a tiny minority, the nationalist cause has likewise been making headway in France since 1968. (The Left Bank student revolt in Paris that year stimulated every form of revolutionary activity, regionalist or otherwise, throughout France—indeed, throughout Western Europe.) Young French Basque revolutionaries work closely not only with their Spanish brothers but with their Breton, Corsican, and Occitanian comrades; and delegates from Quebec, along with those of various European minorities, have attended the congresses of their organization, Enbata.

The Bretons

Culturally and racially less homogeneous than Basques, Bretons are of obscure origin. Whether they are mainly descendants of the ancient Gauls or repopled the peninsula of Brittany as emigrants from Cornwall and Wales during the Dark Ages is uncertain, but there is no doubt that the Bretons are predominantly of Celtic stock. It is equally

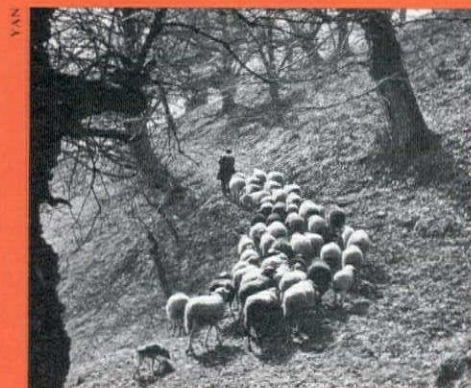
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THREE FROM THE FOURTH WORLD

BASQUES

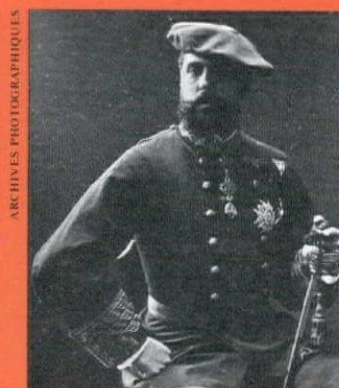


LAND



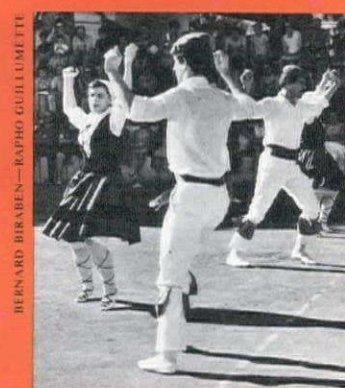
Basque shepherd in the Pyrenees, traditional home of his people for millennia

HISTORY



Don Carlos: Spanish Basques backed his 1870's power play

CULTURE



Basque dancing: part of a culture as old as recorded history

BRETONS

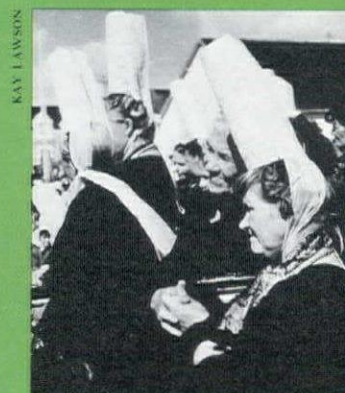


Off the coast of their ancient homeland, Bretons gather seaweed for use in farming

BOTH: BIBLIOTHEQUE NATIONALE SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHIQUE

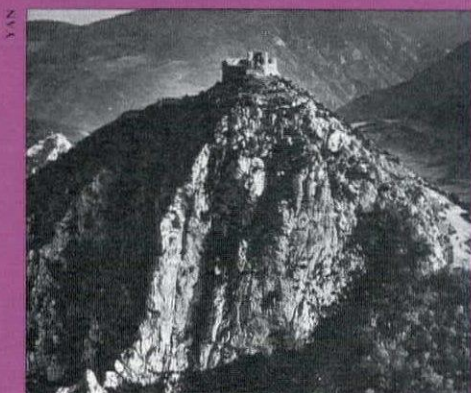
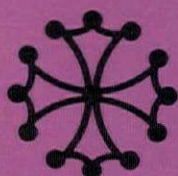


The marriage of King Charles VIII of France (on the left) to Anne, Duchess of Brittany, in 1491 terminated Breton autonomy in fact but not in spirit

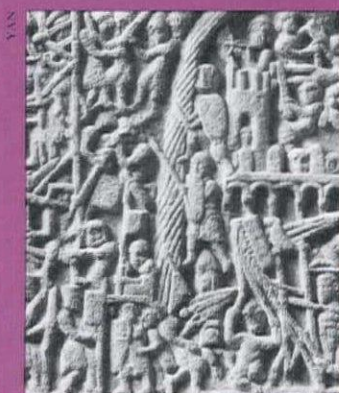


Many Bretons retain their traditional clothing and dialect

OCCITANIANS



Montsegur, in the heart of Languedoc, which fell to the French invaders in 1244



The soldiers of Toulouse, who in 1218 attacked a French army



An eleventh-century poet: one of many who spoke langue d'oc

If industrial development is the great aim of the African and Asian nations lumped together in the catchall category Third World, "cultural autonomy" is the rallying cry for the ethnic minorities of the Fourth World. Below are pictorial profiles of three of Europe's sturdiest Fourth World peoples: the Basques, Bretons, and Occitanians. Love of the land, solidarity against a common enemy, and the sharing of a linguistic and cultural tradition, have stirred in each of the three a true, if clandestine, sense of nationhood. Age-old participation in a common life has given them an inviolable feeling of community—strong enough to withstand persistent bludgeoning and bullying by their lawful rulers, deep enough to fuel new demands for ethnic independence.

BAD GUYS



Franco, suppressor of Basque nationalists during the 1930's

DIRTY TRICKS



Detail from Picasso's Guernica, his bitter reminder of the 1937 fire bombing of a Basque town

STRIKING BACK



Young separatists, members of the Basque underground, learn guerrilla tactics at a mountain camp



The Duc de Chaulnes crushed a bold Breton uprising in 1675



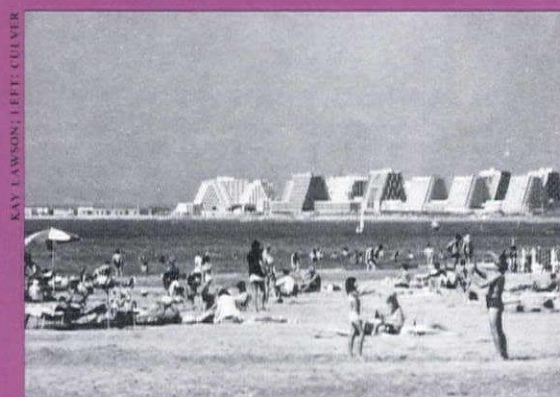
Antigovernment cartoon: a French teacher ostracizes a student for speaking Breton while in school



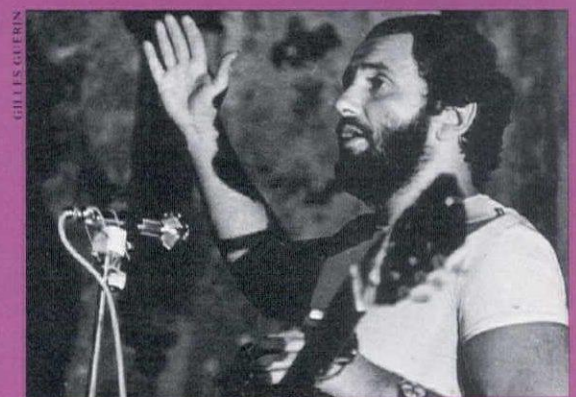
Members of the Liberation Front carry the Breton flag at a march; the FLB specializes in sabotage



Pope Innocent III: he persecuted the Languedocian heretics



One of the government beaches bringing tourists to the southern coast and embittering Occitanians



Claude Marti, a new troubadour and leader in the campaign to revive Occitania's ancient traditions

certain that during most of the feudal period Brittany was governed by Breton royal or ducal dynasties, though much of the time they were nominal vassals of the French Crown. Even after the marriage of Duchess Anne and Charles VIII of France was contracted in 1491 and brought about the permanent union of the two countries, Brittany retained a good deal of its national autonomy.

The acculturation of the Breton aristocracy and wealthy bourgeoisie, however, progressed rapidly from the time of Richelieu. Only the peasants and fishermen continued to speak their native language, a Celtic dialect akin to Welsh and Cornish, which their social superiors despised as a lower-class, semi-barbarous patois. Even the peasantry ceased to speak Breton in the eastern part of the region, including the area around the former provincial capital, Rennes, and by the mid-twentieth century there remained only about a million Breton-speaking Bretons, concentrated in the western part of the peninsula.

Militant champions of the Third Republic's *école laïque* crusaded against the language, which had particularly obscurantist associations in their minds owing to the Bretons' attachment to the Catholic Church. Not only was Breton not taught in the state schools, but children were punished for using it in the classroom, even among themselves. In some schools every time a child inadvertently used a Breton word he was made to "purify" his mouth by licking the floor. "For the unity of France the Breton language must disappear," Anatole de Monzie, a French minister of education between the two wars, once declared. Some public buildings in Brittany had notices in French reading, "Spitting on the Floor and Speaking Breton are Forbidden," and one Breton writer, Yann-Ber Piriou, has used the warning as the sardonic title of his bilingual anthology of contemporary Breton poetry. French bureaucrats, upheld by French court decisions, have refused Breton parents the right to give their children "outlandishly" Breton names.

Although French official efforts to stamp out Breton have eased off a bit in the last two or three decades—since 1951 Breton has been accepted, along with Basque and Occitanian, as an optional modern language in the school curriculum—the charge of attempted "cultural genocide" leveled against the Paris government by Breton nationalists scarcely seems exaggerated at all.

Between the two wars a Breton autonomist movement called Breiz Atao (Brittany Forever) came into being and launched a program of revolutionary agitation. It was predominantly right wing, influenced by the Irish Sinn Féin, and its more extreme adherents dreamed of separating from France to join a pan-Celtic federation. But Nazi support of Breiz Atao during the occupation discredited the movement in the eyes of most Bretons, and the present generation of Breton activists has a different outlook. They are social more than cultural or national revolutionaries. They liken their struggle to that of the Algerian National Liberation Front in its war of independence, and they consistently stress the economic and social aspects of the anticolonialist theme. (The common belief that a disproportionate number of Paris streetwalkers come from Brittany is often cited as an illustration of French colonial exploitation.) The revolutionaries are active in the *gallo* (French-speaking) part of Brittany as well as in the Breton-speaking west, and some of the most militant agitation is conducted by the Breton wings of the Trotskyite and Maoist movements in France; even the French Communists, despite their Jacobin centralism, have felt obliged to trim their sails to the regionalist gale.

The French government's efforts to refute the charge of "colonialism" by crash programs of economic development have so far had little effect in Brittany. When eleven leading members of the FLB (Breton Liberation Front), an underground revolutionary group specializing in symbolic acts of sabotage such as blowing up internal revenue offices, were tried in Paris in October, 1972, the trial turned into that of the French administration, according to the influential

weekly *L'Express*. Corsican, Catalan, and Occitanian autonomists who appeared as defense witnesses proclaimed their solidarity with the Breton revolutionaries, and a distinguished roster of French intellectuals expressed sympathy. One defense witness, Father Arthur Le Bars, a respected and politically moderate Breton priest, warned the judges that social, cultural, and economic conditions in Brittany were "inhuman," and that in consequence virtually no Bretons disapproved of the FLB. Although the court refused to allow the accused to testify or answer questions in Breton, it finally acquitted three out of the eleven and gave the others suspended sentences.

The Occitanians

Occitania, as the word is used by partisans, embraces thirty-two *départements* of France, including the former provinces of Provence, Languedoc, Gascony, Aquitania, and Limousin. No unified Occitanian nation or state has ever existed. Much of the territory claimed by the Occitanian revolutionaries—including Provence—was acquired by France through feudal diplomacy rather than conquest. Only a portion of it suffered directly from the crusade against the Albigensians, and the Albigensian heresy itself—a dualist cult ultimately derived from the Manicheans—never seems to have been more than a minority sect in the region.

Yet the memory of the crusade's horrors, especially the huge *auto-da-fé* of heretics after the fall of Montségur and the indiscriminate massacre of the defenders of Béziers ("God will know his own," a Catholic prelate assured the northern barons), is still alive virtually throughout southern France. In Languedoc it remains an obsession. "You won't understand anything about this country if you overlook the Albigensians," a Communist politician told a reporter from the Paris *Figaro*.

Apart from the general Occitanian myth of the crusade, the sense of regional unity in southern France, though perhaps less developed than the activists imagine, has

solid historic roots in a common language and civilization, neither of which has been totally obliterated. Between ten and thirteen million Frenchmen, about a fourth of the national population, speak some form of the Occitanian language. It is considered to have five main dialects, of which Provençal has enjoyed the most prestige since its revival as a high literary language by the nineteenth-century poet Frédéric Mistral. (The Institute of Occitanian Studies in Montpellier has recently been trying to promulgate a uniform system of spelling based substantially on Languedocian models, thus provoking occasional mutters of "cultural imperialism" from the Provençal purists.)

The survival of at least some of the basic values of Occitanian civilization throughout the region is naturally harder to demonstrate. Even in the thirteenth century the cultural differences between northern and southern French society were mainly of degree. Feudal institutions were the same in the two regions, but they appear to have been less oppressive in the south. Violence was less frequent, punishments less cruel. If only verbally, *paratge*—an almost untranslatable word combining notions of brotherhood, fairness, and equality—was one of the key values of Occitanian civilization. Another, in practice as well as theory, was *merces*—tolerance—a virtue not highly esteemed in the north at the time. In the south, respect for women was not confined to the troubadours' courtly audiences, nor limited to their role as either sexual or literary objects. If the account of the siege of Toulouse given in a thirteenth-century epic, *The Song of the Albigensian Crusade*, is accurate (and modern historians believe it is), it was a local female artillery unit that temporarily broke up the siege and almost won the war by scoring a direct hit from their catapult on the skull of Simon de Montfort, the most prestigious of the northern warlords.

Traces of the humanistic civilization of medieval Occitania, along with the traditional Mediterranean exuberance and *joie de vivre*, can still be felt, if not easily pinpointed, by the sensitive traveler in the south of France. They likewise mark

the attitudes and even the agitational techniques of the Occitanian revolutionaries themselves. The regionalist revolution in southern France is above all one of young poets, singers, and dramatists—Marti being the best known of a numerous group. They are working to restore their mother tongue from the status of despised patois to that of the major European language it once was and deserves to become again, while simultaneously trying to bridge the universal modern gap between the intellectual elite and the masses and create a revolutionary consciousness throughout the entire region.

Like the other minority activists in Europe (and the world), the Occitanian neo-troubadours who have made themselves the leaders of the regional protest movement appear to be motivated primarily by resentment of the cultural strait jacket that dominant social groups nearly everywhere impose, consciously or unconsciously, on their minorities. Above all, they are stung by the humiliations—mockery of minority speech patterns, insulting or patronizing stereotypes in the majority-group mind—that inevitably accompany the phenomenon. It is this resentment—always particularly acute among unemployed or otherwise frustrated young intellectuals—that makes the white-skinned regional revolutionaries in Europe feel themselves brothers of "Indians of every color." No doubt the success achieved by the anticolonialist revolution in the nonwhite world—especially its success in winning the moral sympathy of the Western elites—has contributed to reactivating a strong feeling for nationalism among the European minority groups previously resigned to acculturation.

Like the anticolonialist revolutionaries of the Third World, the Occitanian and other European regional activists are sensitized by their particularist traditions and minority status to the increasingly heavy hand that centralized bureaucracy lays on all of us. They are likewise more sensitive than the members of dominant majorities usually are to the social cost of both economic underdevelopment and overdevelopment. Occitanian activists, for instance, often allude with contempt or

hostility to the French government's plans for promoting the economic development of Languedoc by creating a "New Florida"—the "ass-tannery of Europe," as one bitter young Occitanian poet puts it—along its previously desolate coast. Perhaps their most successful revolutionary operation to date has been to organize large-scale peasant demonstrations against another well-intentioned project of the bureaucrats in Paris: the establishment of a vast military reservation on the Larzac plateau, a particularly underdeveloped area of southern France, thereby providing new sources of employment or profit for its inhabitants, but likewise depriving some fifty shepherd families of the traditional livelihood to which they are attached and disfiguring a somewhat harsh, but strangely moving, landscape.

Whether the progress of the resurgent minority movements in Europe represents a deep new current in European—and world—history or merely a superficial and temporary countercurrent is still too early to say. Perhaps the most likely guess, on the basis of the evidence presently available, is that while they will fall short of bringing about really major changes in the map of Europe, they will succeed in saving a number of minority languages from extinction, and through their influence on other leftist or reformist movements, have what may ultimately prove a revolutionary impact on the internal structures and policies of the more centralized European states.

There are obvious dangers in the trend. But there is promise, too. One need not agree with all the regional revolutionaries' more ambitious objectives to feel that cultural democracy (where it is relevant), together with the decentralization of both political and economic power, could, if properly understood and imaginatively implemented, help to revitalize our ailing modern civilization.

Edmond Taylor's most recent contributions to HORIZON were articles on the Dreyfus case and political terrorism in the Spring and Summer issues of 1973.



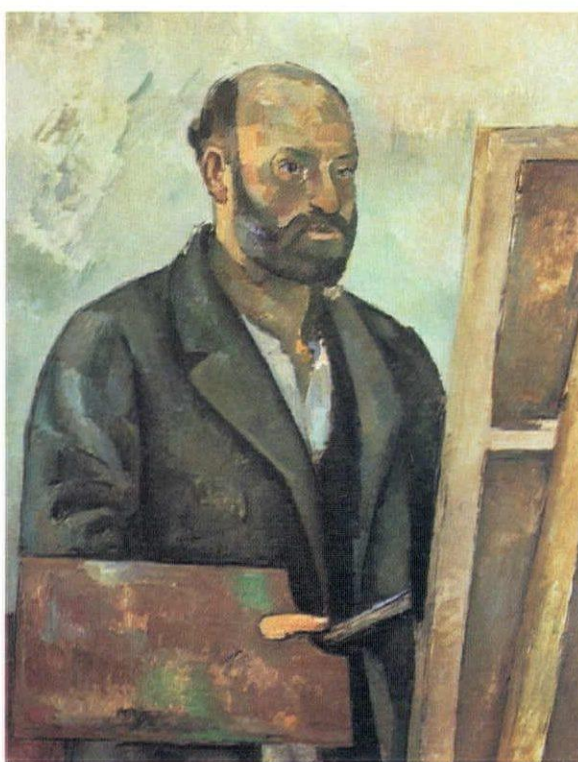
“Father of Us All”

So Matisse called his countryman Paul Cézanne, who taught artists a new way of seeing

Who might have guessed, three-quarters of a century ago, that an apple painted by an obscure madman named Cézanne was destined to have more influence over the course of modern painting than all the established canons of nineteenth-century art put together? Not even Cézanne's few staunch admirers could have dreamed up so sweeping a claim. The only person who might have foreseen this, in fact, was the artist himself; for Cézanne's massive sense of frustration and failure was occasionally alleviated by extraordinary insights into the importance of his discoveries.

However one approaches Cézanne, one comes up against a paradox. His life was beset with difficulties, many of his own making, that forced him to withdraw into an embittered, mistrustful seclusion. And yet his paintings open out completely onto the life around him. No one who knows his landscapes or his still lifes can look at the countryside around Aix-en-Provence or fruit on a crumpled tablecloth in quite the same way again. And although his paintings were achieved only after immense labor and discouragement, they instantly take one further into the fiber of things, changing one's vision of the commonplace.

The warring elements in Cézanne's makeup caused him inordinate suffering. He was a vulnerable man who often ad-



BUHRLE COLLECTION, ZÜRICH—HINZ

Paul Cézanne often painted himself, and he produced the brooding self-portrait above around 1886. His last studio in Aix-en-Provence, opposite, today still houses some of the objects—wine bottles, dishes, a statuette—that appear in his now-famous still lifes.

mitted to being unequal to life's struggles (“Things are going badly. Life's terrifying,” was a familiar, doleful refrain). Yet in a flash he could turn into a snarling fury if he suspected people were plotting to get him, as he used to say, “into their clutches.” What sustained him was an iron determination and a fierce sense of pride, a will to survive against all odds.

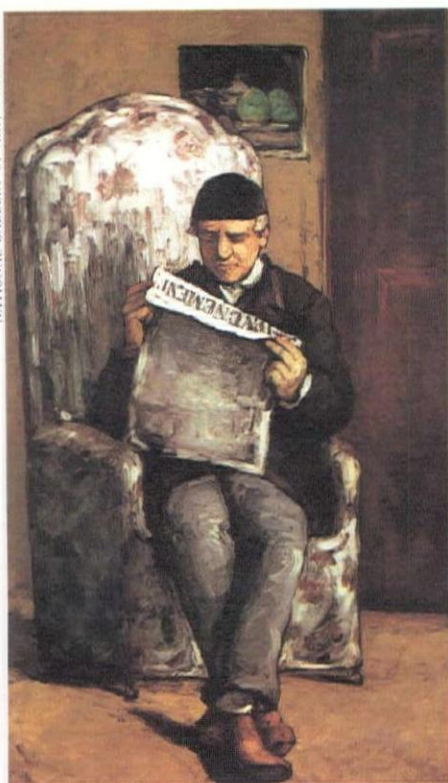
After decades of seeing his work ridiculed he could still say, “There is only one living painter—myself.”

Certainly it was also paradoxical that Paul Cézanne should ever have decided to become a painter. He was born in the slumbering provincial town of Aix, the son of a self-made man whose authority he continued to recognize, and fear, even when he was well into his forties. His father, Louis-Auguste Cézanne, had begun as a hatter's apprentice and made a considerable fortune, first in the hat trade, then in banking. Paul went to the city's Collège Bourbon, and here his long and formative friendship with Emile Zola took root. Unlike Zola, who was convinced of his vocation as a writer and had plunged into life in Paris, albeit with no literary success, Cézanne wavered. His father wanted him to become an outstanding lawyer or his successor in the family bank; parental opinion weighed heavily on him, and so Paul compromised by staying in Aix to study law,

meanwhile taking lessons at the local drawing academy.

But Louis-Auguste, stern and unimaginative as he must have been, was also shrewd: once Paul had spent a couple of years as a reluctant law student, Louis-Auguste realized that his son must be allowed to follow his natural inclination toward art. Eventually Paul gained his





LOUIS-AUGUSTE CÉZANNE, c. 1868-1870



MADAME CÉZANNE IN THE CONSERVATORY, c. 1890

The magnificent manor house opposite, the *Jas de Bouffan* (Provençal for “Habitation of the Winds”), became the family residence when Cézanne was twenty. The only permanent home the artist ever had, it was set in acres of park land with reflecting pools and graceful trees that Cézanne loved to paint. He portrayed his father, above, reading in the living room of the mansion. The portrait’s somber tones, characteristic of Cézanne’s early work, contrast sharply with the clear colors and light touch of a later portrait of his wife, above, in the *Jas de Bouffan*’s greenhouse. Madame Cézanne preferred Paris to slow-moving Provence, but Cézanne himself was happy to remain on the family estate for month after month, drawing and painting, alone and undisturbed.

father’s permission to study in Paris and, in 1861, left to join his friend Zola.

Few artists have made such a hesitant start on what was to become an exclusive passion. During this first stay in Paris Cézanne felt desperately ill at ease (as he often would when he was away from Aix). He swung between furious bouts of work and periods of utter dejection. Even Zola, who had given him so much encouragement, began to despair of him: “Paul may have the genius of a great painter,” he wrote, “but he will never have the genius

to become one.” The two young men were poles apart in their attitudes toward life, as time would in fact force them to realize, and the closest friendship Cézanne ever had eventually broke up. Zola, a man brimming over with ambition, thrived on the great bustle of the metropolis; a needy, fatherless childhood had accustomed him to accept hardship. Cézanne, on the other hand, habitually retreated at the first sign of conflict—or even contact—with others. Yet, curiously, his self-doubt and social discomfort were partly the result of an obstinacy that probably outstripped even Zola’s vigorous determination to succeed; one wonders whether the novelist could ever have survived the same lifelong neglect the painter was to suffer.

Cézanne returned to Aix to work halfheartedly in the family bank, but after a year he was back in Paris again. He tried to get into the *Ecole des Beaux-Arts*—no doubt to please his father, for he had already voiced his scorn for official art and its institutions. But, having been refused, he continued to work instead at the *Atelier Suisse*, a studio on the *Ile de la Cité*.

Along with imaginary sexual evocations, such as *The Rape* (1867), Cézanne painted several strongly executed portraits in the 1860’s. In a self-portrait painted around 1866, the volumes of his fierce,

bearded head have been built up with a palette knife in thick wedges. To our eyes, the power of this picture is undeniable. It has a density to it—and a corresponding awkwardness—that testifies to an overriding desire to make paint speak a new language. So too, a *Portrait of Louis-Auguste Cézanne Reading “L’Evenement”* attempts to break through the deadening mold of contemporary convention. Emphatic contrasts of dark against light, round forms against flat, persist, and the paint is still thickly applied, but there is new care for the overall compositional unity. Louis-Auguste, august indeed in his skullcap, looks as though he had been sculpted out of his thronelike armchair. Cézanne came to denigrate this forceful technique once he had learned to suggest depth by means of subtler contrasts. “It took me forty years to find out that painting is not sculpture,” he later remarked to Renoir. But we ourselves cannot regret the vigor of the portrait that perfectly conveys the authoritarianism of the father. Notice, for instance, the crushing power of the parental hand.

Like the impressionists, whom he met in Paris, Cézanne flung himself against the tide of current artistic propriety. The taste of the times ran to paintings that told a story or personified an easily recogniz-



MONT SAINTE-VICTOIRE, 1885-1887

"I must get close to reality. I want it whole," Cézanne once told a friend. He had a romantic's lust for the natural world, tempered by a classicist's sense of proportion. Everywhere he sought to uncover solid, durable forms. Mont Sainte-Victoire, above, particularly inspired him, and he painted the massive ridge near Aix at least sixty times. Among his favorite models were workers on the family estate, whom he paid to sit for his paintings of smokers and card players; a study for one of these paintings is opposite. In Cézanne's masterpiece, The Great Bathers, below, he completely integrated human form and landscape: the delicately colored nudes are as rooted as the trees that soar above.



THE GREAT BATHERS, 1898-1905

able, and usually platitudinous, sentiment. The annual Salons, the only large-scale public exhibitions, were presided over by juries for whom these anecdotal insipidities—*Return from a Bear Hunt During the Stone Age*, or *Little Bootblack in London*—represented the best of modern art. Paintings of this kind aimed above all at an easy pictorial thrill that would titillate the Salon visitor without shocking him. Accordingly, erotic or violent subjects were placed at some suitably historical remove and reality's rough edges painted away. Surface gloss was everything; one can imagine how Cézanne, with his insistence on the essence of appearance, must have loathed such fashionable painting ("I must always work," he once wrote to his mother, "but not to achieve a final polish, which is for the admiration of imbeciles").

Forced to exhibit outside the Salon, the impressionists were to challenge, and to a large extent change, this creatively paralyzing situation, but only after a terrible struggle. Contemporary reviewers hurled vilifications at them because their new vision brought so many comfortable, accepted ideas about art—and eventually about society—into question. It was natural for Cézanne to make common cause with them, but he stayed very much on the fringes of the movement and finally moved away altogether. Still, the technical experiments of the impressionists and the importance placed on working directly from nature would be of great value to him.

During the Franco-Prussian War, which bled Paris dry, Cézanne and his young mistress, Hortense Fiquet, took refuge in L'Estaque, near Marseilles, partly to escape conscription and partly to conceal the liaison from Cézanne's father. There, fascinated by the colors and forms along the rocky Mediterranean coastline, he began to paint landscapes.

This direct experience with nature was immeasurably deepened and refined when he moved back up to the Paris region and spent two years working in the company of Camille Pissarro at Pontoise and Auvers. "Only paint with the three primary colors and their immediate derivatives," Pissarro told him. Accordingly,



Cézanne began to lighten the somber tones of his palette and, when applying large areas of color to the canvas, to abandon his fluid brush stroke for a more stippled effect, using a special knife like the one Pissarro favored. In this—the impressionist—way, he began to construct images created directly from nature by means of painstakingly graded touches of color. It was an easygoing but crucial apprenticeship, and one of the few things Cézanne appears not to have regretted. In his old age he told a young admirer, the painter Emile Bernard, that up until then he had simply been wasting his time.

The agonizing slowness characteristic of Cézanne's method was by now fully apparent. One story has it that while Cézanne and Pissarro were working at some distance from each other outside Auvers, a peasant took it upon himself to inform Pissarro he had "an assistant over there who isn't doing a stroke of work!"

Such incomprehension also came from within the art world itself. When Cézanne exhibited with the impressionists in 1874, the critics were quick to single Cézanne out as the worst of a bad bunch. The painting that earned him their scorn was his *Modern Olympia*, a strange but rather delightful, free fantasy that shows a woman lying on a couch, her veil being removed under the rapt gaze of a man resembling Cézanne himself. One critic welcomed this reverie as follows: "On Sunday the public saw fit to sneer at a fantastic figure revealed to a drug addict under an opium sky. This apparition of naked, pink flesh—thrust by a kind of demon into the smoky clouds, like a voluptuous vision in a corner of artificial paradise—proved too much for the most courageous, and M. Cézanne merely gives the impression of being a sort of madman who paints in delirium tremens."

Cézanne certainly did little to allay bourgeois disapproval. He was still living out of wedlock with Hortense, and, since he hadn't dared tell his father how things stood, was supporting her and their infant son, Paul, on his small bachelor's allowance. ("My father was a man of genius," he said later; "he left me an income of 25,000 francs.") To hide his shyness he

had cultivated a boorish manner: "I won't shake your hand, M. Manet," he once informed that fastidiously attired gentleman in his nasal Provençal twang. "I haven't washed for a week." But, above all, he became notorious for his avoidance of all company. In describing the Café de la Nouvelle-Athènes, one of the impressionists' gathering places, the Irish-born writer George Moore noted that he could not remember ever having seen Cézanne there—no doubt, he imagined, because the painter "was too rough, too savage a creature, and appeared in Paris only rarely. We used to hear about him—he used to be met on the outskirts of Paris wandering about the hillsides in jackboots. As no one took the least interest in his pictures, he left them in the fields."

Nevertheless, his painting progressed. The landscapes from the 1870's indicate how very thoroughly, yet always individually, Cézanne had absorbed the basic impressionist approach of recording the passing effects of light with tiny touches of dry pigment that tended to dissolve outlines. But in Cézanne's landscapes, the underlying structure is always there in the short, vivid brush strokes.

In working out his own method Cézanne increasingly took nothing for granted. Every inch of the canvas, every aspect of the composition, became a pictorial problem to be thought out anew with dogged thoroughness. No one could have followed Pissarro's advice to "portray what we see and forget what appeared before" with more minute care or a more radical vision. What he "saw"—the visible world—was but a starting point for Cézanne. He often referred to his paintings as "constructions after nature."

Although it had never been particularly eventful, Cézanne's life now became even less so as his concentration on his work became more and more absolute. In contrast to Zola's existence, filled with friends, fame, and fortune, Cézanne's seems barren indeed. He did finally marry Hortense in 1886, probably to satisfy his family, who had discovered the liaison. (Louis-Auguste had the habit of opening his son's mail and had come upon a ref-

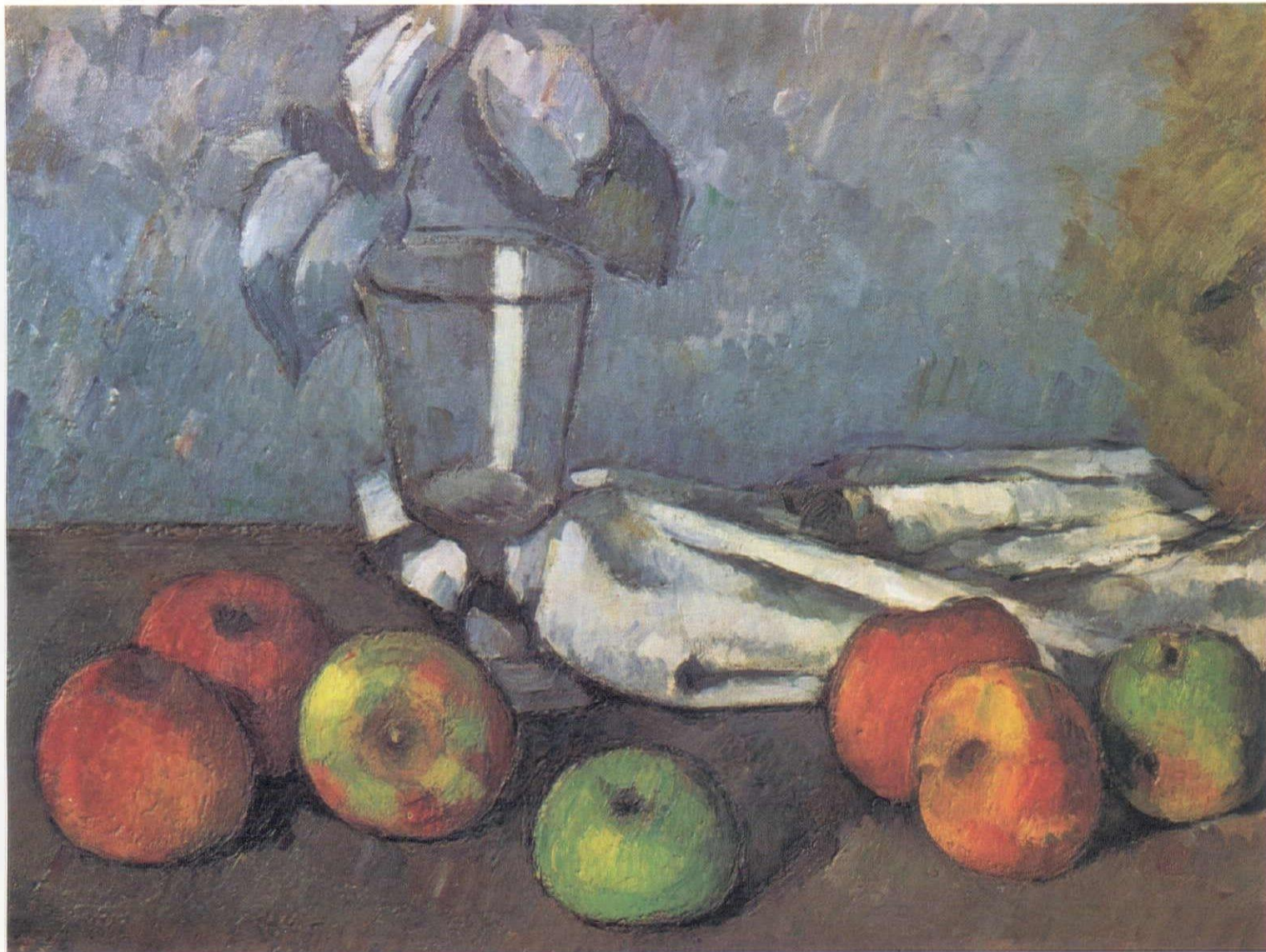
erence to "Mme. Cézanne and little Paul.") But the marriage brought him no happiness and he began to live apart from Hortense and his son, whom he continued to love dearly all his life. He shut himself up for long periods in the seclusion of the Jas de Bouffan, an estate with a fine eighteenth-century manor that his father had bought on the outskirts of Aix over twenty years before. When not painting somewhere on the property itself, Cézanne would set off into the countryside he loved in search of a "motif."

The most famous of these was the Mont Sainte-Victoire, the mysterious, almost oppressive mountain that dominates the Aixois countryside. Cézanne returned to it again and again, in drawing, water color, and oil, so that one comes almost to see it as a symbol of his striving in art: a monument both impossibly distant yet within reach, familiar yet standing outside the passage of time. He found this haunting landmark, so sensitive to changes of light, full of possibilities for demonstrating one of his principal preoccupations: rendering form and distance by color alone. There was no such thing as a "line" in nature, he felt, and therefore he insisted it was impossible to render form by drawing outlines or create distance by linear perspective. "Drawing and color don't exist separately," he told Emile Bernard. "As you paint, you necessarily draw."

In his constant concern that each tone be exactly the one required by the overall chromatic scheme of his paintings, Cézanne was seeking to render much more than the surface of things seen under a certain light. He desired, as he said, to make "out of impressionism something solid and durable like the art of the museums." As one looks at the various versions of the Mont Sainte-Victoire, for example, one notices that underlying the intricate pattern of delicately modeled forms is a massive volume. Late in life, Cézanne said that the artist "must see in nature the cylinder, the sphere, and the cone. . . ." The phrase is eloquent proof of his own search for the means to discover the essence of a subject—be it a mountain, a figure group, a bowl of fruit.

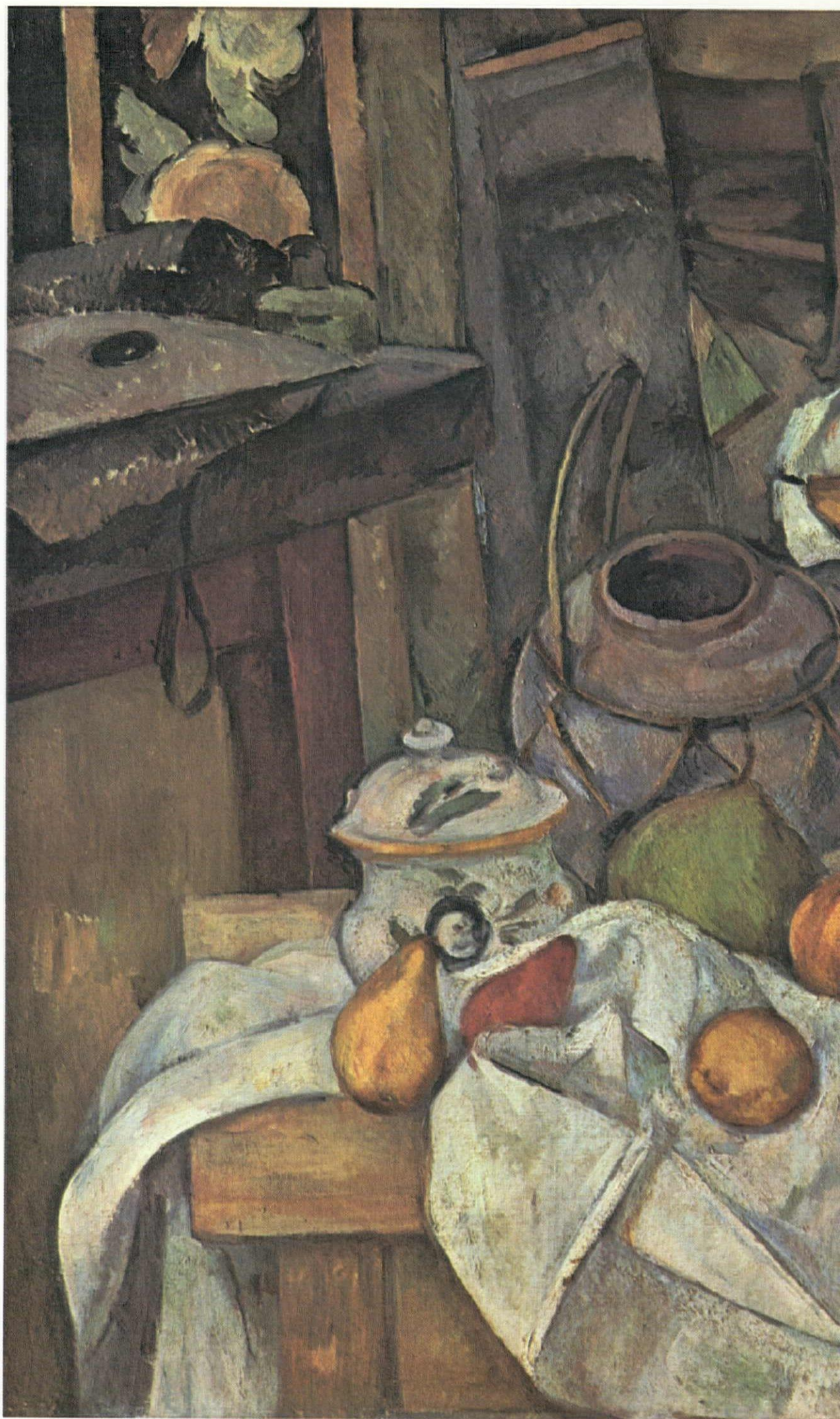
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

The Art of the Still Life: A Portfolio



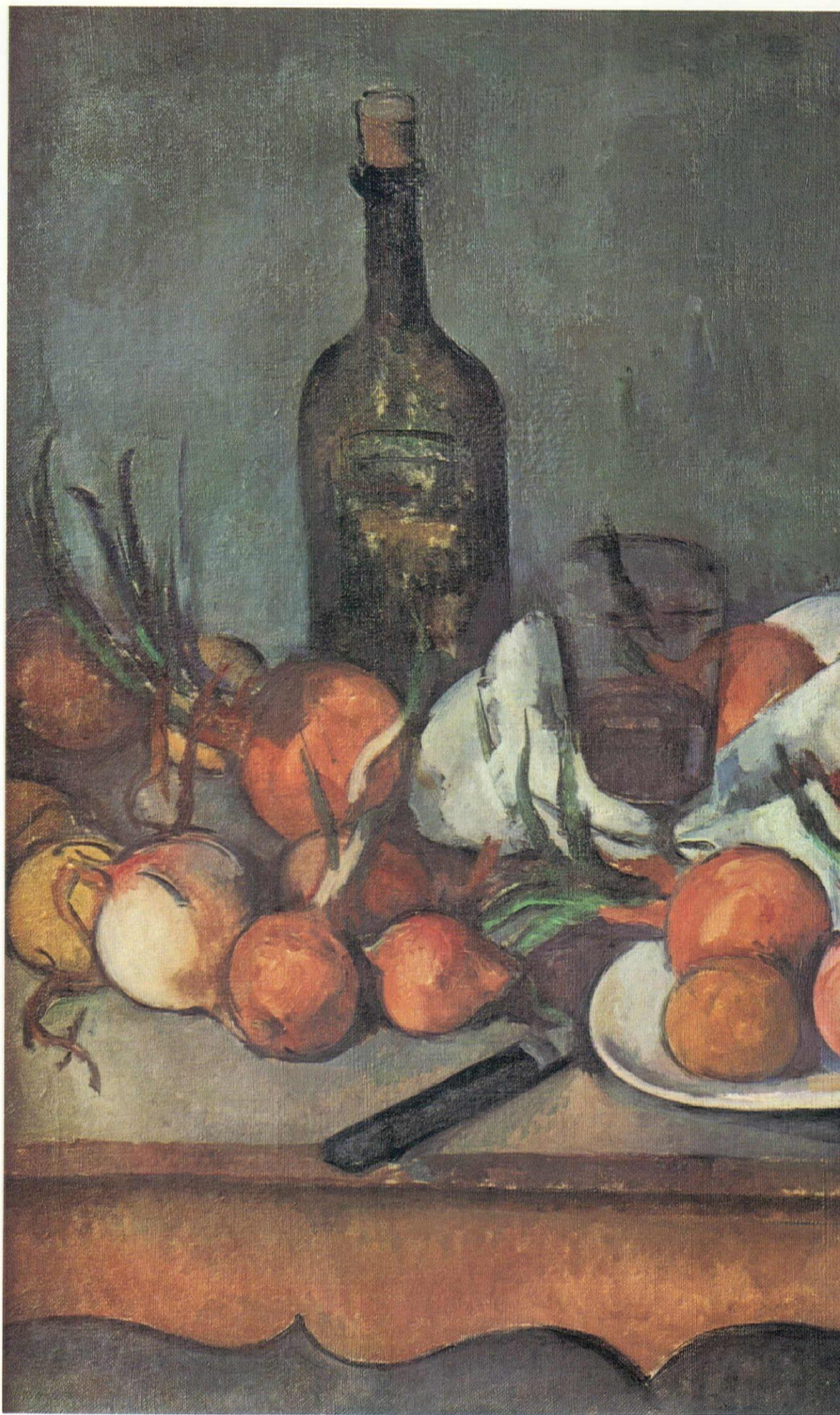
GLASS AND APPLES, 1879-1882

The fresh colors and apparently spontaneous brushwork of Glass and Apples, above, one of Cézanne's earliest still lifes, belie the long, painstaking effort behind the artist's work. What occupied him endlessly was the careful modulation of color to create form: in the painting above, the cool colors that recede and the warm colors—reds, oranges, yellows—that advance define the weight and roundness of the apples. Discarding traditional methods of linear perspective, Cézanne wanted us to perceive the flat picture plane—the actual paint on the two-dimensional surface. This was a radical approach, and in later arrangements, such as Onions and Bottle (pages 24-25) and Apples and Oranges (pages 26-27), the objects seem simultaneously near and distant, producing a "flat depth." His mature still lifes also became increasingly complex and ambiguous. In The Kitchen Table (pages 22-23) we see the gray jar and the fruit basket from the top and the side at the same time—a harbinger of cubism—while in Still Life with Plaster Cupid (page 28) the curves of onions and statuette are foiled by the angular shapes in the background. By such strong yet unsettling compositions, Cézanne made the art of still life, once considered to be of secondary importance, a supreme achievement of modern art.



THE KITCHEN TABLE, 1888-1890





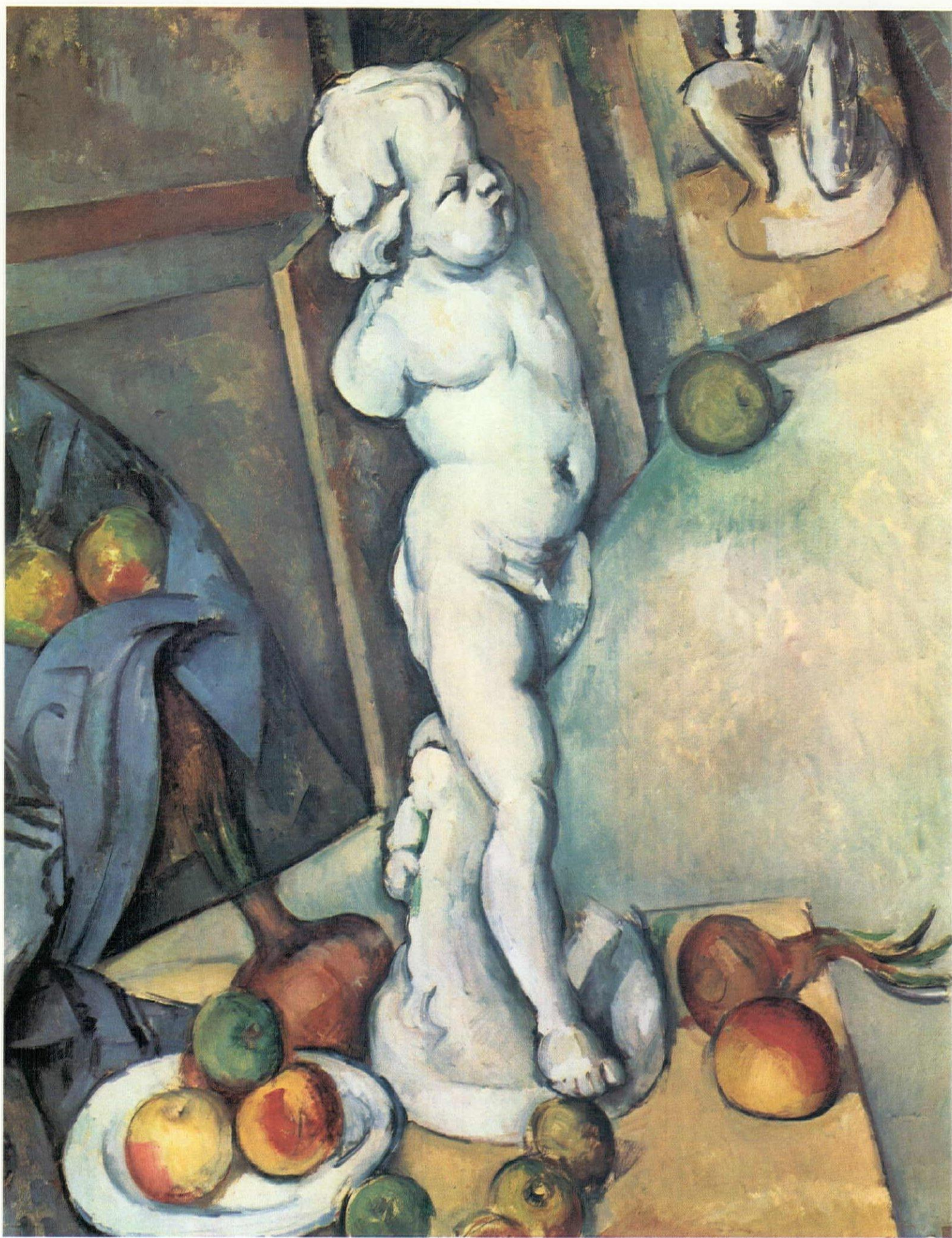
ONIONS AND BOTTLE, 1895-1900





APPLES AND ORANGES, 1895-1900





STILL LIFE WITH PLASTER CUPID, c. 1895

Such an approach is, of course, a perfectly classical one. Nothing could be less "impressionistic" than Cézanne's determination to make his scenes as internally coherent and changeless as possible. When he talked of doing "Poussin again, from Nature," he meant he aspired to his predecessor's accomplishment of completeness and solidity, but by working directly from nature rather than by interpreting myths. How ironic that this innately classical painter long appeared to most of his contemporaries as a kind of savage obeying uncontrollable impulses!

Another theme that came to fascinate Cézanne for the rest of his career was the still life. The same will to make "out of impressionism something solid and durable" presides over these immensely powerful, exquisitely balanced compositions. He managed in fact to impart some of the calm monumentality of his paintings of Mont Sainte-Victoire to the apparently more simple shapes of apples and oranges.

The process was complex. A young admirer, Louis Le Bail, described how "Cézanne arranged the fruits, contrasting the tones one against the other, making the complementaries vibrate, the greens against the reds, the yellows against the blues, tipping, turning, balancing the fruits as he wanted them to be, using coins of one or two sous for the purpose." And from Emile Bernard we know that "he started with the shadow, with one dab, which he covered with another larger one, and then with a third, until together they formed a screen that modeled the object in color."

In 1899, two years after the death of Cézanne's mother, the family estate, Jas de Bouffan, was sold. Henceforth the painter was to live in Aix itself, spending the mornings in his studio and leaving the city early in the afternoon to go out into the countryside and paint his favorite motifs. While he sank into obscurity in his home town, however, his work began at last to attract some favorable attention

in Paris, where a handful of enthusiasts—including Van Gogh, Gauguin, Signac, and Seurat—gathered in the shop of Julien Tanguy, the paint merchant, to see the latest work Cézanne had sent from Aix.

Meanwhile, two Cézannes had been accepted, after much official protest, by the museum in Luxembourg as part of the collector Gustave Caillebotte's bequest. Better still, a young Creole dealer, Ambroise Vollard, persuaded Cézanne to agree to a Paris exhibition of no less than 150 canvases. The usual critical gibber ensued, but Cézanne's achievement was not lost on more perceptive visitors. Pis-

Cézanne himself told a German collector.)

With the paintings of Cézanne's maturity, the revolution of twentieth-century art was already well on its way. In making the human figure conceivable as an abstraction, in giving an apple the metaphorical significance of the sun, and in helping to abolish the tyranny of linear perspective, Cézanne opened the doors for all kinds of experiments. Thus, the stubborn hermit of Aix turned out to be the new generation's greatest inspiration—"the father of us all," as Matisse said. When he died in 1906 at the age of sixty-seven, the fauve movement was already gathering

momentum. With their emphasis on the primacy of color, they—and to a lesser extent the expressionists—evolved and intensified one aspect of Cézanne's achievement. Similarly, the cubists adopted the master's approach to form and arrived at a new conclusion in which three-dimensional reality was conveyed by combining several different viewpoints within the same image.

Born into a dying tradition that enshrined narrative effectiveness as its supreme value, Cézanne helped to set painting on a course that ended in complete nonrepresentation, the furthest remove imaginable from the nineteenth-century Salon. Within a decade or so of his death, the ultimate point in abstraction—Kasimir

Malevich's *Suprematist Composition: White on White* (a white square on a white ground)—was reached. The revolution thus accomplished was as total as it was brief, with the result that virtually every kind of present-day art refers back to it. Even Cézanne, in his most boastful moments, would have been astounded by the rapidity and breadth of his influence. And with good reason: his work has become more than famous, both in itself and as a reinvention of the vocabulary of painting.

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In 1905, just one year before his death, Cézanne sat for a photograph with a work in progress, one of his paintings of bathers.

sarro, for instance, wrote to his son Lucien about "still lifes, very beautiful landscapes, very strange bathers of extraordinary tranquility," adding that Cézanne was "a first-class painter of astonishing subtlety, truth and classicism."

In the figure paintings and landscapes of Cézanne's last years, tonal and compositional unity predominate over any idea of "faithfulness" to accepted standards of realism. Thus, a basic image of Western art—the female nude—is considered in Cézanne's paintings of bathers as an element of pure form rather than a realistic representation of the body. ("An old invalid poses for all these women,"

HOW HOMO SAPIENS

Like his kinfolk the chimps and baboons, ma

Wisdom begins with asking the right questions. A recurrent question in recent years has been, Why is man a killer? To answer it, the commentators I have termed bio-theologians (see "Man the Peaceable Primate" in *HORIZON*, Spring, 1973) have devised various schemes of evolution as dubious as they are hypothetical. The question itself rests on a false premise. Men—even in the narrow sense, excluding women and children—are typically *not* killers. In our own culture—not widely known for its abhorrence of violence—the proportion of adult men who have deliberately killed another human being is probably one in ten or less; if one excludes those who have killed as soldiers, under threat of death from the enemy or court-martial from their officers, the proportion drops to something under one in a hundred. Inevitably, then, attempts to explain this far from universal human trait by the universal processes of human evolution have not been satisfactory.

If one is looking for a really widespread human characteristic, a far more eligible candidate is altruism, for man helps his fellows much oftener than he kills or even injures them. We feed and clothe our children, bandage their hurts, soothe their fears—even though the best-behaved kids can at times be little monsters. If a friend goes broke, we are more likely than not to offer a loan. If a housewife is disabled, her relatives and neighbors turn out to lend a hand with the children and housework. If a blind man asks for help in negotiating a busy intersection, he is not often ignored. And beyond these direct and personal services to our fellows, millions of us contribute money to help people we have never seen and almost certainly never will—starving, Bengalis, earthquake-shocked Nicaraguans, hurricane refugees along our own southern coasts.

I am not claiming that we do not sometimes perform generous acts under social compulsion—just as some of us kill under compulsion—still less that all of us are generous all the time. Yet it seems to me incontestable that nearly all of us do act generously at least some of the time. In fact, it can be argued—and I shall so argue—that without this pervasive web of mutual help and concern no human society could long endure, and that for this if for no other reason we must seek the roots of altruism in the basics of human nature.

Note that I say the *roots* of altruism, not altruism itself. Altruistic behavior, like all other kinds of human behavior except for a few reflex actions such as sneezing, is learned, not innate. How we care for our children and succor our neighbors—and when, and how often—is governed by our personal experiences and by the cultures in which we have grown up. But the fundamental biases and potentialities of human nature that encourage us to learn these things, in particular the human capacity for *empathy*—for deriving pleasure from other people's pleasure and distress from their distress—cannot be taught; they are bred in the bone.

In tracing the evolution of altruism we can obtain only limited help from studying the behavior of our primate relatives, which is presumed to resemble that of our primate ancestors. For altruism is a peculiarly human kind of behavior. Other primates gather food, mate, squabble, and fight among themselves, engage in mutual back scratching, and band together for mutual defense, but very few of them *give* to their adult fellows. Nonetheless it is among the primates that we must begin, since it is in them that we can observe what appears to be the prototype of man's concern for his fellows: the mother's concern for her child.

A good primate to start with is the Indian langur monkey. Its life style is basically arboreal, as was that of our ancestors twenty million years ago, but the langur also spends a good deal of time on the ground, as those ancestors may already have begun doing. Around 1960 primatologist Phyllis Jay spent nearly a thousand hours observing langurs; she concluded, among other things, that "the mother-newborn infant relationship is the strongest and most intense bond in the life of a langur." And for good reason. Langur babies, though by no means as helpless as human babies, are at birth totally dependent on their mothers, not only for food but also for transport—the latter being important because a foraging langur troop may cover more than a mile a day. The infant langur must cling to its mother "so tightly . . . that she can run on the ground or make long jumps through the air without dislodging it."

As we know from Harry F. Harlow's famous experiments, infant monkeys cling to their mothers essentially because they find the physical contact comforting and reassuring. But why does the mother allow herself to be clung to, or tend her baby at all? From Jay's observations, a major reason is that she, too, finds the physical contact pleasurable: "The mother inspects, licks, grooms and manipulates the infant from the hour of its birth"; even when it is quietly resting "she grooms and strokes it softly without disturbing or waking it." In fact, *all* female langurs, says Jay, "are intensely interested in newborn infants." As soon as the troop's females notice the arrival of a new baby, all of them, from juveniles on up, "immediately cluster closely around its mother. She is surrounded by a group of from four to ten females, all reaching out gently and trying to touch, lick and smell"

LEARNED TO BE GOOD

has *had* to help his fellows—if only to survive

the newcomer. Within a few hours the mother begins allowing other females to handle it. One of them "takes the infant from the mother's arms and holds it. . . . She inspects it minutely, gently manipulating, nudging, licking and smelling the infant. . . . At the first sign of discomfort in the newborn it is taken by another of the waiting females, although if the mother is sitting nearby she often reaches out and intercepts the infant. . . . As many as eight females may handle the infant during the first day of life."

From Jay's observations we can draw three conclusions:

1. Female langurs enjoy physical contact with infants.
2. They find babies intrinsically interesting.
3. They have *some built-in need, or propensity, to respond to the infant's needs* "at the first sign of discomfort. . . ."

There is no reason to suppose that the langur female, any more than her human counterpart, possesses any instinctive knowledge of *how* to go about soothing an uncomfortable or fractious baby. These things she learns—by watching other females and by "practicing" on their infants. Some langur mothers learn the techniques better than others, Jay reports; a few barely learn them at all. But the motive underlying the learning is, quite clearly, an unlearned, built-in capacity to sense the needs of another creature and a desire to satisfy those needs. And that, in essence, is what altruism is about.

Thus far I have said nothing about langur fathers and their reactions to infants—the reason being that there is little to say. Langur males take no interest in babies, their own or anyone else's (to a langur male, of course, it's the same thing), apart from threatening or chasing them when their play becomes too noisy.

Matters are different, however, among another much-observed group of monkeys, the baboons. Baboon males, reports primatologist Irven De Vore, are not mere disciplinarians; they also show intense interest in the troop's infants and enjoy playing with them. The basic reason for this difference, De Vore believes, is the animals' habitat. Langurs, though they may spend much time on the ground, never venture far from trees—and thus can escape into them at the first sign of danger. Baboons, by contrast, frequently live in open savannas and grasslands where such refuges may be far off. Accordingly the adult males have necessarily evolved the motivations to assume the role of group defenders—a job that the females, encumbered with their young, are in no position to undertake. And among these motivations, evidently, is a concern with babies; as De Vore states, "an animal is hardly likely to risk its life to save an infant for whom it feels no emotion."

These observations are relevant to man because our species and its ancestors have also long dwelt in open country (for more than five million years), and thus the males must have evolved similar motivations for protecting females and their young. The principle of "women and children first" when danger threatens obviously goes back a long way! Indeed, one need not be overly imaginative to see in the baboon or protohuman male, defending the lives of his females and young at the risk of his own, a foreshadowing of those tribal kings in the ancient Mediterranean world whose duty, in dire emergency, was to sacrifice themselves for their people—or of Christ, who

many believe gave His life for mankind.

We can make other inferences about altruism among our far-off grassland ancestors from the remarkable chimpanzee studies of Jane Van Lawick-Goodall. Chimps, to be sure, are not grassland animals, but in every other respect—physical, biochemical, and mental—they are much closer to man than the baboon. Interestingly, the mother-child bond persists far longer among chimpanzees than it does among langurs. A female chimp will defend her adolescent son against the attack of an adult male, or, if the latter is too formidable, will linger in the background making threatening noises. Goodall has also observed adolescent males defending their mothers against attacks or threats from other females.

Part of the reason for the persistence of this bond is undoubtedly that the animals mature relatively slowly, and so presumably need maternal protection longer. But this is clearly not the whole answer, since the mother-child bond continues long after it could play any direct role in survival. Male chimps, too, in addition to playing with infants, show a certain capacity to empathize with adolescents. Goodall several times observed male adolescents, frightened by the presence of mature males—who are often short-tempered with "teen-age boys"—being reassured by a pat from their elders.

One probable reason for the evolution of this sort of behavior is the fact that chimps are more intelligent and more complex than any monkey. One indication of this is the chimp's comparatively large vocabulary of noises, gestures, and grimaces, which suggests that he has more to "say" to other chimps—and more to understand. Given an animal of this complexity, an enhanced sensitivity to others of its species is surely necessary if con-

We can thus visualize our Australopithecine ancestors of perhaps five million years ago as a psychological blend of chimpanzees—which they resembled in intelligence—and baboons—which they resembled in habitat.

flict within the group is not to reach disruptive levels. (Like higher primates, including man, chimps are very much group animals, dependent upon their fellows for the social contacts they evidently value and, while young, for information—by example—on how to survive as adults.)

We can thus visualize our protohuman Australopithecine ancestors of perhaps five million years ago as a psychological blend of chimpanzees—which they resembled in intelligence—and baboons—which they resembled in habitat. The females would be preoccupied with the infants and younger children, while retaining close ties with their grown sons and daughters. The adult males would also be concerned with the young, romping and playing with them on occasion. The leaders among the males—presumably the largest, toughest, and cleverest—would have had the job of keeping the group orderly and together, so that stragglers did not get picked off by leopards, wild dogs, and hyenas. If predators became aggressive, the males would gang up on them, throwing rocks and wielding bone clubs or stout sticks, fighting, if need be, to the death. Finally, we may infer that both sexes had by this time evolved at least a rudimentary capacity to sense the emotional needs of their fellows and to convey some of the reassurances and gestures of affection that are the lubricants of life among us today.

But all this is far from the systematic mutual aid and concern we see within human groups. These far-off ancestors very likely possessed the primitive altruistic capacities of chimps—but chimps, as Goodall remarks, “usually

show a lack of consideration for each other’s feelings which in some ways may represent the deepest part of the gulf between them and us.”

What bridged that gulf in human evolution, I am convinced, was hunting—an activity that is often accused, ironically, of having transformed man from an amiable vegetarian into a “predator” and “killer.”

This could have come about in two ways. First, we can safely assume that almost from the beginning our ancestors hunted in groups at least part of the time. Even chimps do this, albeit in a rudimentary way. As a human trait, group hunting would have survived because it yielded more food. But our ancestors of five million years ago knew nothing of efficiency; having no language, they could not reason or plan their hunting forays rationally. For group hunting to develop under these conditions it must have involved some payoff to the hunters: all members of the group must have shared in the rewards.

We can see how this may have come about from reports on hunting among baboons and chimps. Baboons are strictly individual hunters, each pursuing its chosen prey. The payoff is no less individual: each baboon eats what it catches, if some higher-ranking baboon doesn’t grab it from him. As we have seen, however, chimps hunt in a crudely co-operative fashion—and the payoff is likewise co-operative. According to Geza Teleki, an associate of Goodall’s, as soon as the prey has been seized all the chimps within reach “are free to grab a part of the carcass without risk of retaliation from the . . . captors.” Obviously, sharing of this sort did not develop for logical reasons, along the lines of “if I don’t give him a share now, he won’t help me hunt next time.” It must have been the other way around:

without a willingness to share, there would have been no payoff to any but the actual captors—and group hunting would not have developed. A chimp does not share because he hunts co-operatively; he hunts co-operatively because he has learned by experience that he will get a share. Thus we can hardly doubt that as group hunting became routine among our ancestors, so did sharing.

But as hunting became a major source of food, it must have promoted altruism in another way. The systematic pursuit of game, particularly large game, would often have involved tracking it for distances of several miles. This would have been a job for the adult and near-adult males; children and females with infants could not have kept up. But if the band had come to rely on meat, the hunters could not simply share their kill on the spot; some of it would have to be taken home for the females and children. The hunters must, then, have evolved some awareness of the needs of these absent ones—and a capacity to derive satisfaction from ministering to those needs, even if this meant eating less meat themselves.

And we see evidence of such empathy among chimps in another type of food-sharing situation—one occurring *after* the initial division of the prey. At this point all the chimps gather in “sharing clusters” around those that have seized a chunk of meat and “beg” for a piece of the highly valued food. And, as often as not, they get it. There is, I must stress, no “practical” reason for this type of behavior in terms of the group’s nutritional needs. The sharers share out of what Teleki calls “social considerations”: evidently they derive some satisfaction from responding to the begging of their fellows.

This sort of sharing among chimps for reasons of what must be called good fel-

A chimp does not share because he hunts co-operatively; he hunts co-operatively because he has learned he will get a share. Thus we can hardly doubt that as group hunting became routine among our ancestors, so did sharing.

lowship is typical rather than exceptional: Teleki says categorically that "no chimpanzee . . . has ever been observed to capture and privately consume a mammal, however small, if other adult chimpanzees were present to form a sharing cluster." And if this is true of chimps, how much more true it must have been of our hunting ancestors, for whom sharing food with the nonhunting members of the tribe was not merely a matter of sociability, but often a stark necessity. Thus we, their descendants, routinely respond to the needs of others—sometimes, indeed, in hope of reward, sometimes in fear of what people will say if we don't, but often *because satisfying the needs of others, and thereby sharing their satisfaction, is intrinsically rewarding*.

The foregoing reconstruction of the evolution of altruism is admittedly conjectural, but it is nevertheless extremely plausible. Though we have no direct evidence that our early hunting ancestors shared food, how could they have survived had they not done so? As it happens, however, we also have fairly direct evidence of prehistoric altruism, albeit from much later—among the Neanderthals of perhaps fifty thousand years ago.

The Neanderthals were originally visualized as stooped, shambling figures more like apes than men, a picture derived from studies of the first complete Neanderthal skeleton to be unearthed. More careful examination of these bones made clear that what ailed their owner was not apeishness but arthritis: he was a man of about sixty, who for years prior to his death had been so crippled that he could not stand upright. He could not conceivably have hunted or otherwise contributed to the well-being of his tribe or family—yet they had continued to provide him with food. Fifty thousand years

ago these creatures—who may have lacked even the ability to speak except in grunts—were looking after their own.

Let us now, for the moment, abandon evolution and look at some laboratory evidence on the nature of altruism. As reported in 1971, experimenters at the University of Oklahoma decided to see whether altruism could function as a reward in the classic type of "instrumental conditioning" made famous by B. F. Skinner, where learning is "reinforced" by a positive stimulus (such as food) or by the cessation of a negative stimulus (such as an electric shock). They knew that they could not test the effect of altruistic "reinforcement" openly, since the subjects' responses could be biased by the general conviction that altruism is praiseworthy. Accordingly, they engaged in a bit of deception. The subjects were told that they were evaluating responses of some other individual to stress. This person—actually a confederate of the experimenters—had to hold a metal stylus steady in a tunnel while supposedly receiving an electric shock from which he visibly "suffered." The subject was to evaluate the confederate's performance by setting pointers on three dials; then, at a signal, he pressed a button to record his evaluations on tape, at which point the confederate was granted a ten-second break and heaved a loud sigh of "relief." Control experiments were run in the same way, except that the confederate received no "shock" and showed neither suffering nor relief.

What the experimenters were interested in was not, of course, the subject's evaluation of the confederate's theatrics, but rather his response to them—as measured by how quickly he pressed the button after receiving the "record" signal. From the beginning there was a significant

difference between the experimental and control subjects: the former, confronted by the confederate's apparent suffering, averaged 1.06 seconds between the signal and the button pressing that ended the "shock," while the latter averaged more than 1.3 seconds. Moreover, the experimental subject's performance improved much more than the control's. Additional experiments established that altruism functioned just like other rewards. The experimenters concluded that "the roots of altruistic behavior are so deep that people not only help others" without reward, but find the help rewarding in itself.

Of course this experiment does not prove that the psychological rewards of altruism are innate; that most of us like money is hardly evidence that we are born liking it. But taken together with the other facts I have cited, it makes the case for an innate human propensity to help others very convincing indeed. We *know* that female langurs—and baboons, and chimps—are from an early age interested in babies and attentive to their needs. And if this prototypical capacity for altruism is learned rather than innate, it must be learned in such a way that the males acquire it to a far less marked degree, or not at all—which seems ridiculous.

We *know* that our hunting male ancestors must have shared their kills, and also carried meat home to the women, children, and elders—if only from the fact that we, their descendants, are here to argue the point. Finally, we *know* that empathy—the capacity to laugh when others laugh, rejoice when they rejoice, suffer when they suffer—is present to some degree in

Set up a social framework in which men are encouraged to be altruistic and most will rise to the occasion; set up one that encourages them to be selfish and most will sink to it.

most if not all humans, supplying the psychological payoff for altruistic behavior.

Looking at the question from another standpoint, we know that very nearly all the things that men do, in any culture, are learned. But we also know that what men learn, and how easily they learn it, is partly determined by innate incentive systems that encourage us to learn whatever is essential for survival. Sexual pleasure, for one example, insures that we will learn those delightful activities without which our species would die out; likewise, our pain-sensitive nerves insure that we will learn to avoid harmful objects.

Evolution, in other words, has arranged that we will be guided by what I have called a "psychological payoff" in the form of pleasure or the "negative payoff" of pain. If, then, caring for our young is essential to our survival—as it obviously is and has been for tens of millions of years—and if a concern for other adults has been essential at least since we began relying on hunting as a food source, we should expect to find innate payoffs in the pleasure we derive from others' pleasure and in the pain we suffer from others' pain. And from all the evidence I have cited, that is exactly what we do find.

I must stress that the existence of a psychological payoff does not of itself *guarantee* that we will learn the activities that bring that payoff, still less that we will engage in them. All a payoff does is make it *more likely* that we will learn the actions that produce it and, having learned them, repeat them. Evolution does not insure that we will learn to behave with generosity and concern for others; the payoff of such behavior merely makes it probable that we will. And in fact the great majority of us do.

Let us conclude with a look at how the biotheologians—who have managed to

attribute to our species almost every discreditable motive imaginable, from an impulse to murder to an impulse to imperialism—have dealt with man's more generous impulses. Lionel Tiger and Robin Fox, in *The Imperial Animal*, correctly see the act of giving as "perhaps the most basic step on the road to truly human social relationships." But they find its prototype not (as I have) in the relationship between the primate mother and child, but in that between debtor and creditor. Giving "implies an obligation to return the gift." "If a human being gives something, real or incorporeal, to another, something will be given back. Even the Spanish beggar gives his blessing in return for alms."

One might expect this generalization to be supported by comprehensive evidence, but in fact, the authors cite but one study, dating from 1925. And, in fact, one finds their argument is based on false premises. Primates other than man, they say, "do not share." This is simply not true; moreover, if Tiger and Fox actually read Goodall's chimpanzee studies cited in their bibliography, they must have known it was not true. Giving among chimps does not imply any "obligation" to return the gift. Even less is any obligation implied when the female langur cares for an infant. Our ancestors were giving—first to their young, later to their fellows—long before they were engaging in the wheeling and dealing these anthropologists say is basic to human gift giving. Beyond this, Tiger and Fox simply duck the question of motive, or "payoff," i.e., the satisfaction derived from altruistic actions.

Instead of further belaboring the unlikelihood of this in evolutionary terms, let us take a look at some actual givers: 3,800 unpaid British blood donors, studies of whom were reported by Richard Titmuss in his recent book *The Gift Relationship*. Asked why they gave blood, the donors naturally gave very different answers. But if we group the answers by type, we find that nearly two-thirds of the reasons must be classed as altruistic, while only about one donor in twelve gave blood for "selfish" reasons, or to meet an obligation (e.g., a transfusion to a member of his family).

A young woman factory worker was eloquent on the subject: "You cant get blood from supermarkets and chaine stores. People them selves must come forword, sick people cant get out of bed to ask you for a pint to save theier life so I came forword in hope to help somebody who needs blood." A more literate factory foreman was more succinct: "No man is an island." And these donors, I must stress, were no gallery of "English eccentrics"; the British blood-bank system depends entirely on such voluntary gifts, involving well over a million givers a year.

Technically, of course, the British blood donors fell within Tiger and Fox's "reciprocity arrangement"; all of them received—or at least were offered—a cup of tea for their trouble, thereby presumably entering into a "deal" along the lines of "I give blood, they give tea, and we're all square." Personally, I find "I came forword in hope to help somebody" far more credible.

A more recent biotheological assault on altruism has been leveled by the anthropologist Colin Turnbull in his hair-raising book *The Mountain People*, an account of the Ik tribe of eastern Uganda. The Ik, says Turnbull, are "as unfriendly, un-

The remedy is not to belabor human nature. . . . The soured romantics who say man is basically selfish are no less childish than the romantics who proclaim him basically altruistic.

charitable, inhospitable and generally mean as any people can be." Instead of caring for their children, they toss them out of the hut at the age of three; instead of caring for the aged and feeble, they literally snatch food from their mouths; instead of feeling distress at the misfortunes of their fellows, they are apt to show amusement.

So far, so good—or bad. But Turnbull then makes this tribe of near-monsters the text for an elaborate sermon on human nature; the Ik, he claims, prove that altruism is a "myth," that our much vaunted human values "are not inherent in humanity at all"; their dog-eat-dog society shows "how shallow is man's potential for goodness."

Turnbull might better have spent more time discussing how the Ik got to be so nasty. As he tells us, they were originally seminomadic hunters on the borderland between Uganda, Kenya, and the Sudan. They were quite as honest, generous, and compassionate as hunting peoples (according to Turnbull) generally are. But then their lands were circumscribed by the national boundaries set up by the new East African states and next seized by the Ugandan government, which converted their prime hunting ground into a national park and told the Ik to become farmers—just like that.

This was bad enough; worse still, the "farm" land they were given was steep, rocky, and, even in a good year, dry. Turnbull did not visit them in a good year: he met them in the midst of a drought when crops withered in the ground and even drinking water sometimes had to be fetched from scummy water holes five miles away. Nearly all the Ik were hungry and thirsty; many literally starved to death. What the Ik prove is simply that people forced to live under grossly abnor-

mal and dehumanizing conditions are likely to behave in grossly abnormal and dehumanized ways. Their tragic story tells us nothing about the nature of altruism—except that the degree of altruism men show depends rather heavily on circumstances. Turnbull, however, like some other biotheologians, is arguing that if man isn't a good guy all the time, he must be a bad guy all the time.

The story of the Ik proves more than its author realized. For his selfish, conniving, mean-minded tribe is, as he himself intimates, a vanishing tribe. If the wages of sin is death, the Ik are rapidly getting paid off: within a generation or so they seem doomed to disappear.

I am not, let me emphasize, claiming that man is "innately good" or any such oversimplified and romantic folderol. If a chimp is a complex creature compared with a langur, man is far more complex as compared with a chimp: his actions are governed by the most intricate and variable combinations of motives. But among those motives is a capacity to empathize with others, to share their pleasures and pains, and so derive satisfaction from that of others.

Obviously, if altruism and self-interest conflict, self-interest is more likely to win. But if altruism is sometimes less powerful than other motives, it is not less real; that a thirsty man may reach for a glass of water in preference to a beautiful woman is no reflection on his virility.

Whether our behavior at a given moment is governed by our concern for our fellows will obviously depend on the choices open to us, and on the rewards attached.

Titmuss, in discussing the implications of his blood-bank study, emphasizes that the altruism of the British, compared to other people's, is not due to any inherent moral superiority, but to the fact that in this area British society has institutionalized generosity. Set up a social framework in which men are encouraged to be altruistic and most of them will rise to the occasion; set up one that encourages them to be selfish and most of them will sink to it. If a society offers special rewards to those who pursue the strategies of dog-eat-dog and "I'm all right, Jack," then many people are, of course, going to use those strategies.

But the remedy is not to belabor human nature, misrepresenting man as a selfish beast. The soured romantics who say man is basically selfish are no less childish than the romantics who proclaim him basically altruistic. Nature has made him both. And she also seems to have arranged matters so that societies fostering selfishness have a short life expectancy: along with the obscure Ik we have the better known example of a society that, having institutionalized inhumanity, expired in a Berlin bunker after twelve years, though it had been advertised to last for a thousand. If, then, we are concerned with the survival of *our* society, we might well inquire whether, in fact, its institutions foster our selfish impulses rather than our altruistic ones—and if so, how they can be changed to give the latter greater scope. "We crave to be more kindly than we are," wrote Bertolt Brecht; given the chance, we will be.

Robert Claiborne's "Man the Peaceable Primate," which appeared in HORIZON a year ago, and this article are based on his book God or Beast: Evolution and Human Nature, to be published by W. W. Norton.



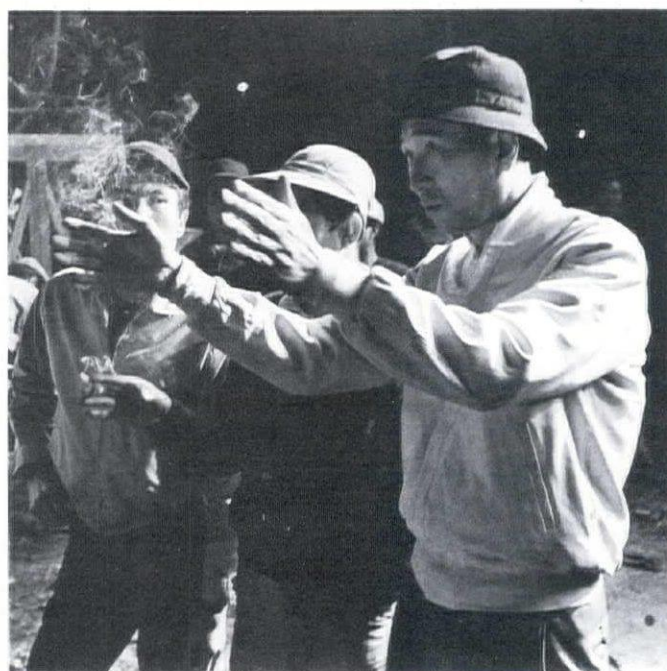
AKIRA KUROSAWA'S *RASHOMON*

Kurosawa's vision, his power to make the screen teem with riches, produces a question in us: Can an artist really have bothered to make a film about "the knowability of truth"?

Little is emptier in art criticism than the global pronouncement: "X is the best in the world." Whenever we see that assertion, we have a right to suspect enthusiastic ignorance. From time to time, we get a sharp reminder of how provincial everyone's knowledge finally is, and few such reminders have been sharper than the showing of *Rashomon* at the Venice Film Festival in 1951.

Until then, although the Japanese film industry had been enormously productive, it might as well have been situated on the moon as far as the West was concerned. World War II was not a prime reason for the gap; relatively few Japanese films had been seen in Europe and America before 1939. When *Rashomon* opened in New York in 1951, it was the first Japanese film to be shown there in fourteen years. The barrier to import was financial, not political—the same barrier that still impedes import of foreign films.

The cultural shock that followed the Venice Festival showing was a smaller mirror image of the shock felt in Japan a century earlier when Commodore Perry dropped in. Then the Japanese had learned of a technological civilization about which they knew very little; now the West learned of a highly developed film art about which they knew even less.



Machiko Kyo (opposite) plays the vulnerable wife of a samurai in the 1950 film *Rashomon*, directed by Kurosawa (above).

The first Japanese director to be known in the West was Akira Kurosawa, who made *Rashomon*, and as it turned out this was fortunate, because Kurosawa is clearly one of film's great masters. Moreover, his career tells us something, prototypically, about the Japanese film world. He was born in Tokyo in 1910, the son of an ex-army officer who was teaching physical education. Kurosawa, not attracted to either of his father's professions, studied painting at the Doshusha School of Western Painting (note its name). In 1936 he saw a film studio's advertisement for as-

sistant directors; applicants were asked to send in an essay on the basic defects of Japanese films and how to remedy them. Kurosawa replied, and—along with five hundred others—he was invited to try out further, with a screen treatment and an oral examination. He was hired and became an assistant to the director Kajiro Yamamoto.

This assignment was momentous in Kurosawa's career. In that invaluable book *The Japanese Film* by Joseph L. Anderson and Donald Richie, there is a chart showing the apostolic succession of Japanese directors—who trained whom after being trained by someone else. The system of Japanese film training very early took on some of the

consciousness of tradition characteristic of Japanese culture. From Yamamoto, the young Kurosawa learned the "whole a-b-c of directing" and a high regard for the script. (He has often quoted Yamamoto's remark: "To understand motion pictures fully, one must be able to write a script.") Besides his work as assistant, he also worked on screenplays. In 1941 Yamamoto made a film called *Horses*, of which he said later, "When we were making *Horses*, [Kurosawa] was still called my assistant, but he was much more than that, he was more like my other self." Kuro-



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Huddled beneath the rain-drenched Rashomon gate in the medieval city of Kyoto, a woodcutter (Takashi Shimura) recalls the hideous discoveries he made in a nearby forest. The camera cuts from the somber gate (1), to the woodcutter's sorrowful face (2), to sun-dappled trees (3) in the woods, where his tale begins. Then, in a brilliantly choreographed ballet, the camera trails behind the workman's axe (4), peers up at him as he strides along (5), and darts in front of him to record his findings: a woman's hat dangling from a branch (6), and the rigid arms of a slain samurai (7).

sawa was given his first solo directing assignment in 1943, and by 1950 he had made eleven films. Some of them, shown in the U.S. after *Rashomon*, are very much more than apprentice works, but it is his twelfth picture that proclaims his mastery.

The script, by Kurosawa and Shinobu Hashimoto, is based on two short stories about medieval Japan by a twentieth-century author, Ryunosuke Akutagawa,

who died in 1927 at the age of thirty-five. Akutagawa is best known for his short stories, and those stories, says C. J. Dunn, have a modernity and universality of approach that make them readily appreciated by Western readers. (Remember Kurosawa's painting school.)

From the first Akutagawa story, "Rashomon," the film takes little more than a setting—the place where the film begins, to which it returns, and where it closes—along with a mood of desolation caused by the waste of civil war. Rashomon was the name of the largest gate in Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan; it was built in the eighth century, and by the twelfth century, the time of the film, it was already in disrepair. In this great but dilapidated gate three men—a woodcutter, a priest, and a man called simply a commoner—huddle together out of a pouring rain and recount various versions of a murder that took place recently in the vicinity.

The second story, "In a Grove," is the source of the murder narrative. There are

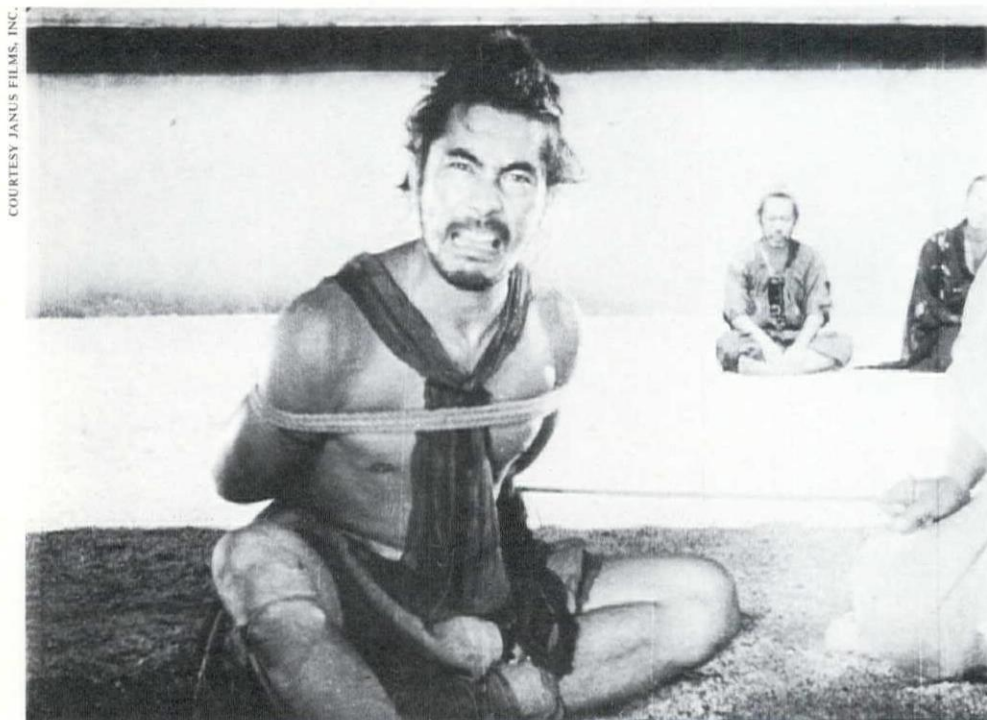
some central facts: a samurai and his wife traveling through a forest were waylaid by a notorious bandit, who tied up the husband and ravished the wife; the husband was killed and his body was found by the woodcutter.

But there are four versions of the events surrounding these central facts—and we see each of the versions as it is recounted. The first is that of the bandit, who was captured soon after and told his story to a police magistrate. The bandit says that he tricked the samurai, bound him, and assaulted the wife, who quickly became compliant. Afterward, at the wife's insistence, he released the husband so that they could fight, and killed him in a long, hazardous duel.

Then the priest tells the version he heard the wife give the magistrate. She says that after the rape the bandit left. Her husband looked at her with hatred, perhaps because she had not resisted sufficiently, and in a frenzy of grief and shame she apparently killed him, then ran away.

The third version, also told by the priest, is that of the dead husband, who speaks through a medium. The husband says that after the seduction his wife urged the bandit to murder him and take her along. The bandit declined, released the husband, and left. Alone, the husband killed himself with a dagger. Later, after his death, he felt someone take the dagger away.

The woodcutter then says this can't be true—there wasn't any dagger there; he was killed by a sword. Under the commoner's pressure, the woodcutter then revises his story of discovering the samurai's body—and gives us a fourth version. He says that he came along just after the ravishing and watched from behind a bush. The wife was crying, and the bandit was pleading with her to go away with him. She said that the men would have to de-



COURTESY JANUS FILMS, INC.

Who is the murderer? The bandit (Toshiro Mifune, snarling above) testifies he slew the samurai in a fierce battle over the victim's wife. The wife claims she killed her husband.



5.



6.



7.



cide whom she was to go with. She cut her husband free with the dagger, but he was at first unwilling to fight for this woman he now despised. She taunted them into fighting—a brawl that was a parody of the noble duel recounted earlier by the bandit. The husband was killed. The woman fled. Dazed, the bandit limped off with his sword and the samurai's.

The "true" version is never established. At the end of the film the three men in the Rashomon gate are in various states: depression about human beings (the woodcutter), cynical glee (the commoner), or desperate hope (the priest). Suddenly they hear a baby crying in a corner of the huge gate—an abandoned infant. The commoner tries to steal the infant's garments. When the woodcutter stops him, the commoner turns on him fiercely, calls him a hypocrite, and accuses him of stealing the samurai's expensive dagger, which was not found at the scene of the crime. The woodcutter does not explicitly admit to this, but he offers to take the infant into his already large family, perhaps as a penance for his lie and his presumable theft, perhaps as a token of his hope for human hope. This final sequence with the infant has been much criticized for its patness and sudden surge of uplift. But one can argue that Kurosawa felt the very arbitrariness of this incident would contrast helpfully with the central story's necessary ambiguity.

Why should this film have had such a strong impact? Surely not because of the script alone. It is a good enough Pirandellian teaser with somber overtones, but—on paper—it is little more than one more statement of a familiar idea, the contradictory nature of truth. On film, because of the cinematic qualities that grow out of the script and surpass it, *Rashomon* becomes a work of greater size.

One general reason for the film's impact is its cultural accessibility. Many Japanese directors, including at least one who is on Kurosawa's creative plane, Yasujiro Ozu, are more difficult to approach, more "Japanese." Kurosawa has always resisted being labeled a Westerner in any sense that makes him seem unsympathetic to his own culture, but he has always asserted that "the Western and the Japanese live side by side in my mind naturally, without the least sense of conflict." His fine-arts training and his response to Akutagawa, of all Japanese authors, support this thesis. Also, as he has often said, he greatly admires American directors, especially the late John Ford, William Wyler, and Frank Capra. So, at Venice in 1951, those who might have expected this film to be couched in the aesthetics of noh or kabuki—which Kurosawa has indeed used elsewhere—found instead a work that was intrinsically Japanese yet not remote in style or dynamics.

Of course there are other values in

Rashomon that give it stature—values much larger and deeper than Kurosawa's cosmopolitanism. Among these, I think, are three particular beauties.

First, the acting. As the woodcutter, Takashi Shimura runs through the film like a quiet stream of human concern—human enough to be himself found out in wrongdoing. Shimura, who was trained in the theatre, had already played in eight pictures for Kurosawa and later gave wonderful, but very different, performances for this director in *The Seven Samurai* and *Ikiru*. The samurai's wife, Machiko Kyo, who began her career as a dancer, is a famous star of Japanese film. The four versions of the murder story provide, in effect, four women to play, each of whom she colors vividly. But the outstanding performance is that of Toshiro Mifune as the bandit.

Mifune, now the best-known Japanese actor in the world, began in films in 1946 after five years in the Japanese army. He made four Kurosawa films before *Rash-*



COURTESY JANUS FILMS, INC.

Who is the murderer? A medium conveys the dead husband's claim that he took his own life. By testifying directly in front of the camera, witnesses place us in the position of judge.



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4.



5.



6.

omon and many subsequent ones, including versions of Dostoevsky's *The Idiot*, Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, and Gorki's *The Lower Depths*. He has said of Kurosawa, "I have never as an actor done anything that I am proud of other than with him." Kurosawa has told the story that, while the company was waiting to start *Rashomon*, they showed some travelogue films to pass the time, including one about Africa. In it there was a lion roaming around. "I noticed it and told Mifune that that was just what I wanted him to be." Mifune succeeded. He gives one of the most purely feral performances on film—animalistic in both the bestial and the elemental senses, a man concentrated wholly on physical desires and equipped with a fierce power to satisfy them.

The second important aspect of this film is the use of blocks, or plaques, of visual texture. Each of the three main locations of the story—the gate, the courtyard of the police station where the witnesses testify, and the forest where the stories take place—has a distinct visual "feel." The gate scenes are drenched in rain: until the very last moments, each of these gate scenes is seen, and heard, through torrents, frequently emphasized by being shot from ground level so that we see the rain pounding the earth.

In the testimony scenes the witnesses kneel before us, motionless. (We never see the magistrate, who "is" the camera.) In contrast to the gate scenes, these courtyard scenes are sunlit, and the composition is horizontal. Three great parallel

Although their versions of the murder differ, the witnesses agree on the events that led to it: the bandit was lounging in the forest (1) when the samurai and his wife passed by. A breeze parted the woman's veil (2). Electrified by her beauty, the bandit (3 and on opposite page), waylaid the couple (4), tied up the husband (5), and raped the wife (6). The two men fought; the samurai was killed. But we never learn who did the killing. Deeply shaken by this brutal assault on human order and dignity, each witness altered the facts of the murder in an effort to salvage his own sense of pride, of self.

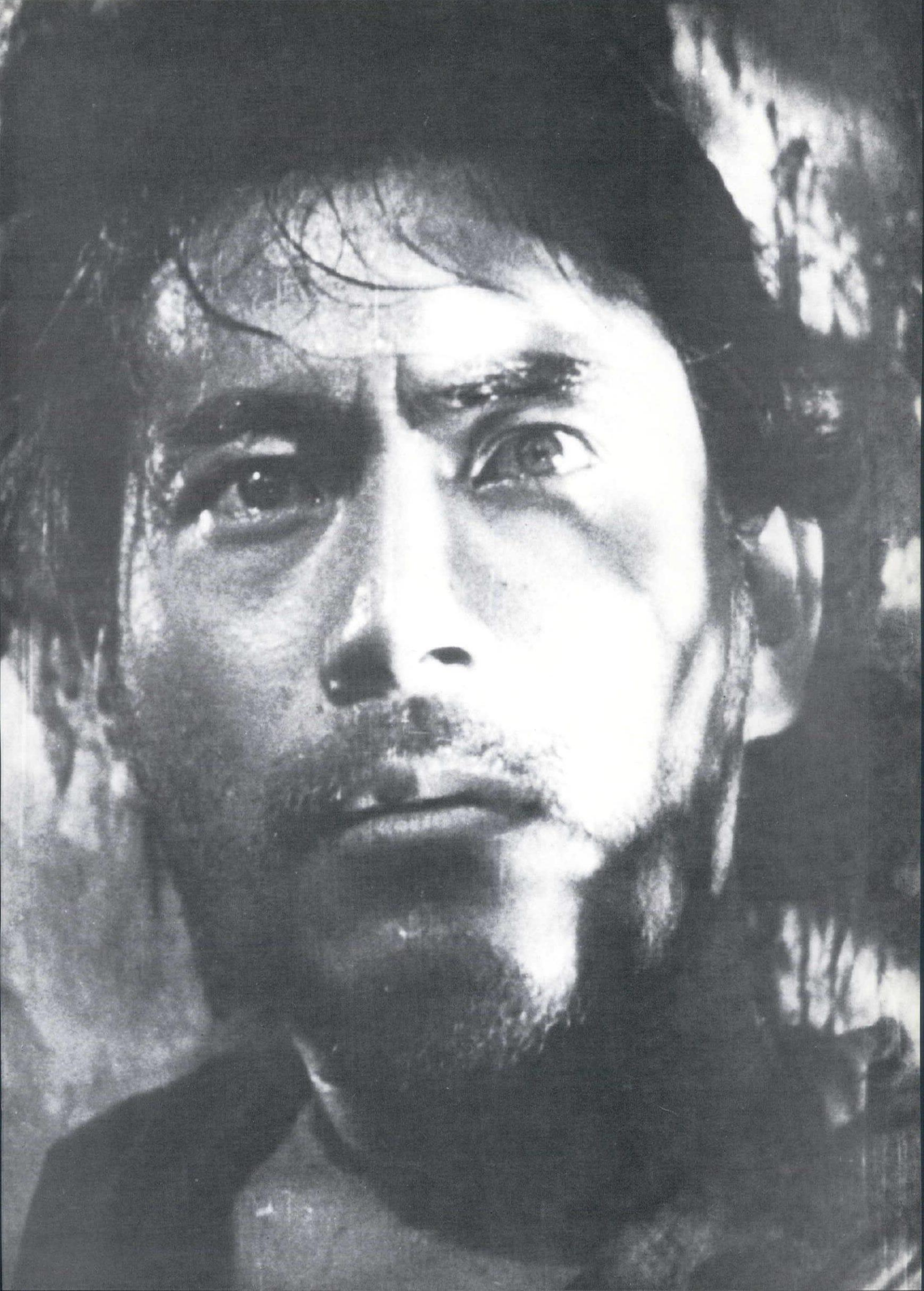
bands stretch across the screen: one of shadow, close to us, in which the testifying witness kneels; one of sunlight behind it, in which the preceding witnesses kneel; and the top of the courtyard wall behind them. The camera rarely moves in these scenes. Kurosawa creates a tension between the violence being recounted and the serenity of the picture.

The third plaque of texture, the forest, is dappled with sunlight and filled with movement—horizontal as the characters move, vertical as the camera frequently looks up at the sun.

These three distinctive textures are aids to our understanding of a complex narrative: we know immediately where we are every moment. And they also provide a contrapuntal texture: the somber setting for the conversation of the troubled woodcutter, the disillusioned priest, and the cynical commoner; the quiet place of recollection; the kinetically lighted and composed setting for the rape and murder.

The last major aesthetic component of *Rashomon* is the quality and power of the motion in the forest scenes. Kurosawa has said: "I make use of two or three cameras almost all the time. I cut the film freely and splice together the pieces which have caught the action most forcefully, as if flying from one piece to another." He has made this use of *motion* in motion pictures uniquely his own. In the forest, where there is danger to people and, more important, danger to truth, the camera hovers, darts, glides, and swoops like a skimming bird.

The opening of the first forest sequence sets the style. Near the end of the gate scene with which the film begins, we are looking down from high above at the men crouched out of the rain. We cut to a close-up of Shimura's face as he begins to tell his story. Then there is a sharp cut to the bright sun seen through tree branches as the camera travels forward—a cut accompanied by the sudden entrance of strong, rhythmic music. The sequence that follows is dazzling—dazzling both in the virtuosity of the shooting and editing, and in the way that these skills are used for mood and point. The next shot is of the woodcutter's axe, on his shoulder, gleam-



ing in the sun as he strides along. The camera precedes him as he walks toward us, follows him, and in one especially beautiful moment arcs across toward him as he strides toward us, crosses in front of him as he approaches, then follows him from the other side. This dynamic camera motion not only underscores the implosion of sunlight and movement into the film, but also sets a tone—of comment, of near-teasing, implying, “Stride on, stride on. An ordinary day’s work, you think, woodcutter? Stride on. And see.” He does see. He and the camera dancing around him suddenly halt when he spies a woman’s hat hanging on a bush. He and the camera resume—and stop again when he spies a man’s hat and some other objects. Again he and his observer resume—and this time he halts in horror. We see his face through the upright, rigid arms of the slain samurai. The camera, fulfilling its implied promise, looks through those arms at the woodcutter’s face.

This marvelously intricate and graceful dance of the camera continues through all the versions of the forest story. In a sense we are constantly aware of it; it would be overly reticent if we were not. Kurosawa is always sure to make his camera movement, wonderful in itself, inseparable from what it treats. For instance, the bandit and the samurai fight twice, once in the bandit’s story, once in the woodcutter’s. In the first, both men fence brilliantly. The second fight is a frantic brawl in which both men look foolish. In both encounters the camera leaps around them like an imp, heightening the fever, but the camera rhythms and perspectives match the quality of the fight in each case.

Since all this camera movement is silken-smooth, at the farthest remove from sickening, hand-held improvisation, even the smallest actions of the players and of Kurosawa’s camera had to be planned in detail. Tracks had to be built on which the cameras could dolly. These sequences were obviously shot outdoors in a real forest, so every inch of the camera’s traverse had to be prepared, sometimes in a way that allowed a camera to come around and look back—without a break—at the place it had just left, without revealing the

tracks on which it had traveled. These technical details of preparation would not be our concern except for what underlies them: a realization of how thoroughly Kurosawa had to know in advance what he was doing and why. A film director does not have the freedom of inspiration, in sequences of this kind, that a theatre director or choreographer has. Design is of the essence; and the quicksilver insight of these designs—their feeling of spontaneous flight—is extraordinary.

That first Venice audience must have had a bit of a shock—we can still feel it—when the music began in the initial forest scene. It strongly resembles Ravel’s *Bolero*. Not by accident. Kurosawa told his composer, Fumio Hayasaka, to “write something like Ravel’s *Bolero*.” Apparently at that time the Ravel piece was not well known in Japan and had not become something of the self-parody that it now is to Western ears. Western music can be heard in many Kurosawa films. In the ones set in the present it is often used to show the alteration of Japanese culture. Here Kurosawa apparently thought he was appropriating a helpful Western vitality for his film. But whatever the effect was or is on Japanese ears, that music is still bothersome to ours. Kurosawa is big enough to bear a blemish: if we can forgive Dickens for naming one of his heroines Rosa Bud, we can forgive Kurosawa for his Ravel imitation.

Earlier I noted that *Rashomon*, the film, is a far larger work than its good-enough script. This is a commonplace about any satisfying film, of course, even about some unsatisfying ones, but it has a special pertinence in this case. Kurosawa’s vision, his steely yet sympathetic sense of drama, his power to make the screen teem with riches but without heavy-breathing lushness, his overwhelming faculties of rhythmic control that translate emotion into motion, all produce a question in us. We ask: can such a subtle and complex artist really have bothered to make a film about—as has been said—“the unknowability of truth”? Would that trite theme have been enough for such a man? The very quality of Kurosawa’s art opens up this banal version of relativism to reveal the

Like his characters, Kurosawa contrives a hopeful finale. As the woodcutter winds up his tale, the wails of an abandoned baby emanate from a dank corner of the Rashomon gate. The sun breaks out and the woodcutter heads toward home—with the rescued infant held safely in his arms.

element that generates the relativism: the element of ego, of self. Finally, *Rashomon* deals with the preservation of self, an idea that—in this film—outlasts earthly life. That idea is not the sanctity of the individual as a political concept, not the value of each soul as a religious concept, but stark, fundamental *amour propre*. The bandit wants to preserve and defend his ego, the wife hers, and the husband, dead and out of his body, wants the same. Even the woodcutter, who has little *amour propre* to protect, must tell a more complete version of his story in self-defense.

Ego underlies all, the film says at last. What is good and what is horrible in our lives, in the way we affect other lives, grows from ego: not merely the biological impulse to stay alive but the wish to have that life with some degree of pride.

In the Christian lexicon, pride is the first deadly sin; but in our daily lives, Christian or not, Westerner or Easterner, we know that this sin is at least reliable. We can depend on it for motive power. All of us acknowledge that we ought to be moved primarily by love; all of us know that we are moved primarily by self. *Rashomon* is, essentially, a ruthlessly honest film. Exquisitely made and electrically exciting, it reaches down—by means of those qualities—to a quiet, giant truth nestled in every one of us. Ultimately what the film leaves us with is candor and consolation: if we can’t be saints, at least we can be understandingly human.

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Rashomon can be rented in 16 mm. form from Janus Films, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. The screenplay has been published, in an excellent paperbound edition, by Grove Press.





The End of Optimism

The best of all possible worlds ended, not with a whimper, but a bang—at Lisbon in 1755

The earthquake that shattered Lisbon on November 1, 1755, is probably the most famous in history. The energy released therein is estimated to have been ten thousand times greater than that released in the explosion of the atom bomb over Hiroshima. But its impact was more than physical: in the words of the historian Sir Thomas Kendrick, author of the definitive work on the earthquake, it "shocked western civilisation more than any other event since the fall of Rome in the fifth century."

The shock was felt keenly by intellectuals. It inspired Voltaire, Kant, and Rousseau to bouts of furious scribbling, and Wesley and other divines to the composition of innumerable sermons. In other quarters the earthquake produced a remarkable chain of chastening effects. A gratified vice-chancellor at Cambridge wrote that there had not been "the least irregularity among the scholars. It is rather become fashionable to be decent"; the king of France promised to give up his mistress, causing the Pompadour to forswear rouge to propitiate "the demon of earthquakes"; and the English people grew so good, according to Horace Walpole, that "nobody makes a suit now but of sackcloth turned up with ashes."

Western Europe and North Africa did not have to wait for news of the disaster. It announced itself. Chandeliers swung

violently in Milan, the earth shook at Stuttgart, and strong shocks were reported at Falun in Sweden. In addition, the earthquake generated sea waves; they traveled at speeds of up to six hundred miles an hour, and after crossing the Atlantic were still powerful enough to sink ships and destroy houses in the West Indies.

That Lisbon should have been virtually wiped out of existence in a few minutes was almost more than the civilized world could comprehend. As a merchant named Thomas Jacomb wrote, "One moment has reduced one of the largest Trading Cities to ashes, and Killed, Maimed and reduced to Poverty and Misery about five hundred thousand Souls without a house to shelter themselves in." (Jacomb exaggerated: the population of Lisbon was only about 275,000, and the number killed probably about 30,000.)

The earthquake occurred between half-past nine and ten o'clock on All Saints' Day, November 1. It was a Saturday morning, sunny and calm. First, a rumbling sound was heard, followed by a shock that made buildings tremble and threw people off their feet. After a brief pause came a devastating tremor that lasted from two to five minutes and literally shook Lisbon to pieces. Almost immediately after this came the third and final shock.

The master of one ship moored in the estuary of the Tagus reported that a wave-like motion had run through the city. Another ship's captain compared Lisbon to a field of wheat moving in the wind, and there was less hyperbole in this than one

might think, for almost every tall building in the city was a spire-topped church, convent, or monastery. As they collapsed, dust settled like a shroud over the ruins. Minutes later, the destruction was re-illuminated as out of the dust clouds darted the flames of innumerable fires.

In retrospect, fire was inevitable, for on All Saints' Day almost everyone would have gone to church and almost every churchgoer would have lighted a candle. Tens of thousands of unwitting arsonists insured that Lisbon would be consumed by flames.

While the fires raged there came a third disaster: flooding. At first the sea rolled back, laying bare the riverbed; then, at about eleven o'clock, a great wave came roaring and foaming back in, some fifty feet high at the Belém tower, according to one observer. It dropped to between sixteen and twenty feet where the bay widened opposite old Lisbon, but it invaded the city for more than half a mile before losing its force, breaking down bridges, smashing down walls, sending some ships crashing into each other and floating some right into the city. Then it sucked them all back. A crowd of over a hundred had sought refuge on the new pink marble quay, the Cais de Pedra; but as the first wave subsided, awe-stricken observers saw the whole quayside, all the people on it, and even the boats around it sucked under.

Gradually the wild sea subsided. By two o'clock boats were weaving through tangled masts and wreckage to carry refugees to safety.

Panic-stricken survivors of the earthquake flee or watch in horror as towers topple and Lisbon burns. The detail opposite comes from a contemporary engraving.

It was the fire that caused the heaviest loss of the city's material wealth. Foreign merchandise worth about twelve million pounds sterling was incinerated along with the docks. Fire also destroyed the Royal Palace, the Patriarchal Church, the arsenal, and the great new opera house. Ironically, the Palace of the Inquisition, where so many heretics had been condemned to death by burning, also went up in flames. In all, ten thousand buildings were either burned or reduced to rubble.

The cultural losses matched the material. In the Marquês de Loureiral's palace the flames consumed two hundred pictures, including works by Titian, Correggio, and Rubens, along with eighteen thousand books, a thousand manuscripts, and a treasury of maps and charts. Seventy thousand books vanished in the burning of the palace, and countless lesser libraries and collections were also destroyed.

After the earthquake hysterical mobs clutching crucifixes and images of saints dashed this way and that trying to find a way out of the blocked and burning streets. The social order broke down, and as days of misery followed the hours of terror, there emerged the familiar pattern of courage on the part of a few, panic on the part of many, and pillage, rape, and robbery by the natural jackals of society. The ranks of the last group were swollen by the collapse of the great Limoeira prison and by the decision of the governors of the other prisons to release the inmates rather than condemn them to be baked alive. Many Negro slaves, too, set out with the prisoners to loot the ruins.

One man more than any other has been credited with rescuing Lisbon from anarchy and despair: the Marquês de Pombal. In 1755 he was Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Melo, and only in 1770 did he attain the title by which he is known today. This tall, handsome man had been born in 1699, had trained as a lawyer at Coimbra, and had established a firm base for his career through marriage. Pombal's ruthless ambition earned him powerful enemies, among them King John V, who refused to give him high office for the picturesque reason that "he had a hairy

heart." But with John's death in 1750, Pombal's climb to power resumed; the new king, Joseph I, put him in charge of foreign affairs. Then, in 1755, came the earthquake—and opportunity.

Pombal not only coped with the immediate problems of the disaster but also laid down the lines on which Lisbon would be rebuilt. Old Lisbon had been a medieval slum of steep, meandering streets: it owes its present elegance to the wide boulevards Pombal insisted on, and to the neoclassic "Pombaline" architecture that arose at his bidding.

The earthquake also gave Pombal the chance to break the English merchants' monopolistic grip on Lisbon's trade, for it had destroyed not only their goods but all their bills and invoices. Pombal devised a credit system that worked overwhelmingly to Portuguese advantage, then slapped heavy taxes on foreign merchants.

More important, however, was the opportunity the earthquake provided to rid Lisbon of the powerful order of Jesuits. Religions thrive on guilt, and after the catastrophe guilt was in plentiful supply. Throughout Europe, churches were unusually full, and the clergy, especially the Protestants, unusually eloquent. Invoking the example of Sodom, they listed the sins of the Portuguese. Lisbon's wealth pointed to a preoccupation with money, the Inquisition demonstrated the evil of the Catholic Church, and Lisbon's idolatry was notorious. (Even William Hickey, who approved of almost all things Portuguese, found it too much when, in a miracle play, "the Virgin Mary bedizened with jewels and a profusion of gold and silver ornaments, danced a fandango with our Saviour [who wore] an immense full bottomed periwig well powdered.")

Many of the accusations were well founded. Lisbon was certainly rich; the Inquisition undoubtedly prospered; the Lisboans' excessive piety was demonstrably idolatrous. And love affairs with nuns seem to have been a regular diversion in Lisbon: where one woman in three was a nun, it was scarcely surprising that some were less than chaste.

As for the Portuguese clergy, they had

little choice but to exploit the earthquake as a weapon with which to redeem the wicked, and they threw themselves into an orgy of preaching. The terrified survivors were ready—even eager—to listen, but gradually they began to ask themselves whether a God who could punish them so severely could really be their loving Father.

There were some startling anomalies to explain away. The entire street of brothels called the Rua Suja had remained, for instance, completely undamaged: why should convents, churches, and monasteries be destroyed and brothels spared? The explanation that God had spared the brothels out of pity for their wretched inhabitants, but could not pardon those who profaned the houses of worship, was plainly inadequate. Another question frequently asked was, Why Lisbon? It was a city of countless churches and ample miracles: it had a Virgin who regularly shed tears, a statue of the infant Jesus that wept real blood, and another statue whose toenails grew so fast that they were said to need a weekly trim. Didn't the Lisboans constantly put on religious processions and faithfully attend the burning of heretics at day-long *autos-da-fé*? Why should Lisbon, of all places, be struck down?

Malagrida, the celebrated leader of the Portuguese Jesuits, answered these questions in a passionate pamphlet entitled "An Opinion on the True Cause of the Earthquake." Lisbon's piety was a fake, he said, "a dunghill covered with snow." "Learn, O Lisbon, that the destroyers of our houses, palaces, churches, and convents, the cause of the death of so many people and of the flames which devoured such vast treasures are your abominable sins. . . . [God] is watching us. . . ."

Pombal, eager to start the great work of reconstruction, regarded Malagrida as an irresponsible alarmist. He handed him over to the Inquisition. With macabre irony, Malagrida was condemned as a heretic—on charges ranging from conversing with spirits to writing blasphemous and obscene details about the uterine life of Saint Anne, the Virgin, and Our Lord. He was strangled and burned at the stake, Pombal having already stripped the rest of

the Jesuits of their privileges and banished them from Lisbon.

But these local events had no effect on the controversy raging elsewhere over the existence of evil—a controversy the disaster had reopened.

In 1710 Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz had published his *Essais de théodicée sur la bonté de Dieu, la liberté de l'homme, et l'origine du mal*. In it he tackled and apparently solved for all time the puzzle as to how God, though all-wise and all-good, could tolerate evil. Leibnitz hypothesized that if a lesser evil could bring about a greater good, it would clearly be a necessary element of God's creation. Supreme wisdom, united with infinite goodness, could not exclude any lesser evil that would lead to a greater good.

This rational assignment of a function to evil was warmly welcomed, and Leibnitz's theory swept all before it. Christian Wolff helped to popularize it in Germany; Madame du Châtelet was able to inform the French that "this world of ours is the best of all possible worlds"; and in England Alexander Pope summed up the argument in his *Essay on Man*:

All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst
not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All Partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's
spite,
One truth is clear; Whatever is, is right.

This *tout est bien* school of thought, first labeled Optimism in 1737, won the almost unanimous approval of governments. It strengthened the foundations of civic virtue and stifled pessimism for, as historian Basil Willey has pointed out, it was "in essence an apologia for the *status quo*." Men living in the best of all possible worlds were not likely to entertain radical ideas about how to improve it.

Voltaire, always something of a natural radical, never regarded Leibnitz with much respect. As early as *Zadig, or Destinée*, the allegorical novel he published in 1747, there are signs of rebelliousness: its closing lines—"This was the happiest age of the earth. . . . All gave thanks to Zadig, and Zadig gave thanks to Heaven"—

come on the heels of a long struggle.

When news of the Lisbon earthquake reached Voltaire, he rebelled more openly. Within five weeks he had written his *Poème sur le désastre de Lisbonne*. "Whatever happens is for the best," he observed in his preface; "the heirs of the dead will benefit financially; the building-trade will enjoy a boom; animals will grow fat on meals provided by the corpses trapped in the debris; an earthquake is a necessary effect of a necessary cause; private misfortune must not be overrated; an individual who is unlucky is contributing to the general good. . . . These poor people in their death agonies and the worms that are about to devour them are alike playing their proper and appointed part in God's master plan."

Since the leading philosophers supported the *tout est bien* school, the poem caused enormous controversy. Kant wrote three papers pointing out the beneficial aspects of earthquakes: they give us hot springs and baths; their escaping sulfur fumes produce a welcome sanitary effect; they form valuable minerals in the rocks. Rousseau, too, attacked Voltaire, but his faith that God's world combined a minimum of evil with a maximum of good had been rudely shaken.

Voltaire's next target was Leibnitz himself, and he wrote *Candide* in 1759 with the express intention of polishing off the Optimistic school. This time he succeeded—so triumphantly that after *Candide* people spoke of Optimism, if at all, with irony and condescension.

Candide is the story of young Candide's peregrinations in search of his beloved Cunégonde, during which he undergoes every imaginable misery and hardship and is treated again and again to explanations by Dr. Pangloss (decked out in Leibnitzian terminology—"sufficient cause," "universal reason," "pre-established harmony," "moral and physical evil") that his sufferings are all for the best.

There is nothing subtle about *Candide*, and no one can mistake its message. Pangloss is hanged by the Inquisition and cut down half dead, only to recover while being dissected; Cunégonde, thought to

have been disemboweled by the Bulgars, turns up in Lisbon having suffered nothing more than a bayonet wound in the groin and frequent raping; her attendant, the pope's daughter, escapes with the loss of a buttock, cut off and eaten by Turkish soldiers; and Pangloss ends up a pimply syphilitic with his nose rotting off.

The most famous passage of the work begins with their ship approaching Lisbon harbor. The ship sinks, nearly everyone is drowned, but all is for the best: the Tagus is simply fulfilling its teleological function. The survivors, rushed ashore, are met by a violent earthquake. Thirty thousand people die. But all is for the best: "If there is an earthquake under Lisbon," says Pangloss, "it could not be anywhere else since it is impossible that things should not be exactly as they are," and part of the pre-established harmony. After the earthquake the Portuguese pundits could think of nothing better for preventing total ruin than to treat their people to a splendid *auto-da-fé*, for the University of Coimbra had declared that the spectacle of a number of people being ceremonially burned over a slow fire was an infallible way of preventing an earthquake. In this *auto-da-fé* Jews are burned because they will not eat bacon, Pangloss is hanged again, and Candide is flogged. It is at this point that Candide, terrified out of his wits, covered with blood, and trembling violently, begins to see the light: wearily he asks himself, "If this is the best of all possible worlds, whatever must the others be like?"

As they read *Candide* the people of Europe laughed Optimism to death.

Europe before the quake had been a world in which, as Basil Willey tells us, "the wealthy and educated of Europe must have enjoyed almost the nearest approach to earthly felicity ever known to man." The Lisbon earthquake, shaking the earth as it had never been shaken before, beclouded that felicity with its fallout—so thoroughly that the European elite was never to regain its confidence in a perfectly ordered universe.

Neil McKendrick has also written about the demise and resurrection of the city of Pompeii in the March, 1962, HORIZON.



І СЪЕЗДЪ по ПРОСВЕЩЕНІЮ
УЧЪБНЫМЪ ГОСУДАРСТВЕННЫМЪ КОМИТЕТОМЪ
ПАРОВЫХЪ КОММУНАЛЬНЫХЪ ПРОСВЕЩЕНІЮ

The Germans choked the Allies with gas and charred them with flame throwers, but in April, 1917, as Churchill was to recall in *The World Crisis*, they launched a still more potent weapon:

“They transported Lenin in a sealed truck like a plague bacillus from Switzerland into Russia”

Late in the afternoon of April 9, 1917, four weeks after the March Revolution in Russia, a little train moved along the track from Gottmadingen, an isolated hill village in Germany very close to the Swiss border, and steamed through fir woods toward Singen, the frontier post. On board was the leader of a small Russian political party of extremist socialists, Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov, alias Nikolai Lenin—a name barely known then outside European left-wing circles—along with thirty-one comrades and associates.

It was the beginning of a four-day journey six hundred miles across the whole of Germany—a journey that was to become so famous, or infamous, as to acquire the character of a legend.

The carriage that the revolutionaries traveled in was sealed—not literally but in effect. It had the extraterritorial status of an embassy, and all the passengers had signed a pledge that they would neither leave the train nor have any contact with Germans during their passage. Three of the carriage's four external doors were locked. The fourth, adjacent to the end compartment occupied by two escort officers responsible for the travelers' safety,

Hungry, sleepless, his collar upturned against the dank Moscow autumn, Lenin, opposite, files out of a party congress sixteen months after his journey to the Finland Station aboard the Sealed Train.

was set off from the rest of the carriage by a white chalk line on the floor. No one was permitted to cross this line except Fritz Platten, a Swiss social democrat put in charge of the group because of his neutral nationality.

Nearly all the other travelers were Russians, and in crossing a nation that had been at war with their own for three years they were committing high treason.

Lenin himself was taking the biggest risk of his life. Although the concept of the Sealed Train, as it came to be known, was an attempt to minimize this risk, it failed completely: in just over a week the journey would make Lenin the most reviled man in Petersburg, and within three months he would be forced to flee the city while thousands of troops hunted him as a German agent. Yet without the Sealed Train, Lenin could never have reached Russia, and the history of the world would almost certainly have been very different.

The sudden news that the March Revolution had overthrown the czar posed a crucial question to the nations locked in the Great War: would Russia, under her new leaders, remain with the Allies in the fight? For Britain and France, weakened by the appalling Battle of the Somme in 1916 and by the heavy loss of ships to U-boats, it was vital that the Russians keep fighting on the Eastern Front. Germany, on the other hand, wanted a sepa-

rate peace with Russia in order to throw her whole weight against the Allied lines in France: she had just ordered her U-boats in the Atlantic to sink *all* supply ships bound for Britain and France, including those sailing under the U.S. flag. Should America now enter the war, Germany would face a new and powerful enemy at a critical time.

In the chaos of postrevolutionary Petersburg, Russia's future role in the war was unpredictable. Most of the men who had come to power—including the twelve new cabinet ministers chosen by the Duma, the elected assembly—firmly believed that the war should go on. But opinion differed among the three thousand delegates to the socialist-dominated Soviet, a strange new body whose members, delegates from factories and regiments, saw themselves, not as executors of power, but as supervisors ensuring that the government acted in the interests of “the people.” Some delegates believed that Germany must be defeated before Russia could progress to socialism; others, “internationalists” or “pacifists,” saw the war as a capitalist conflict that exploited the working classes on both sides and they wanted it ended.

The clash between these two views left the tenuous new regime in Petersburg wide open to foreign pressure that March, and the rival capitals of the warring powers launched campaigns to swing the

pendulum—the Germans backing the pacifists, the Allies working to strengthen the fragile power of the prowar group.

Exiled Russian revolutionaries living in Western Europe were caught in the middle. When news of the overthrow of the czar reached Switzerland, home of the largest community of exiles, they gathered in the streets of the cities, stunned and elated; they met hurriedly in cafés; their leaders conferred. They were all obsessed with returning to Russia, but for those committed to a peace policy, arranging passage was the problem: to travel through enemy German territory seemed impossible; France and Britain would grant no transit facilities to socialists who would act against their interests in Petersburg. The way home was blocked.

Lenin, the most prominent of the pacifists, was living in exile in Zurich's old town with his plain, middle-aged wife, Nadya. He was forty-seven—a short, wiry figure, bald except for a ring of red hair, with dark, piercing Tatar eyes. "To look at," a friend had remarked, "he is like a well-heeled peasant... a cunning little muzhik." In fact, Lenin came from solid bourgeois stock. His father, a senior civil servant who had been an inspector of schools, had bred a strangely radical family. Lenin's elder brother had been executed for plotting a crude attempt on the czar's life, and Lenin himself was barely out of his teens when he became involved in the Marxist revolutionary cause.

He played a prime role in molding the Marxist Social Democrats, previously scattered throughout Russia, into a cohesive party—and then deliberately split the party with a dispute over membership qualifications. Since 1904 he had headed a small splinter group of full-time professional revolutionaries, whose misleading title of "Bolsheviks," or "majority," left the far larger faction of Social Democrats with the title "Mensheviks," or "minority."

Lenin had been feuding with the Mensheviks for years—and with anyone else who disagreed with his personal interpretation of Marx. In the last year, however, he had quarreled with everyone, even his close comrades. It had been the worst

year of his life. He had been virtually cut off from news from Russia, where his mother, to whom he had been devoted, had died, and Anna, his elder sister, had been arrested. He was living in desperate poverty, trying to get work even as a translator. He and Nadya shared one dark room near a sausage factory; during the day the stench was so vile they had to keep the windows closed.

Suddenly on the afternoon of March 15 a friend hammered on the door with the news of revolution in Russia. Lenin's existence was transformed. The day he had waited for so long, and prepared his party for, had arrived. But the Bolshevik party was small, even within Russia—with barely two thousand members in Petersburg and only forty-five thousand in all, it was dwarfed by other parties, including the Mensheviks. It was crucial that Lenin reach home before the long-awaited revolution was betrayed.

Desperately he explored the means of getting to Russia, most of them wildly impractical: he would be smuggled; he would fly; he would travel as a Swedish deaf mute to avoid language problems. And then the Menshevik leader, Julius Martov, Lenin's former friend but now his keenest adversary, proposed that they ask the Germans to provide a special train for the exiles in return for the release of an equal number of Germans and Austrians imprisoned in Russia.

To Lenin, this seemed a fine plan. The Germans were willing enough to go along with it, having indeed anticipated the request, but they were still the enemy and approval was needed from the government in Petersburg. Two weeks later the approval had not arrived, and Lenin believed he knew why: the new foreign minister, Paul Miliukov, was determined to pursue the war to Allied victory and did not want any more pacifists causing trouble in the Russian capital. The decision that Lenin then made, to travel without Miliukov's approval, taking with him anyone who wished to go, appalled the Swiss revolutionary community. But Lenin was not to be deterred—not even when a French newspaper published Mi-

liukov's statement that Russians traveling home through Germany would be charged with high treason on their arrival.

On April 9 those who were to make the journey assembled in Zurich's Hotel Zaehring Hof for a farewell lunch with some of their Swiss comrades. They had come from all over Switzerland. A group of five from Geneva included the youngest member of the party, a four-year-old Jewish boy named Robert, as well as Mikha Tskhakaya, sixty years old, a broad-bearded, lifelong revolutionary from Tiflis whom Lenin had known for years. In 1916, after an all-night talk, the two had joked about returning to Russia within the year. As soon as Lenin had heard the news from Petersburg, he had sent Mikha a postcard: "Congratulations on the revolution... I am preparing to leave... What are you doing?" "My suitcase has been ready since last year," Tskhakaya replied by return mail.

Olga Ravich had come from Geneva too. For more than a decade she had been the mistress of V. A. Karpinsky, a librarian and a friend of Lenin's, and together they had handled the printing of *Sotsial Demokrat*, the Bolshevik journal, and other party literature. Karpinsky was to remain in Switzerland for the time being and take charge of the party there, but Olga was going home. Unlike most Bolshevik women, who dressed with deliberate severity, she had a taste for extravagant hats and was, indeed, now wearing a wide-brimmed creation for her journey north.

From Bern had come thirty-four-year-old Gregory Zinoviev, for nine years Lenin's right-hand man, co-editor of *Sotsial Demokrat*, and assistant head of the party organization. With Gregory was his slim, dark wife, Zina—known in the party's communication network as "Lilina"—and their nine-year-old son, Stephan.

Inessa Armand would travel with them too. She was forty-two years old, chestnut haired, brilliant, and talented. The daughter of a Parisian vaudeville comedian, she had married a wealthy Moscow industrialist and then left him and their five children so that she could devote herself to revolutionary politics. Modeling herself



SOVIETPHOTO

Rumpled and weary after their four-day journey in the Sealed Train, the Russian exiles—still three arduous days from Petersburg—toured Stockholm with Lenin (at head of line, umbrella in hand) and the mayor (to Lenin's left). Not every face is identifiable today, but the group included Karl Linde (1, below), a factory worker; the party printer Olga Ravich (wearing her inevitable wide-brimmed hat and chatting with a Swedish editor); Lenin's intimate friend, Inessa Armand (behind Olga and 2, below); the Austrian socialist Karl Radek (beside Inessa and 3, below); Lenin's plain wife, Nadya (behind Inessa and 4, below); party leader Gregory Zinoviev (5, below); and Gregory Sokolnikov (6, below), a future Politburo member.



1. KARL LINDE



2. INESSA ARMAND



3. KARL RADEK



4. NADYA LENIN



5. GREGORY ZINOVIEV



6. GREGORY SOKOLNIKOV

on the heroine of Nikolai Chernyshevski's novel *What Is to Be Done?* (which had caught Lenin's imagination as a teen-ager, and—for that matter—the imagination of most of the revolutionaries of his generation), she had become an independent, liberated woman and taken several lovers. She was fluent in five languages, an accomplished pianist, and had a fine mind. She had established an immediate rapport with Lenin when they first met in Paris in 1910, and the two had grown so close that Nadya had offered several times to leave him. Lenin insisted that she stay, but he continued to rely on Inessa: she went on difficult party missions, attended conferences for him, translated his articles, and, until the past year, their correspondence during any separation had been voluminous. She had loosened the ties between them during that time, and his letters had grown cooler and more practical. Nevertheless, she was probably the most important woman in Lenin's life.

There were other travelers: Gregory Sokolnikov, a recent convert to Bolshevism but a man of talent; M. M. Kharito-

nov, who had led the party in Zurich before Lenin's arrival in 1916; George Safarov, the future editor of *Pravda*; and Karl Radek, a radical Austrian socialist, though not yet a Bolshevik, who had been expelled—for theft, of all things—from the German Social Democrat party and befriended by Lenin. He was to join the travelers at the German border and thus complete the party of thirty adults and two children. Within a few months' time, many of the passengers would be part of the hierarchy ruling one-sixth of the world. But ten of the travelers on the Sealed Train were marked by tragedy: within two decades, they would die under the Stalin regime.

Nearly all the revolutionaries lunching at the Hotel Zaehring Hof that afternoon had at one time been in jail or in exile in Siberia. For years they had lived in fear of the European agents of the Okhrana, the czarist secret police—corresponding within the party organization in code or invisible ink, moving constantly from place to place, sometimes following Lenin, who himself had lived

in seven European cities. And now it was all over. The czar had abdicated, there was freedom in Russia, and they were going home at last.

After lunch, they walked to the Zurich train station—a threadbare crowd, the men in black hats and overcoats, the women in long skirts, ankle boots, and an assortment of head coverings ranging from babushkas to Olga Ravich's big "chapeau."

Nearly a hundred people met them at the station, and as the travelers boarded the Swiss train that would take them across the border, onlookers opposed to the journey began to jeer. "Traitors! Spies! Provocateurs!" "The kaiser is paying for the journey," taunted one—mistakenly, in fact, for Lenin had insisted that his companions pay their own fares. "They're going to hang you . . . like German spies!" bawled another.

But there were friends in the crowd too, and as the train began to move off, at precisely 3:10 P.M., one of them called out: "Ilyich, take care of yourself. You're the only one we have!" Others began to sing



A throng of jubilant workers, waving hats, sounding trumpets, and cheering "Lenin, Lenin, Lenin," welcome Ilyich to the Finland Station on April 16, 1917. When he set about commemorating this triumphant moment, the "social-realist" who painted this picture dutifully—and inaccurately—added Stalin to the passenger list.

the "Internationale" and a departing comrade waved a defiant red handkerchief out a window as the train gathered speed.

They had not left Zurich behind them before Fritz Platten briefed his fellow passengers on the agreement with the Germans—especially on the vital point that they must not leave the German train once they had boarded it. Since they had all signed pledges at lunch agreeing to follow Platten's instructions, and acknowledged the risk of arrest in Russia, the briefing must have seemed superfluous—but obviously Platten was thoroughly enjoying his role as "leader."

The journey had not gone unnoticed in foreign capitals. A few days earlier the English ambassador to Bern had warned London of the intended trip and a cable had been dispatched to Sir George Buchanan in Petersburg. He had wired back that though Miliukov did not intend to stop the Bolsheviks at the border, the fact that they had traveled through Germany would be enough "to discredit them in Russia."

For their part, the Germans were wary of the travelers. General Erich von Ludendorff, chief of staff of the German Eighth Army on the Eastern Front, had

personally briefed the two officers who would escort the train to the Russian border. Lieutenant von Bühring, the junior of the two, spoke fluent Russian—and was under orders not to reveal this so that he could eavesdrop. Now, as the train from Zurich drew to a stop at Gottmadingen, a little village dominated by a tall, wooded hill, the single platform was empty except for von Bühring and his senior officer, Captain von Planetz.

Courteously, the captain asked the travelers to go into the station's third-class waiting room, the men and women in separate groups. It seemed a sinister request to revolutionaries who had lived in danger too long—and Lenin backed against a wall as the rest of the men surrounded him, a ring of grim figures facing outward. "We didn't want them to look at him too closely," wrote the Austrian, Karl Radek, later. "It was very unpleasant."

The travelers were, of course, unequivocal enemies of the German state. Less than a year earlier three German officers and thirty-two enlisted men had been executed for distributing the "Kiental Manifesto"—partly Lenin's work—among the front line troops. The Sealed Train

could, just possibly, be a trap. "We expected any kind of disaster on this journey," wrote Mikha Tskhakaya.

But there was nothing to fear. The Germans were intensely concerned that the journey succeed—after all, like "live bombs," in Radek's words, they were being shipped to Petersburg in the interest of the German high command. Von Planetz completed the formalities—the counting of heads and collecting of fares—and led them aboard the train that was to take them across Germany.

It wasn't much of a train—just a carriage with three second-class and five third-class compartments, and a car for the passengers' luggage. The luggage consisted of baskets—three baskets each, as the German ambassador had informed the Wilhelmstrasse. Most of the single men gallantly offered to take the hard benches in third class, leaving the brown, padded seats of the second-class compartments to the women and families. The two German officers occupied the last third-class compartment, separated from the others by the white chalk line on the floor. On the insistence of their companions, Lenin and Nadya took the end second-class compartment so that he could work.

At least that was the theory. But now that they all were truly on their way home, spirits were high. There were waves of laughter, some of the younger comrades began to sing revolutionary songs, and little Robert's cheerful voice, so Nadya recorded in her memoirs, "could be heard through the whole car."

The train did not go far that night—only to Singen, the formal German frontier post where the carriage and its baggage car were shunted onto a siding. The German officers distributed beer and sandwiches, and the noise in the carriage continued—especially in the compartment next to Lenin's. Karl Radek, with his ruddy face, glasses, and curly hair, kept Olga Ravich shrieking and giggling at his stories until Lenin could stand it no longer. Striding into their compartment, he took Olga firmly by the hand and led her to the third-class section where he would not be able to hear her. But that did not solve his problem either. "When the time for sleeping has come," George Safarov recorded in the present tense, as Russians often do, "no one wants to be quiet. Ilyich assumes the role of a monitor. He tries to be very severe. Alas, the severity does not produce an impression on anyone." Even Lenin's insistence that they go to sleep "as an order of party discipline" was ignored in the exuberance.

At 5:10 the next morning the carriage and its baggage car were attached to another train and the travelers began the next leg of their journey—to Stuttgart. Tea, made with the kerosene stove that Nadya had learned always to take with her on journeys, eased some of the discomfort, and there were the rolls they had brought along, now a little stale. Sokolnikov was puzzled, he wrote later, by the way people in the stations stared through his compartment window. At last he realized they were staring at a half-eaten roll on the side table. White bread was unheard of in wartime Germany.

That morning they traveled alongside the Neckar river, passed the little medieval towns of Rottweil and Horb before running out of the hills into the flatter country of Württemberg. Zinoviev observed that the countryside was frozen

even though it was spring, and several of his companions were struck by the neglected look of the fields, by the strange emptiness of the little stations they passed through, by the lack of young men—only women, children, and old men.

There were incidents from time to time. Lenin had forbidden smoking in the carriage, insisting that smokers should retire to the toilet. A long queue formed in the corridor, and then a quarrel broke out between the smokers and those who simply wished to use the toilet. With a sigh, Lenin, a nonsmoker, finally wrote out numbered passes in two categories, giving smokers second priority.

There was a brief delay at Stuttgart and while the train stood in the station, Captain von Planetz called Fritz Platten across the white chalk line to tell him that Wilhelm Jansen, a trade union leader, wanted to present the compliments of the German union movement. "Tell him to go to the devil!" snapped Lenin when Platten delivered the message. He had never forgiven the German Social Democrats for supporting the war and thereby destroying the Second International.

The travelers were singing again as they steamed on to Mannheim, and there Captain von Planetz complained angrily to Fritz Platten because some of the comrades had included French revolutionary songs in their repertoire—an insult to the German nation. Platten apologized and stopped the noise.

They reached Frankfurt at the evening rush hour, just in time to see the "thin tired people with weary eyes . . . moving in a long procession past our train." The sight convinced them that "the German

hour for revolution against the ruling class could not be far away." The station was full of German troops, and when Platten left the train to visit a girl friend he paid some soldiers to take beer and food to the passengers. Presumably he told them that they were Russian revolutionaries on their way to stop the war, for the troops suddenly broke ranks and ran to the Sealed Train. "Each one held in both hands a mug of beer," wrote Karl Radek. "They flung themselves on us . . . asking if there would be peace and when." Radek, always eager for converts, harangued them until their alarmed officers hurried them away.

The party had arrived late at Frankfurt and missed their connection, delaying their departure a whole day. Once again they spent the night on a siding, but by early morning their car had been hitched to another train and was en route to Berlin. This time, it seems, there was even a dining car on the train, for Nadya refers to "the cook" and describes a lunch of cutlets and peas—and milk for the children.

The German capital appalled the revolutionaries. Barbed wire surrounded the platforms and the city seemed "like a cemetery," "deathly still." "Ilyich," recorded Zina Zinovieva, "lifted up the blind by a corner . . . and studied the destruction of war."

The travelers spent another night in the train—almost certainly in Berlin—but by three o'clock the next afternoon they were at the Baltic port of Sassnitz and for the first time in four days stepped down from the carriage. They had four more days of traveling ahead of them, but the journey on the Sealed Train was over. They crossed to Sweden on a ferry and caught the night train to Stockholm.

Several of the travelers' accounts mentioned that Lenin had been engrossed in work during the whole trip on the Sealed Train, scrawling in a child's exercise book, but none of them recorded the most important development of that historic journey. For, while seated in that swaying carriage, Lenin had crystallized an astonishing new revolutionary strategy. Karl Marx had predicted that because Russia was such a backward country, she would have to go through a period of capitalist



Reviled as a German spy three months after his return home, Lenin, alias "K. P. Ivanov," briefly fled Russia with this forged passport. He came back in November when the Bolsheviks won final victory.

democracy before progressing to socialism. Lenin formulated a different plan on the Sealed Train: he would call for a gigantic leap straight into socialism and demand that all power be placed in the hands of the Petersburg Soviet, linked to other soviets throughout the nation.

The plan was to shock the Bolshevik leadership, not only because it differed from Marxist theory, but also because rule by the Soviet—the equivalent of three-thousand trade union delegates—seemed absurdly impractical. Lenin was to be branded “a madman,” “an anarchist,” but the plan would win the support of the Russian masses in November and it would finally allow the Bolsheviks to grasp power.

The travelers were welcomed to Stockholm by a throng of Swedish socialists, newspaper reporters, photographers, and even a newsreel camera. Amidst socialist conferences Lenin’s comrades talked him into doing some shopping before returning to Petersburg—“at least,” as Radek recorded, “to buy a new pair of boots.” Lenin, who had never cared much about his appearance, was traveling in mountain boots with enormous studs. “He defended himself as well as he could, asking us whether we thought that on his arrival at Petersburg he was going to open a ready-to-wear shop, but all the same we managed to persuade him to buy a pair of trousers. . . .”

At 6:30 that night, Good Friday, the party boarded yet another train for the six-hundred-mile trip to the Swedish-Finnish border. Early the next morning, as the locomotive sped north through pine forests, Lenin briefed the travelers on what to do if they were arrested at the Finnish border. On no account, he ordered, offer any kind of defense for traveling through Germany—attack the government instead for not assisting the return from exile.

Some time that Saturday—the exact hour is not known—they reached Haparanda on the Swedish frontier, and under cover of darkness, on horse-drawn sledges called *veiki*, crossed the frozen estuary of the river Torne to Tornio, the Finnish bor-

der post. They were home at last, for Finland was then part of the Russian Empire.

Though welcomed warmly by Russian sentries, they were interrogated, stripped, and searched by British officers present under Allied Command arrangements. Young Stephan Zinoviev’s books and toys were confiscated, and Fritz Platten, because he was a Swiss, was turned back. As an Austrian, Karl Radek would have shared the same fate if he had not stayed in Stockholm to help run a Bolshevik foreign bureau Lenin had set up there “just to be on the safe side.” Lenin, who claimed to be a journalist of the Russian Orthodox faith, was grilled with particular care. But the officers were not empowered to keep Russians out of Russia, and when Lenin emerged from his rigorous examination, Mikha Tskhakaya recorded that he “broke into happy laughter. . . . Embracing me he said: ‘Our trials, Comrade Mikha, have ended.’”

They hadn’t, of course, or so Lenin was afraid, and the great fear—that Miliukov would make good his threat to arrest them as traitors—was heightened when Lenin discovered that an escort had been sent from Petersburg. “To take us to jail?” he worried aloud. But with the fear, there was tremendous excitement: Nadya was delighted to be on Russian soil, and before they pulled out of the Tornio station that night, Lenin wired his sisters in Petersburg: “Arriving Monday 11:00 P.M. Inform *Pravda*.”

All Sunday night and the following day the locomotive steamed down the west coast of Finland. Belo-Ostrov, the frontier town, was another danger spot, and as the train approached the station the travelers stared anxiously out into the dusk and the rain. But the platform was crowded with cheering workers from the nearby Sestroretsk munitions factory—and a Bolshevik welcoming committee that included Lenin’s sister Maria. Still Lenin worried, and as the train prepared to move out of Belo-Ostrov he voiced his concern again: “Are we going to be arrested in Petersburg?” “Our friends who had come to meet us,” recorded Zinoviev, “did not give a precise answer. They only smiled mysteriously.”

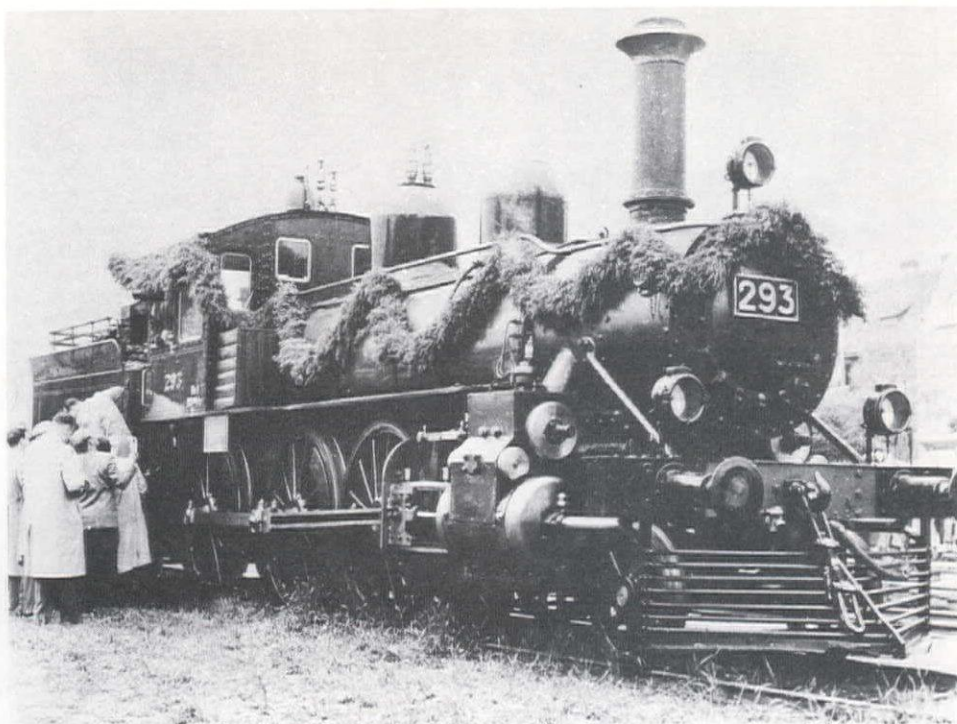
When the train pulled into Petersburg’s Finland Station just after 11:00 P.M., Lenin found out what “the mysterious smiles” had meant: Bolshevik agitators had been touring the industrial suburbs of the city all day pasting up posters that read “Lenin arrives today. Meet him.” And they met him. On the platform were bands, guards of honor from the army and navy, and in the vast square outside the station, a crowd of thousands. Lenin stepped down from the fifth coach; the honor guards presented arms; the bands struck up the “Marseillaise” (not yet knowing the “Internationale”); and, after a blare of trumpets, as one comrade described it, “there thundered forth such a powerful, stirring, and hearty ‘hurrah’ as I have never heard before in all my life.”

Lenin made his way dazedly under red and gold triumphal arches, acknowledging his welcome as he went. In what had once been the czar’s waiting room, he was formally greeted by two leaders of the Soviet. Both, in Lenin’s view, were “compromising” Mensheviks and enemies; he ignored them and pushed his way through the station’s glass doors.

Mounting an armored car in the glare of a searchlight, Lenin addressed the enormous crowd outside the station. He attacked the war as “shameful imperialist slaughter” waged by “capitalist robbers,” sneered at the “compromising” socialists in the Soviet who were co-operating with the provisional government of “capitalist” ministers—and the crowd cheered.

The engine of the armored car began to roar, clearing a path through the densely packed square, and Lenin rode through the streets of Petersburg to party headquarters, housed in a mansion that had once belonged to Kchesinskaya, a mistress of Nicholas II.

They were overwhelmed by their reception. With a smile, Nadya remarked to a friend that Lenin had wondered how they would ever get from the terminal to his sister’s apartment where they had planned to stay. At that time of night on an Easter Monday, he had worried, would there still be droshkies available at the Finland Station?



KEYSTONE PRESS

This is not the engine that took Lenin to Russia in 1917; that one has been misplaced. This is the one that took Lenin out when he fled Russia that autumn. In the state revolution museum it is known as Lenin's locomotive, and it is festooned with garlands all the same.

It had indeed been a historic welcome. But even as Lenin was traveling through Finland, orders were being sent out to exploit the Sealed Train, and now the reaction against it was swift—and the new policy that Lenin had almost certainly crystallized on the journey home would only make matters worse.

With its element of furtiveness the Sealed Train provided the government and the right wing with a target for propaganda against not only the Bolsheviks but also pacifist socialists in general. For the Sealed Train was clear proof that Lenin had accepted help from the Germans—and now, insinuated the right-wing press, he was returning the favor: naturally Lenin wanted peace; naturally he promoted anarchist ideas; naturally he urged fraternization between German and Russian troops at the front.

It was a brilliantly successful smear campaign—especially among the soldiers. Regiment after regiment called for his arrest as a traitor; there were processions in the streets demanding Lenin be sent “back to Germany”; angry crowds hooted insults outside Bolshevik headquarters. The Naval Guard of Honor publicly apologized for its role in the welcoming of one who had come to Russia “with the consent of his Majesty the German Emperor.”

In response, Lenin's agitators hammered away at simple themes: all power to the soviets, land to the peasants, worker control of factories, stop the imperialist war, down with the capitalist robbers. And gradually, over the next three months, their propaganda won most of the Petersburg working class. But in July Lenin lost control of his left-wing militants. They provoked a premature uprising, and he had to flee the city. A month later, disguised as a drunken worker, he clung to the footplate of a train going back up that same stretch of line he had traveled on his way to the Finland Station. He took up residence in the woods near the Finnish border and stayed in hiding until the Bolsheviks made their final and triumphant strike for power in November.

In March, 1918, the new Bolshevik government finally made peace with the Germans. It was a humiliating peace, made under threat of Prussian military might: Russia had to relinquish her possessions in Poland, give up the Baltic states, Finland and the Ukraine; to Turkey, Germany's ally, she ceded much of the Caucasus. The journey on the Sealed Train had served the Germans well.

Ironically, the jeers about Lenin's link to the Germans were true. In December, 1917, Richard von Kuhlmann, then Ger-

man foreign secretary, telegraphed his liaison officer at general headquarters: “It was not until the Bolsheviks had received from us a steady flow of funds through various channels and under different labels that they were in a position to build up their main organ, PRAVDA, to conduct energetic propaganda, and appreciably extend the originally narrow basis of their party.” According to writer Fritz Fischer, who studied the Berlin files, the Germans had by January 31, 1918, earmarked over forty million marks for “special purposes” in Russia.

Even today Soviet historians are sensitive on this point. Of course, any suggestion that Lenin was a German agent is absurd. His short-term aims coincided with the kaiser's, and he took funds where he could. In his eyes the source was irrelevant, for he believed that the world revolution would spread quickly from Russia to Germany. All the same, the publication of the secret German headquarters papers removed any doubts. The Germans did more than provide Lenin with the Sealed Train: they financed a strike for power, and it changed the world.

Michael Pearson, a British writer, is currently preparing a book on the Sealed Train for publication by G. P. Putnam's.

PRIVATE LIVES, PUBLIC FACES

By J. H. PLUMB

Old Cato. The trouble began with him. After all, he symbolized the Roman virtues; in him all the principles of an honorable citizen were fulfilled. Called from his farm, he saved his country, yet sought neither riches nor honors nor power. Not for him the Roman triumphs of a victorious general or the dubious future of a politician knee-deep in graft. His service done, he went back to his farm, his integrity as unsullied as his courage.

So old Cato shines like the morning star in the dark world of politics. Time and again his memory has been revived. The bitterest journalist opposing the corruption of Sir Robert Walpole called himself Old Cato, and his letters were quoted freely by those Americans who revolted against George III. To them, Old Cato was, indeed, an idol—a simple farmer, patriotic, forthright, uncorruptible. But is this image of Old Cato not a fatuous chimera that the public pursues in its longing to be governed by men of virtue? Would it not be wiser to accept the frailties of man's nature, to acknowledge that private lives and public faces may differ?

In fact, public hunger for virtue in its governors has been intermittent throughout the course of history. Naturally, it has been most prominent in democracies. The subjects of monarchies and aristocracies have rarely noticed the problem. A king like Henry IV or Louis XIV could have mistress after mistress without his public image being damaged, and Elizabeth I of England could swear like a fishwife or frolic in her bedroom with the Earl of Leicester without her majesty being diminished one iota. And as with the king,

so with his court. In Louis XIV's France, men were executed for homosexuality; but when the king's brother appeared with his minions, all was reverence and obeisance. A little gossip might trickle through to scandalize the Parisians, but for the majority of Frenchmen the sexual antics of the court were as remote as those of the gods on Olympus.

By the eighteenth century sexual high jinks were almost *de rigueur* for a monarch: to be without a mistress was unthinkable. George II of England loved his wife, Caroline, deeply, yet he felt it was essential to take a mistress. And his wife, in no way nonplussed, made the king's choice for him—the charming but slightly deaf Mrs. Howard, one of her ladies in waiting. Later, when the king took a more succulent German mistress in Hanover, he wrote long letters describing Mme. Wallmoden's most intimate charms to his wife so that she might relish his success. Again no way nonplussed, she gave these letters to the prime minister, Sir Robert

Walpole, to read. Not that sexual immorality bothered him. Everyone knew that he kept a mistress who had already borne him a child, but of course no one dreamed of asking him to resign.

Nowadays, the situation is very different. Lords Lambton and Jellicoe had to withdraw from politics immediately when it was discovered that they hired call girls, and a solemn judicial committee was set up to see if national security had been threatened. This discrepancy between the eighteenth century and the twentieth cannot be explained as the result of aristocratic manners and habits being replaced by middle-class morality. Nor can the eighteenth century be dismissed as an age that was extravagantly permissive. Aristocratic society was admittedly lax, but middle-class society, which was numerous, vociferous, and influential, certainly was not. There is no suggestion from one end of the century to the other that a man should be hounded from politics for sexual peccadilloes. The unquestioned assumption was that such matters were private and had nothing whatsoever to do with whether a man was an excellent administrator or a poor one.

Private sexual practices became a public matter in the nineteenth century; not, however, immediately. Lord Chancellor Brougham could still send his footman for a whore without being tumbled from office. Disraeli refused to make a political issue of his rival Palmerston's having fathered a bastard at age eighty, on the prudent grounds that it might win Palmerston the general election. Yet, a generation later, Parnell's adultery with Kitty O'Shea



VATICAN MUSEUMS—LEONARD VON MATT

The virtuous Cato and wife

ruined his career, as did the adultery of Charles Dilke, a most gifted liberal statesman. Later in the century a homosexual in the cabinet shot himself as the only decent way out when discovery seemed imminent; another went into lifelong exile. Human nature, of course, did not change—statesmen, politicians, even headmasters skipped in and out of bed. Lloyd George's exploits rivaled Casanova's. Still, hypocrisy was essential. The public face, that of the stern moralist Old Cato, must always be maintained; discovery would mean political death.

This attitude has, of course, been nothing but harmful. Men of ability have been destroyed and, worse still, a potential web of blackmail has been created. It might be healthier to ignore the sexual habits of our political masters unless they are so outrageous as to endanger the state. The danger line, naturally, is becoming increasingly harder to define. As the public mood changes, so will our demands, at least in the matter of sexual practices. English society can now accept adulterers in political life, but not, it seems, the use of call girls.

Money is a different matter. Old Cato returned to his farm not a penny richer for his service to the state. And how rare it is for any politician in the Western world to return from public affairs no richer than when he entered them. In democratic countries the acquisition of money through the use of political power has hardly been brazenly admitted, although ministers of state always expected monarchs to make them lucrative gifts of offices, lands, and honors. Colbert, a man of middle-class origins, became immensely rich in the service of Louis XIV. Burleigh House and Hatfield House—two of England's greatest Elizabethan mansions—were built out of the pickings of office by Elizabeth I's two Cecils.

England's statesmen and politicians went on looting the till for the next two centuries. Sir Robert Walpole charged the cost of his mistress to the Customs and Excise, took kickbacks on contracts, pocketed bribes from men seeking office, played the stock exchange with inside information, and smuggled a great deal of



Spiro T. Agnew and wife

his brandy into England. It might be argued that he was cheap at the price, for he was a splendid statesman, giving Britain peace, prosperity, and a stability that the country had never known before. A century later, Disraeli's financial dealings were not as spectacularly corrupt as Walpole's, but they were dubious enough, and today they would have cut his career short before it had begun. And yet Disraeli's statesmanship, particularly in foreign affairs, is accepted as distinguished and for his country's good.

The public, of course, has always regarded the acquisition of money through political means as corrupt. Walpole's dealings were skillfully hidden; Disraeli's so carefully concealed that even now the truth cannot be discovered. Lloyd George's fiddling with party funds cannot yet be properly assessed. He was, after all, the architect of England's victory in World War I, but throughout his life he was in danger of exposure for his sexual exploits as well as for financial and political corruption.

It would seem that the public image and the private face rarely match. And yet, there are others who have spurned all temptation; men whose private and public images have never been at variance. William Pitt embraced poverty and spurned sinecures; Gladstone would tear up one of his own postage stamps if a private message had been dispatched through official channels. By and large, these have been narrow, rigid men, committed ideologues.

In a world of mass media, of readily ac-

cessible copying machines, such men will increasingly be the winners. As privacy vanishes, the public and the private man have to become one. Although there may be certain gain in public morality as hubris catches up with the guilty and the delinquent, some men and women of exceptional capacities may be lost. A world of Woodrow Wilsons, though honorable surely, chills the spirit. At the moment it seems a distant prospect, but as disaster follows disaster in American and British politics, as public faces are torn aside to reveal private greed and lechery, that time may come more quickly than we would like to think.

Even if it does, corruption will remain at a deeper level. Lechery and greed are venial not mortal sins. More grievous, and more dangerous to the public good, is double talk, men preaching one sort of high-minded morality, yet practicing another. Men and governments create a public image out of their ideas. They pose as the guardians of liberty, the pillars of law and authority; and yet in their private and secret lives they may suborn witnesses, commit perjury, conspire to thwart those very laws about which they prate. At its worst, this is found in traitors, in men like Kim Philby, who lived as a dedicated servant of British society and betrayed it to Russia. But morality can be betrayed as well as countries—not merely sexual or financial morality, but the morality of law, without which the individual becomes the victim of the state. And such betrayal of society is never easy to lay bare. The public image is often a careful and deliberate hypocrisy, and its exposure much more difficult than that of sexual peccadilloes or financial graft. And, alas, the deepest drive of men who enter public life is usually the hunger for power, which corrupts more absolutely than warm blood or an empty pocket.

The sanctions should be far more savage, the punishments more condign, the rejection of such men by society more absolute. In handling power, integrity is all; here, at least, public image and private behavior must never diverge. If they do, democracy and justice are at risk, and there can be no compassion.

America's First City



Monks Mound (top right in this 1964 photograph) dominated central Cahokia. In a temple located on smaller, flat-topped Fox Mound (in the foreground), the dead were prepared for burial in the cone-shaped mound to the left.

A thousand years ago,
Mississippi Valley Indians built a metropolis
—complete with high-rise
mounds, overpopulation, and bread and circuses

By JOHN PFEIFFER

In the heart of the Midwest, on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River, is the site of a great prehistoric city. It lies in a perfectly ordinary suburb that has little use for times past: commuters have been passing through it day after day for years, never realizing what happened there, just six miles east of St. Louis. Known as Cahokia, the city has vanished without a trace, except for a number of mounds that still remain and could easily be mistaken for natural hills.

Things were different some eight centuries or so ago. Imagine that all the marks of what passes for civilization have faded away—the four-lane highways and gas stations and hamburger joints and drive-in theatres and smog—and you stand in another age, another America. You are at Cahokia as it appeared in its prime, at about the time of the signing of the Magna Carta.

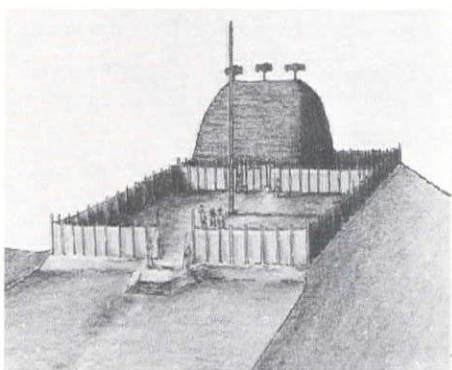
You stand in the midst of a bustling scene in the center of a wide plaza. An earthen skyscraper looms before you, a terraced mound about ten stories high, with a platform overlooking the plaza, and ramps and stairways leading to a large, decorated building at the top. Surrounding you are other buildings, a dozen smaller mounds, and two smaller plazas, all enclosed in a stockade of heavy logs a mile and a half long.

There is more to see beyond the stockade. The plaza and its associated buildings make up only the inner part of the city. The rest consists of more than five square miles of bottom land laced with waterways—a maze of meanders and oxbows and streams and winding creeks. There are barges and canoes on the waterways, farmsteads and cornfields, groves of hickory and cottonwood and willow trees, thousands of thatch-roofed houses, and at least a hundred more mounds.

The city dominates an even wider area, a fertile and abundant valley some thirty miles long, with more waterways and cornfields. Beyond central Cahokia is a system of satellite communities: half a dozen towns and perhaps fifty villages and hamlets, and a six-mile line of mounds extending to the banks of the Mississippi, with clusters of other mounds on both sides of

the river. More than seventy-five thousand people live in Greater Cahokia, about a third of them in the city itself.

Cahokia, by its very presence, represents one of the most spectacular challenges confronting New World archaeologists. Indeed, it has a wider significance, because what we learn there is helping to promote a fuller understanding of urban evolution in other parts of the world. The sheer size of the city is all the more striking when you realize that no other site of comparable dimensions exists in the United States; the runners-up boast a mere two dozen mounds and a few thousand inhabitants at most. A seasoned excavator put it this way recently: "Cahokia is overwhelming. It's one of those sites that kills you. You can spend years working on a single mound." And indeed, the



High atop Monk's Mound there stood a thatched and stockaded building (here in an artist's reconstruction) that was used for religious ceremonies and also as a residence for the paramount chief of Cahokia.

site proved so overwhelming during the early nineteenth century when it first attracted attention that it inspired a variety of fanciful theories. Some observers believed that the mounds were too massive to have been made by mere men and claimed that the structures were features of the natural landscape. Others recognized the mounds for what they were but refused to believe that they could have been the work of native "savages," crediting instead everyone from the Vikings, Welsh, and Phoenicians to De Soto's men (Benjamin Franklin's notion) and the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Serious studies did not start until the 1920's, however, and intense work was

begun only little more than a decade ago, when about half the site had already been destroyed to build housing developments and other commercial enterprises. It was the building of an interstate highway just north of Cahokia's central plaza that finally prompted a program of salvage, preservation, and reconstruction involving archaeologists from the University of Illinois, the Illinois State Museum, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, Washington University, and Beloit College in Wisconsin.

The program calls, above all, for hard physical labor, the sort that few people except archaeologists and a scattering of other hardy souls will endure routinely and of their own free will. During recent summers, from seventy-five to a hundred students and professional investigators have spent eight to ten hours a day digging in the hot Mississippi Valley climate, with the humidity as well as the temperature frequently in the nineties. The evidence gathered to date includes tens of thousands of potsherds, animal and human bones, soil and pollen samples, shell beads, a large assortment of flint artifacts, and virtually a libraryful of aerial photographs, maps, and diagrams.

The site is the result of a basic process in the rise of cities—the evolution of raw power, of ways of controlling people in the mass. Cities arose by necessity, in response to changes that put a severe strain on man's abilities to live with other men. At Cahokia we are just beginning to catch glimpses of what happened as people came together along the Mississippi—the consequences they faced when things became too crowded and they could not or would not move away.

The story of Cahokia starts nearly thirteen hundred years ago when the largest sites in the Midwest were only about four or five acres, with a valley of little villages and a threatened food shortage. People had been living very much as their ancestors had lived for thousands of years, on a diet made up chiefly of wild resources such as deer, fish, seeds and nuts, and perhaps a few cultivated native plants. The population had grown slowly but steadily and now the pressure was on. So people

turned to a familiar plant. Corn had been grown in the Midwest for a millennium or so, but only in small quantities, perhaps to be used as a ceremonial food or delicacy. Now, for the first time, corn was cultivated on an intensive basis, and the population continued to increase. If each house could be seen at night, marked by an individual hearth fire, the settlement pattern would begin with scattered clusters of fires and then, as time passed, more fires in each cluster, and finally new clusters appearing on the once-dark landscape.

Similar developments took place elsewhere at nearly the same time, but special conditions account for all the explosive events about to happen at Cahokia. The valley was, and still is, one of the nation's most fertile farmlands. Furthermore, it was superbly located at the junction of a system of natural "superhighways," where the waters of the Missouri and Illinois rivers flow into the Mississippi. All the forces that were shaping society throughout the Midwest came into sharp focus at this continental crossroads.

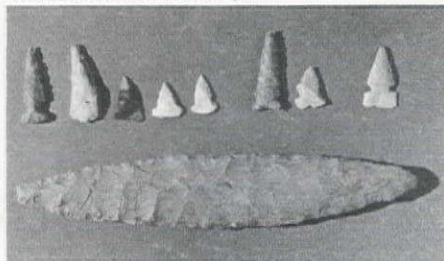
The change occurred swiftly and suddenly, and the most vivid mark of it is that mammoth ten-story mound in the central plaza of Cahokia. Named Monks Mound after members of a holy order who lived nearby more than 150 years ago, it covers some sixteen acres, which makes it the largest mound in the United States and the third largest in the New World (two mounds in Mexico are bigger: the great pyramid at Cholula, and Teotihuacán's Pyramid of the Sun).

Monks Mound is a complicated structure with four terraces. Seven years ago Nelson Reed, John Bennett, and James Porter of Washington University used a truck-mounted drilling rig and hydraulic ram to drive steel tubes into various parts



Frog-effigy pipe

ALL: ILLINOIS STATE MUSEUM



Arrowheads and chisel



Finely polished mace

Archaeologists working at Cahokia have unearthed a rich assortment of artifacts and revealed a prehistoric civilization that was at once diversified and sophisticated.

of the mound, obtaining a set of soil samples that indicate the nature of deposits at various depths. An analysis of the samples, test excavations, and radiocarbon dating suggest that the building of the mound was carried out in fourteen stages, its height starting at about twenty feet and ultimately reaching a hundred feet during the period from A.D. 900 to 1150.

The view from the top of this man-made prominence must have been magnificent, looking down across the plains and over the people and the city. Even today the prospect is impressive, particularly when skies are clear and one can see all the way to St. Louis, with its stainless-steel Gateway to the West. But the increasing height may be a hint of the increasing problems and the increasing complexity of life in Cahokia: the Cahokians needed to impress people more and more forcibly with the superior qualities of their leaders and simultaneously bolster their own egos.

We have a number of clues to what went on at the summit of Monks Mound. Excavating on the uppermost terrace, Washington University archaeologists have uncovered traces of a small-scale Vatican or White House, or both—fragments of floor timbers, walls three feet thick, and circular patches of dark, loose earth where posts as big around as telephone poles had supported a large roof. The building itself stood at least fifty feet high and occupied an area about the size of three tennis courts. It was almost certainly a temple, and may have included the residence of the paramount chief of Cahokia.

Monks Mound represented the focal point of power, the grand symbol of the Establishment. The apparatus of leadership was concentrated in the central plaza and stockaded inner city, an area of about two hundred acres, and lesser chiefs and administrators perhaps lived on the tops of the smaller mounds surrounding the plaza, somewhat as feudal knights lived within the walls of the king's castle. The plaza may have served primarily as a great market area, and also as a kind of show place, a combination outdoor theatre and church where people gathered on "Saturday nights" and holidays.

What sort of ceremonies took place here? Part of the answer comes from a low, inconspicuous mound located half a mile to the south. Started not long after work had begun on Monks Mound and finished in a relatively short period, possibly a decade or so, it is identified only as No. 72 on detailed maps. But Melvin Fowler of the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee is convinced there are two notable points about this otherwise undistinguished pile of earth.

For one thing, Mound 72 lies on the city's major north-south axis, which also runs through Monks Mound. Even more significant, it is long, ridge-shaped, and rectangular at the base—and the architects of Cahokia often designed such "hayrick" structures as monuments indicating places of outstanding importance. For example, mounds of this sort were built at the south end of the north-south axis and at the west end of the east-west axis. In 1967, after studying maps and aerial photographs, Fowler hypothesized that city planners had placed a special marker at a particular spot on the eastern edge of the mound, and a crew under the direction of James Anderson, now head of the Illinois State Museum field station at Cahokia, began digging in the designated area.

For a while Mound 72 seemed like a dead end. The crew unearthed nothing but a few potsherds and nondescript rocks until Fowler rechecked his maps, detected a mistake in arithmetic, and pinpointed another area about a yard away. Not long afterward excavators found the predicted

marker, a circular black stain more than three feet in diameter, where a huge pole had been driven into the ground.

In focusing on Mound 72, Fowler had hit the jackpot, or rather, several jackpots. An early find was a mound inside a mound, a buried earthwork whose small, domed top enclosed a wealth of material. It included the skeleton of a man of rank, perhaps the paramount chief himself, resting on more than ten thousand mussel and conch shell beads that had apparently once decorated a cape or blanket. Also in the same area were two rolled sheets of copper, about two bushels of mica, fifteen "chunkey" stones used in a game something like horseshoes, and two caches of arrowheads. Excavating the caches was a major operation, which took more than two weeks. During most of that time, Anderson slept nearby in his car to guard against looters—a necessary precaution, since about eight hundred beautiful arrowheads were eventually uncovered.

Not only grave goods were buried with the chief in this domed mound. Surrounding him were the bodies of half a dozen servants, at least one of whom may not have joined his master willingly, if his sprawled-out, face-down remains are any indication. This single structure has already yielded two dozen bodies and is still only two-thirds excavated. Two hundred additional burial sites have been found in other parts of Mound 72, including those of four men with heads and hands removed and a pit containing the bones of more than fifty young women.

All of which brings us back to Saturday night at Monks Mound, for the ritual killing of people was very likely a featured part of the activities on the first terrace overlooking the central plaza. The ceremonies called for science as well as sacrifice, as Warren Wittry, then of the Illinois State Museum, discovered more than a decade ago. Noting the pattern of large post holes in an area west of the plaza, he suggested that the posts had been laid out to form at least two great circles—and that the structures were "sun circles," crude astronomical observatories.

Subsequent work has confirmed this theory. Cahokia's "Woodhenge" was a

circle 410 feet in diameter with forty-eight logs arranged around the circumference and an observation post near the center. As a matter of fact, Cahokia had a number of woodhenges at various times, perhaps as many as ten. They were, in effect, horizon calendars, used to indicate the seasons by sightings of the rising and setting sun and to determine the timing of planting and harvesting and associated festivals.

To make those days come alive we can turn to historical records. The builders of Cahokia are still unknown, but people who lived and thought very much as they did were flourishing when Europeans discovered the New World. In 1542 De Soto's expedition encountered the Natchez Indians of Mississippi, who lived in a cluster of villages not far from the present town of Natchez and, like the Cahokians, used corn as a staple and built mounds with temples at the top.

They also turned out to be sun worshipers, as the Spanish explorer learned in due course when he claimed to be a younger brother of the sun. The Indians were not particularly impressed, mainly because they already had in their midst a younger brother of the sun—their paramount chief, known as the Great Sun. They proceeded to attack De Soto instead of bowing down to him.

Eyewitness accounts of their way of



"Chunkey" stones (used with long sticks in playing a game that resembled horseshoes) were highly prized by the Cahokians. Those above were found in Mound 72.



Inscribed sandstone plaque

life come from Frenchmen who lived among them as traders and missionaries between 1698 and 1732. For example, a report by the Jesuit priest Maturin Le Petit suggests that the Natchez's high temple mounds served to bring the Great Sun and the celestial sun closer together: "The great chief of this nation, who knows nothing on earth more dignified than himself, takes the title of brother of the Sun, and the credulity of the people maintains him in the despotic authority which he claims . . . Every morning the great chief honors by his presence the rising of his elder brother, and salutes him with many howlings as soon as he appears above the horizon . . . Afterwards, raising his hands above his head and turning from the east to the west, he shows him [the sun] the direction which he must take in his course."

According to another observer, the chief was exalted above his fellow men, including his closest kin, "when he gives the leavings of his dinner to his brothers or any of his relatives, he pushes the dishes to them with his feet." His was the major role at harvest festivals and mock war ceremonies. When he died all fires were extinguished, except the perpetual flame that burned in the antechamber of the temple—and there was an orgy of public sacrificing. The retainers, guards, and wives of the late Great Sun were duly killed and buried after much dancing and feasting. A number of commoners were also killed rather less ceremoniously. Monks Mound, the great plaza, and Mound 72 are probably mementoes of such activities.

Less spectacular features indicate the sort of work that made the pomp possible, the daily grind of running a city. Housing at Cahokia is one concern of Charles Bareis of the University of Illinois. He and his students are currently digging near a department store where the mound

marking the city's western limit once stood. Part of their job is to make sense of a jackstraw pattern of intersecting and overlapping wall foundations and trenches, the remains of houses built and rebuilt many times. Bareis is also working on the first terrace of Monks Mound, excavating a complex buttress structure, which indicates, among other things, that the ancient builders were soil experts.

There are hundreds of additional features, explained and unexplained: traces of specialized workshops for the making of pottery, drilled shell beads, copper jewelry, and arrowheads; at least one large, square enclosure with small, circular houses that may have been primitive saunas; and a keyhole-shaped structure more than 1,200 feet long that can be seen faintly on aerial photographs.

All the evidence suggests that the lifeblood of Cahokia was trade. Traffic must have been heavy along the big rivers and their tributaries, and representatives of the city were well known over a wide area. No traces remain of the paraphernalia of travel, the boats and barges and docks and shipyards, but excavated materials indicate that Cahokians ranged far afield. The grave goods found in Mound 72, for example, include marine shells from the Gulf of Mexico (a round trip of more than 1,300 miles), copper from pits in the Lake Superior region, mica from the Carolinas, and cherts and flints from Oklahoma and Wisconsin.

People needed stone hoes to break up tough prairie soils, and Cahokia probably acted as the manufacturing and distribution center for mass-produced hoes made of slabs of tan chert from a quarry in a tiny valley a hundred miles to the south. There was also a rising demand for bracelets and necklaces and pendants, ornaments made of copper and other imported materials. Such items, at one time designed mainly for personal decoration, served increasingly as marks of identification, status symbols to help distinguish those who gave the orders from those who took them.

Extra labor was recruited from outlying areas: from villages located high on the bluffs to the east, for example. At first,

most of the workers probably returned home when the day's chores were done. Later, however, they came to stay, as indicated by the settlement-pattern studies of Patrick Munson of Indiana University and Alan Harn of the Dickson Mounds Museum. Crowds seem always to have attracted crowds, and increasing traces of the bluff-dwellers' characteristic houses and pottery are found within the city limits. By about 1100, when Monks Mound had reached its maximum height, sites on the bluffs were abandoned. The people from the boondocks had been drawn into the big city.

The decline of Cahokia was imminent even at this peak stage. Trouble really began a century or so later. Population pressure was almost certainly a major factor. Things may have gone too far and too fast, for the technology of the times was not equal to the task of feeding and organizing the people. The subsistence demands of a rapidly increasing work force, and perhaps an even more rapidly increasing bureaucracy, exceeded the capacity of the land as it was used by people in those days. Apparently, even a meat shortage was also involved.

At the same time, there are signs that people were getting out of control. Cahokia became a fortified city with inner and outer stockades at about the time of the completion of Monks Mound. The inner stockade, a wall twelve feet high built of some fourteen thousand logs with raised platforms at seventy-foot intervals, offered a formidable deterrent to unwelcome people—although the identity of the enemy is open to argument. The general assumption is that the structures were built for defense against the raids of displaced people, outsiders in need of food and land. But the danger may have been greater from within, from local looters and commoners dissatisfied with their lowly positions. Whatever the source of unrest, it was a regional as well as a local problem, for the same period saw the building of stockades around large settlements throughout the Midwest.

The solution was a redistribution of people and power, and Cahokia lost most because it had most to lose. By the early

fifteenth century it was still of respectable size but no longer a city, merely one of a number of towns with estimated populations of three to five thousand. When French explorers entered the valley some three hundred years later, the site had been abandoned.

As so often happens, we are confronted at Cahokia with more questions than answers. A host of projects and subprojects offers enough work for many lifetimes of research. The phenomenon of Cahokia, however, can never be accounted for by excavations at Cahokia alone. It demands regional archaeology and a great deal of work at other places in the valley and beyond. According to James Porter, "the answers are down river; that's where to test your ideas"—the point being that important information can come from small and undisturbed sites in the hinterlands, indicators of where people lived in quieter times and of the ways they had to change with the rise and fall of the city.

Porter sees the entire valley as the center of a widespread trade network. The system involved ceremonies intended, among other things, to awe visitors and workers (some of whom may have been slaves), organized "caravans" carrying goods along waterways according to carefully worked-out schedules, and merchants busily accumulating wealth. In a search for the origins and impact of such developments, Porter, with Glen Freimuth of the University of Illinois, is digging in an area twelve miles southwest of Cahokia, at three sites that span a period from about 500 B.C. to A.D. 1200 and that have not been completely chewed up and destroyed by advancing bulldozers.

Archaeological evidence shows that the city of Cahokia established outposts far beyond the valley. There is a site by a small river in southern Wisconsin, for example, with a stockade and two pyramidal mounds (miniatures of Monks Mound), and Cahokia-type pottery. There are also signs of what Bareis calls "a preoccupation with death," the dismembered remains of many persons, possibly captives, and split long bones hinting at cannibalism. Since the site lies about halfway between Cahokia and Lake Superior, it



ILLINOIS STATE MUSEUM

The bulldozer wins: Powell Mound, west of Monks Mound, 1922



MELVIN FOWLER

The site today, boasting a supermarket, parking lot, and highway

may have been a subcenter for the copper trade. Other outposts are known in Kansas, Oklahoma, Georgia, and Arkansas.

At the broadest level Cahokia must be seen in a New World context, and that raises some of the most intriguing questions of all. Long-range as well as local forces were at work in A.D. 900 when people in the valley started constructing a city. That development was connected in some way with events to the south, in the Lower Mississippi Valley, for example, where corn agriculture and an increase in the density of the population had started several centuries earlier.

The precise nature of the relationship, however, is still unknown. Some investigators see migrants from the south, overflow populations, moving up the Mississippi and settling in Cahokia among other places, bringing advanced ideas and technology with them. Supporting this notion is the fact that everything seems to have happened rapidly around the year 900: the appearance of new kinds of pottery and new ways of building houses and the building of the city itself—all implying a sudden influx of newcomers.

A good case also exists for the opposite viewpoint, namely that the city was essentially a "home grown" product, the work of Indians who had been living in the valley all along. Confronted with the need to reorganize their world, they borrowed from outsiders. But they drew chiefly from their own rich Midwestern traditions of ancient and extensive trade networks and

the construction of earthen monuments.

Mound-building peoples have left their marks over a wide region. Some two thousand years before the appearance of Cahokia, people in the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys began piling earth high over the remains of their dead. The practice became an outstanding feature of the so-called Hopewell culture, which seems to have started in Illinois, flourished throughout the Midwest from about 200 B.C. to A.D. 400, and eventually inhabited an area from Pennsylvania to Kansas and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. An estimated 100,000 mounds were raised in Illinois and Ohio alone, the largest measuring several hundred feet long and approximately forty feet high.

And what about influences south of the Rio Grande? In Mesoamerica, major events were taking place during the period of Cahokia's rise and decline. At about the time intensive corn production started in the valley of Cahokia, around A.D. 700, the largest city yet to appear in the New World—the Mexican center of Teotihuacán with its 125,000 inhabitants—collapsed for reasons as yet unknown.

The first phase in the development of Cahokia as a city, including the first work on Monks Mound, occurred about two centuries later and coincided with the collapse of Mayan civilization. But the relationships among these and other beginnings and endings have not been determined. Mesoamerica's most definite con-

tributions include corn, beans, and other subsistence items, and perhaps such architectural features as plaza layouts, large pyramidal mounds, and certain art motifs and associated ceremonies.

Cahokia was not an isolated or remote phenomenon in its time, nor is it today. Having moved rapidly and not long ago from village to urban status, it provides an invaluable case history of a city in the process of being formed. And it has much to tell us about the formation of cities everywhere. The same fundamental elements seem to have been involved in the Near East, Mesoamerica, Peru, and Southeast Asia—populations on the rise, threatening food shortages, people clustering in larger and larger groups, and concentrations of pomp and power in a continuing effort to keep people under control.

After a surprisingly long period of indifference, urban planners are beginning to show an interest in the origins and evolution of cities like Cahokia. For forces set in motion a long time ago bear directly on the future of our own cities, by far the most complex and subtle of man's artifacts.

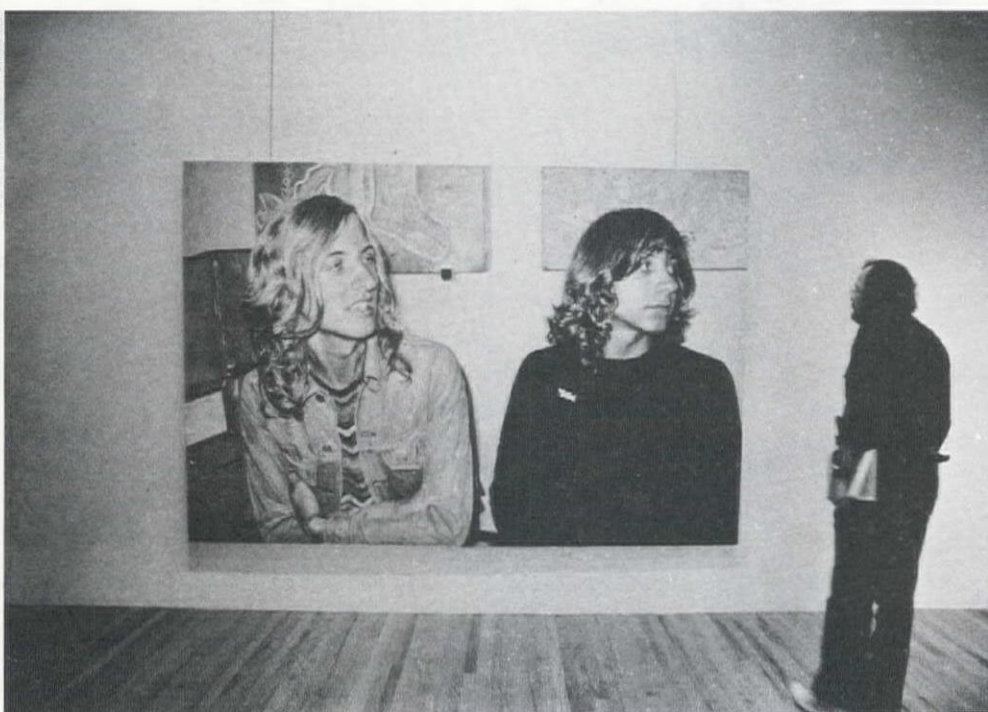
John Pfeiffer writes frequently for HORIZON on anthropology and urban archaeology. For their assistance in researching this article, the author wishes to thank Donald Lathrap, who first drew his attention to the site; Patricia O'Brien of Kansas State University; and Elizabeth Benchley, Keith Brandt, and Michael Gregg, all of the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee.

BOHEMIA REBORN

Its hour come round at last,
it slouched toward lower Manhattan and came forth
—healthy, hairy, and now rich

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR HORIZON BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

NANCY HOFFMANN GALLERY



An art fan, above, sizes up Franz Gertsch's gigantic canvas of two young men. No, it is not a photograph. Dwarfed by the World Trade Center towers, opposite, a painting entitled Me by Robert Cottingham dodges across a SoHo street en route to a local art gallery.

Ten years ago it was a New York industrial backwater so barren of remembered associations that it had no name—except among municipal bureaucrats who, because it lay south of a grubby thoroughfare called Houston Street, labeled it the South Houston Industrial District. Only two groups noted its hidden attractions. One was a band of cognoscenti who knew the district contained examples of a post-Civil War architectural phenomenon—cast-iron building façades ordered from a catalogue (in such styles as “Venetian Palazzo”) and bolted to the fronts of buildings. The second group, artists with small purses and large canvases, had a more practical interest: the district had enormous lofts rentable at rock-bottom prices. Living in a loft was illegal, but the artist-squatters who began trickling into the district in the mid-1960's soon became a flood. By 1973, the city fathers yielded: they not only made it legal for artists to live in what was now known as SoHo, they declared the cast-iron buildings a heritage, forever beyond the bulldozer's reach.

Today, with an art colony of some 2,500 families and more than thirty art galleries, including branches of leading uptown emporia, SoHo is as much the center of art as Montparnasse was in the 1920's. The truck-clogged streets are still almost as dismal as ever, making SoHo the ugliest art center in history, yet future historians may find in the local symbiosis between artists and corrugated boxmakers more than a marriage of convenience. That contemporary art, with its penchant for welding, wiring, plastics, and styrofoam, should thrive in an environment of rag processors and junk shops may well signify a final coming to terms between art and industrial civilization. Both, at any rate, are alive and well in SoHo. —W. K.





Food

VILLAGE LIFE



Health Food

SoHo residents, unlike most city folk, communicate. Do you need a poetry marathon, or a stove for a commune? Above, notices on the windows of a restaurant called Food, specializing in soup and earthiness, offer the gamut, including a loft sublet for a whopping \$400 a month.

Contemporary man cannot do without his organic oats and his rose hips, and the Prince Wooster Health Foods store, staffed with members of an actors' experimental group, does a brisk trade. Left, the owner serves a customer, while artist Pat Oleszko, at far left, awaits her turn.

On the lookout for unappreciative policemen, "Colette," opposite, pauses midway through her eighth street-painting, done at dawn on a SoHo intersection. A giant ear enhanced by a code of dots and dashes, it will presumably delight passers-by until it is obliterated by confused motorists.





Fanelli's Bar

PLAIN AND FANCY

For more than 110 years SoHo's businessmen have taken refuge in Fanelli's, above, where sculptor Mon Levinson, at right, breaks bread with some friends, including, at left, painter Ken Showell.

The grand opening of the Onnasch Galerie, left, pulled about 500 people, some sporting jeans, some in black tie, and all, in the time-honored custom of gallery parties, oblivious to the paintings on the wall.

Should the continental menu of the Ballroom (opposite, top) lack appeal, consider buying the potted plants at this new and stylish SoHo bistro. Nine owners serve a clientele that extends far beyond the struggling artists who discovered the area.

Proliferating boutiques bespeak the growing affluence of the neighborhood. The browser can buy quilts or antiques, baby clothes or party clothes, such as the proprietor of Le Grand Hotel shows opposite.



PAINTINGS BY GERHARD RICHTER

Onnasch Galerie



The Ballroom Restaurant



Le Grand Hotel Boutique



Paula Cooper Gallery

THE ABOVEGROUND UNDERGROUND



A.I.R., Women's Co-operative Gallery

Young American artists tend to think big and work on a grand scale, and it is hard for uptown dealers with uptown rents to give them exhibition space. In 1968, with an eye for thrift and talent, pioneer Paula Cooper opened SoHo's first gallery in a spacious, venerable factory. Above, she poses in the gallery's new quarters with Edwin Ruda's canvases, small by current standards, although they measure up to 9×7 feet. In her footsteps followed Ivan Karp, opposite, whose O.K. Harris Gallery specializes in super-realist work. Karp sits in his office with his wife, sculptress Marilynn Gelfman-Pereira. Stashed along the walls and slumped in the foreground are samples of Karp's inventory, including his boozy companion—a recent acrylic sculpture by Duane Hanson. At left, some of the twenty-two women who run a co-operative gallery, A.I.R. (for Artists in Residence, a sign that once identified artists' lofts), salute the opening of their second season on Wooster Street,





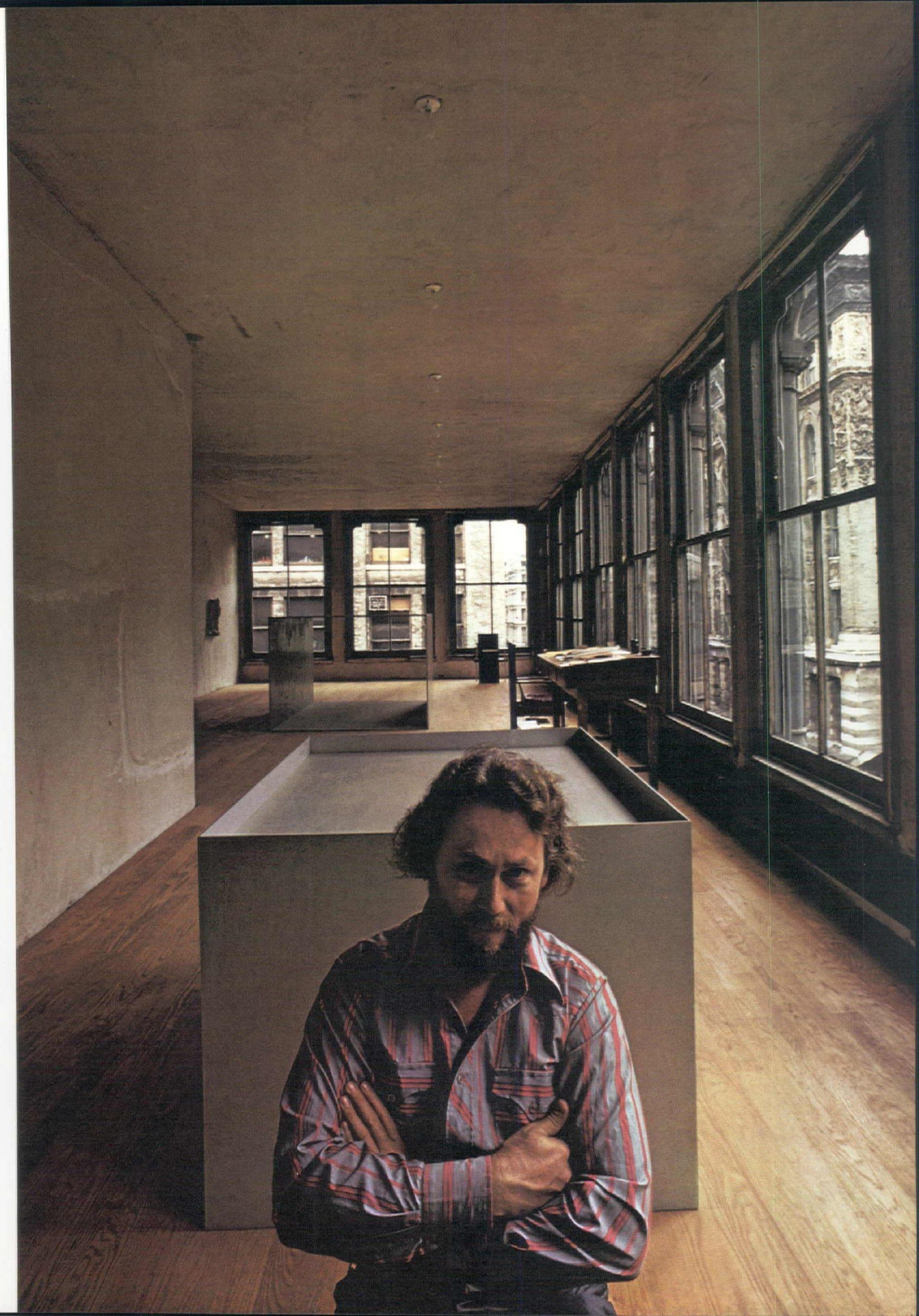
Adolph Gottlieb

LEADING CITIZENS

If New York claims to be the world's art capital, then the presence of these three artists, who live and work in SoHo, is strong supporting evidence. At left, Adolph Gottlieb, now restricted to a wheelchair, paints vigorously in the abstract expressionist style he helped create in the 1950's. Below, the dean of American sculptors, Louise Nevelson, confronts the camera in her cavernous workshop, housed in a building once used as a private sanitarium. The raw materials of her elaborate wood sculptures litter the background. Opposite, minimalist sculptor Don Judd poses before two major pieces in the studio of his cast-iron building, a city landmark of notable grace and elegance. Renovating this five-story former factory is no easy task, but the artist's family already enjoys the practical pleasures of a Judd-designed bathroom sink,



Louise Nevelson

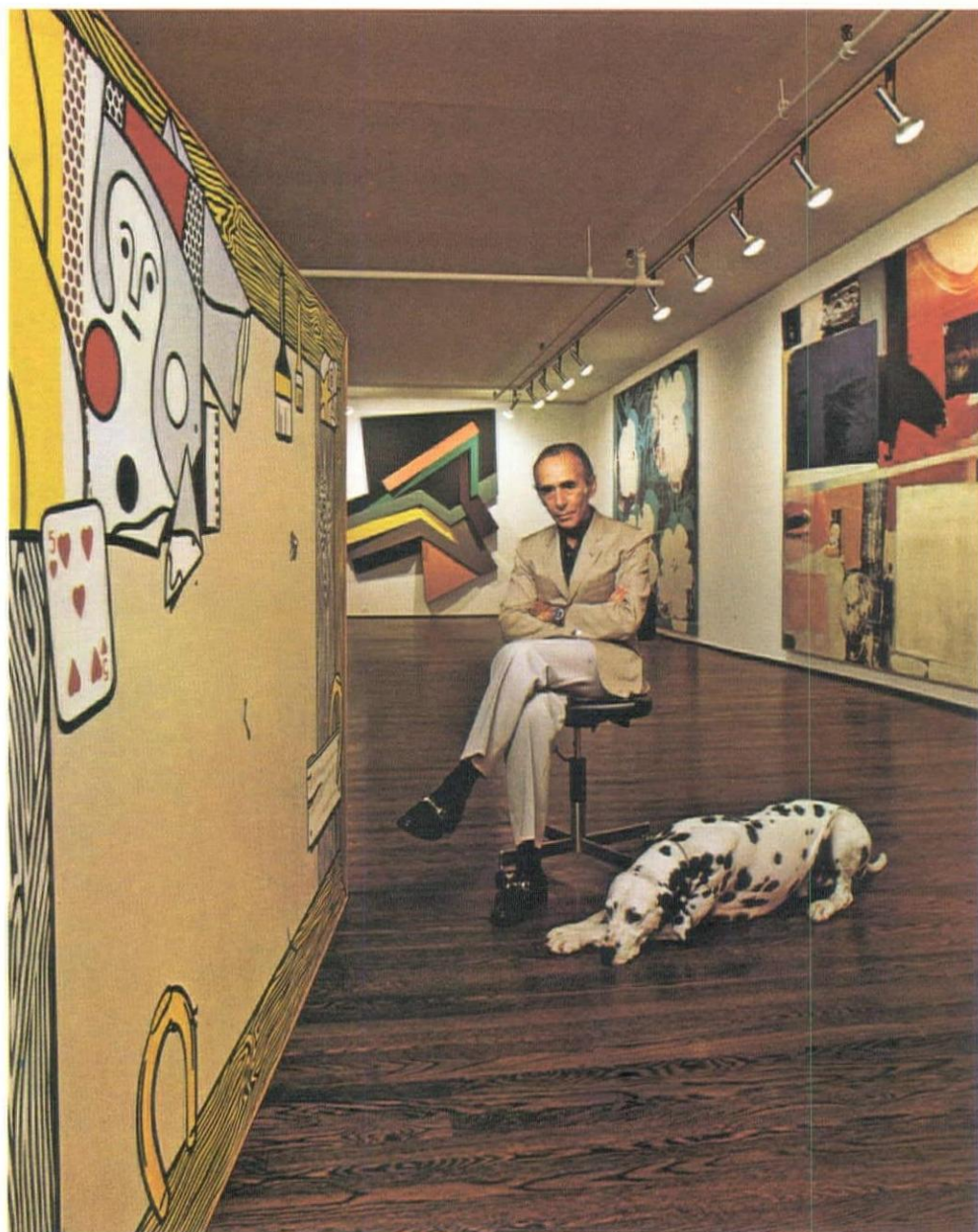




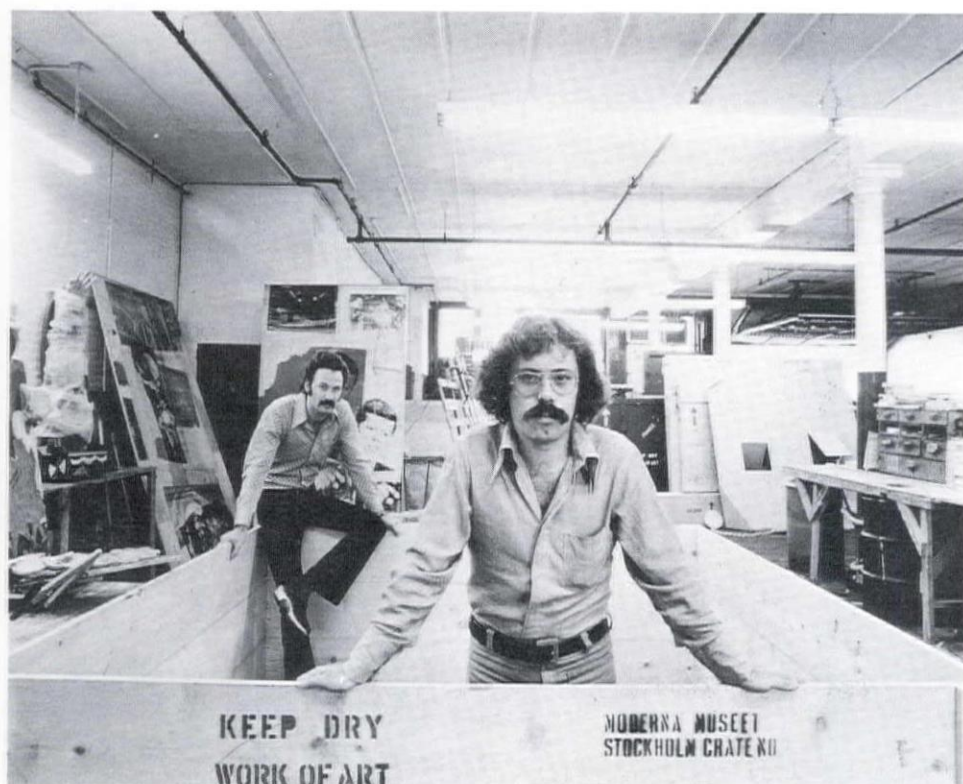
UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN

The high rollers came to SoHo in November, 1971, when four affluent uptown galleries opened their doors at 420 West Broadway, a cast-iron pile renovated as a veritable art emporium. Along with recognition came commerce in the form of rising rents and innumerable enterprises vending life's little amenities at wholesale prices. At right, New York's best-known dealer in contemporary art, Leo Castelli, sits in his downtown gallery flanked by works from his stable—from left to right, Roy Lichtenstein, Frank Stella, Andy Warhol, and Robert Rauschenberg—all for sale. (The Dalmatian, Patrick, is not.) Below, the partners in an art-packing firm at 420 West Broadway stand in a huge crate built to ship Claes Oldenburg's giant *Geometric Mouse: Scale A* (dismantled in the right background) to the Moderna Museet in Stockholm. This industrious pair, Wouter Germans, foreground, and Frits de Knecht, have boxed and shipped a \$700,000 collection of New York art for permanent display there—the first such exhibit abroad.

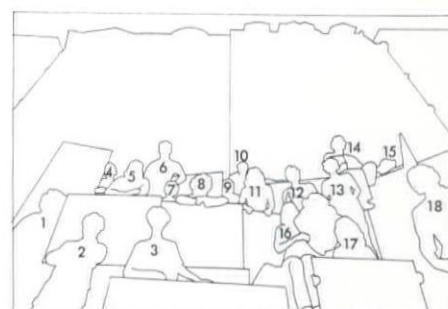
Will success spoil SoHo? Probably not. Its Saturday delights—especially its pervasive air of being an island of liveliness, a quirky interior suburb of New York City—attract such promenaders as the parents of the infant twins, opposite, taking a rest on the front stoop of 420 West Broadway.



Leo Castelli and Best Friend



Hague Art Deliveries, Inc.



OVERLEAF: SoHo residents—some celebrated, some hopeful—offer their works to the world before numbers 28 to 34 Greene Street, distinguished cast-iron landmarks.

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Jason Crum | 10. Paul Spina |
| 2. Kawashima | 11. Vita Giorgi |
| 3. Marion Pinto | 12. Frank Himmelbaum |
| 4. Peter Nicholson | 13. Lynn Scott |
| 5. Antonio Amaral | 14. Jay Rosenfeld |
| 6. Lloyd Oxendine | 15. Robert Wiegand |
| 7. Mark Oxendine | 16. Julie Lomoe |
| 8. Leonel Góngora | 17. Tania |
| 9. Lowell Nesbitt | 18. Louis Pruitt |

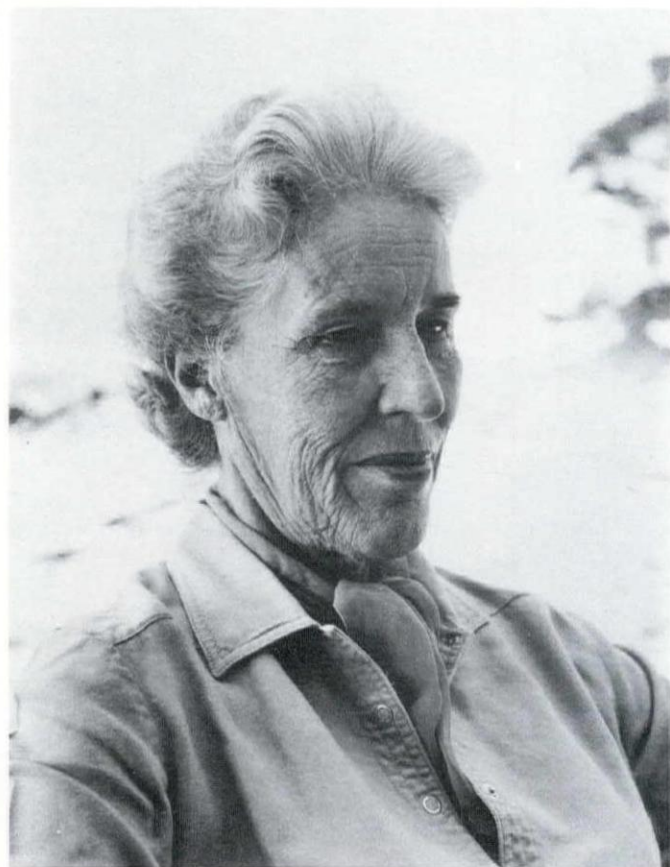




Five Against the Odds

How do great men cope with old age? By starting over

COURTESY LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY



Catherine Drinker Bowen, 1897-1973

By CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

La Rochefoucauld said that nobody ever learns how to be old. I cannot agree. In fact, the thought is an outrage. Because for more than thirty years I have been biographically and intimately associated with five men who most certainly learned how to be old, using their latest years to the full, with gusto. Justice Holmes, John Adams, Sir Edward Coke, Sir Francis Bacon, Benjamin Franklin: all of them, in their sixties or even after seventy, saw their lives launched onto wider waters—a third career and in Coke's case, a fourth.

Today it is fashionable to applaud youth and decry old age, or at least affect commiseration, and to stuff the aged out of sight in so-called sunny retreats for senior citizens. If one credits the spate of books and articles now appearing one would think that maturity, old age, and death were not part of living but a mere mistake of certain operators behind the scenes. I have read Simone de Beauvoir's *Coming of Age*, which is gloomy, and true. But it tells only half the truth—the sociological half. There is no arguing with statistics, such as the author's data on the sexuality of old people, or the condition of aged workers in the socialist countries.

Yet surely there is room for a more personal approach, for individual testimony. I myself happen to be seventy-six, a widow, living alone—three circumstances that are currently believed deplorable to the last degree. Perhaps the sky will fall on me for saying it, but the last ten years have been the happiest and most productive of my life. Nor can I remember the time when I have not been interested in old age, though I did not actually begin making notes on it until I was thirty-two—seven years before I commenced writing Justice Holmes's biography, *Yankee from Olympus*. During those years I shared a house in suburban Philadelphia with my young children and my parents, as the latter proceeded from seventy-six to eighty-six. I wrote down what my parents said: funny things, sad things, caustic things. I described my mother at eighty-one climbing on a chair to straighten the parlor curtains, and the fact that she still called the living room a parlor, and how, after she got onto the chair, she yelled like



NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

FRANCIS BACON

"He lacked the courtier's dash and style; his forehead already bore the scholar's marks. His manners were marred by overeagerness and, if his notebooks are to be believed, a tendency to stutter when excited. The hazel eye, neither green nor brown, had a darting quality. People noted that in conversation Bacon looked upward, away from the person addressed. . . ." C.D.B., *Francis Bacon: The Temper of a Man*

a banshee for somebody to come and help her down. I recorded how my father, in his eighties, said to me one day, "Kitty, there is a veil between me and reality." It did not seem to distress him. When I begged him not to cross our suburban road unattended, lest he be killed by the traffic, he replied evenly, "Well then, I'll find out what's on the other side." He did not, of course, mean the other side of the road.

Perhaps my admiration for the salty old, the courageous old, developed during those years of observation at close hand. I do not know. But it was then that I first came across Walt Whitman's words:

Youth, large, lusty, loving—Youth,
full of grace, force, fascination,
Do you know that Old Age may come
after you, with equal grace, force,
fascination?

On my mother's eightieth birthday I put a card on her breakfast plate, quoting John Donne:

Nor Spring, nor Summer beauty hath
such grace,
As I have seen in one Autumnal face.

There was nothing exaggerated in any of this. I could have sent Walt Whitman's words as a valentine to five of my biographical heroes, from Justice Holmes to Benjamin Franklin.

I do not take the position that old age is all hearts and roses. Being old can be hard work—like being a teen-ager. Benjamin Franklin put it succinctly when he said, "People who live long, who will drink the cup of life to the very bottom, must expect to meet with some of the dregs." Gray hairs or white, wrinkles, a lame back or an uncertain left knee—these do not come under the general category of fun. Yet I like to think of that old Puritan by the name of Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*, and of what he said as he descended the banks of the river Jordan after his long and dangerous journey: "My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battle."

The young entertain odd notions about the old. Of course, as has been said, "life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards." Even so, it seems the young might show a little more imagination about their future. Recently I met a teacher, in his twenties, from Temple University in Philadelphia, who told me that he used to teach English history, for which he was trained. But now, his students demanded something else. So, at the moment, he was conducting a course in "Sexism and Age-ism." I said I knew about sexism—who doesn't?—and had lately heard of age-ism. But what exactly was his definition? The young man said, "The boy of five fears the boy of eight. The boy of thirteen fears the young man of twenty-one. And the young man of twenty-one, of course, hates everybody who is over thirty."

This was hardly news. But something in the telling made me laugh, and I put up a few arguments. I asked the young man if he recalled Sir Francis Bacon writing that we have nothing to fear but fear itself.

(Franklin D. Roosevelt loved to quote it.) Finally the young man, sounding quite desperate by this time, asked me if I would come and talk to his class on sexism and age-ism.

At dinner one evening I met an architect—possibly in his late forties (which I now call young). He was a stranger to me, famous in his field. We had a fine time all during dinner. And then, over the coffee cups, he said suddenly, with perfect assurance: "When people grow old, they make their peace with the world, and lose their creativity."

It is unnecessary to give my reply. Still, I wish I had thought of Yeats's verse at the time:

What shall I do with this absurdity—
O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature,
Decrepit age that has been tied to me
As to a dog's tail?

Never had I more
Excited, passionate, fantastical
Imagination, nor an ear and eye
That more expected the impossible. . . .

That night I had not Yeats's words at my command. But I remembered other voices, from long ago: Sir Edward Coke, at seventy-six, standing up to address the



NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON

EDWARD COKE

"Coke was to show himself in many guises—reasonable and dignified or raucous and brutal, yet evincing throughout one marked, consistent trait, a deep reverence for the throne, a vigorous urge to defend the legitimacy of the prince, who, once crowned . . . , signified the law. . . ." C.D.B., *The Lion and the Throne*



JOHN ADAMS

"There was about this Braintree Adams something maddeningly obdurate. He seemed not to care how many enemies he made, and he was sure of himself and his convictions. When he rose he spoke arrogantly, let his voice ring out with a royal impatience, thumped his hickory walking stick against the floor to make his points tell." C.D.B., *John Adams and the American Revolution*

House of Commons in the celebrated Parliament of 1628. Five hundred elected members: knights, citizens, burgesses, crowded in the choir stalls of old Saint Stephen's Church, face to face as if they were going to sing. A Stuart king had proclaimed that he would tax his subjects without act of Parliament, simply by calling the tax a loan. Charles I had thrown members of Parliament into prison without a trial, on mere dislike of what they had said. Coke himself had already spent six months as prisoner in the Tower of London, cold, miserable, writing Latin verses with a piece of coal: "*Heu! horridus ille locus*—May God return me one day to my small house in Norfolk!" Now, when he stood up to speak, he risked imprisonment again. "The King," Coke told the House of Commons, "cannot tax any by way of loans. . . . I'll begin with a noble record, it cheers me to think of it." And Coke cited an old law from Edward III's time. He spoke of *lex terrae*, the common law of the land. "It is against the law that

men should be committed [to prison] and no cause shown. . . . It is not I, Edward Coke, that speaks it but the records that speak it. . . . And a prison without a prefixed time is a kind of hell. The greatest inheritance that a man hath is the liberty of his person, for all others are accessory to it."

Everything that Coke said is pertinent to us today, and to the liberties we enjoy. That same Parliament of 1628 framed the great Petition of Right, which served as model for our own Revolutionary forefathers and which has been called one of the three great documents of English liberty. Does it sound as if Coke at seventy-six had made his peace with the world and thereby lost his spirit—a word synonymous with creativity?

All this took place during Coke's third career, which itself did not arrive without preparation. Coke had been chief justice in the law courts, a position he loved and from which King James dismissed him for saying that a king of England has no right to interfere with the judges in their decisions. Over the portal of the Harvard Law School are carved words spoken by Coke, face to face with James I in the royal council chamber: "*Rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub Deo et lege*. The king should not be under man, but under God and the law." And when, not long afterward, Coke in his chambers received the king's writ of dismissal, it is recorded that he bowed his head and wept.

Even before this Coke had served as state attorney general, a guise in which I disliked him so much that in his biography I was tempted to skip the period altogether. A man of great strength and ability can be a bully and a blusterer when young, and Coke was no exception. As state prosecutor he showed himself brutal, cruel, behaving shamefully to Sir Walter Raleigh at the latter's trial for treason in 1603. Yet at the end—that is to say in his last twenty years—Coke was magnificent. People who say a man cannot change after sixty or seventy should read about Sir Edward. Later on, I discussed this with Dr. Earl Bond, a well-known psychiatrist, who told me that in his practice he had seen people who were in their seven-

ties change drastically—and definitely not for the worse.

After seventy-six Coke had a fourth career; he resigned from public life to go home to his country estate and finish writing his *Institutes of the Laws of England*. When friends sent physicians to inquire about his health, Coke told them he had never taken physic since he was born and would not begin now. In the margin of a book, Thomas Paynell's *Regimen of Health*, Coke scribbled a verse:

If physicke fayle
For thy advayle,
Three Doctors shall you find,
Doctor due diet,
And Doctor Quiet,
And Doctor merry-mynde.

Coke, Holmes, Adams, Franklin—all lived well into their eighties or nineties. Justice Holmes's third career, as a member of the United States Supreme Court,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

"The truth was that Franklin's character had always been puzzling. America was proud of the Doctor, proud that he had 'tamed the lightning' and that he was everywhere received as a citizen of the world. Yet a citizen of the world is inevitably suspect at home. . . . To certain circles in Boston and Philadelphia, no man could be so much at home in Europe and remain pure."

C.D.B., *Miracle at Philadelphia*

began when he was sixty-one and lasted for thirty years. It interested me, while I was writing, to see how these men looked on the process of aging. John Adams, who lived to be ninety, was invited at age thirty-five to speak in public on the political troubles of the day and replied that he was too old to make speeches—a notion he soon outgrew. My biographical heroes loved life, loved to use themselves to the full; perhaps that is why I chose them. All five, including Bacon, were ambitious and therefore treasured time: the day, the hours—as though time were a gift, like their own talents, which must not be wasted. A very different character—Peter Ilyich Tchaikovsky—shared this acute consciousness of time; to a friend he wrote: “I must hurry, hurry. I am afraid I shall die with all my music in me.” While writing his biography, I saw, at Tchaikovsky’s country house near Moscow, a sign that used to hang outside the gate. It said: “P. I. Tchaikovsky. Receives Mondays and Thursdays, 3 to 5. Otherwise, not at home. Please do not ring.”

All of my biographical heroes were possessed by this sense of urgency. Holmes, in his thirties, was convinced that if a man had not achieved fame at forty he would never achieve it. So he pushed himself to the limit, trying to finish his book, *History of the Common Law*, before his fortieth birthday. He succeeded, and with his enchanting wife, Fanny, celebrated over a bottle of champagne, the cork of which still exists. In his fifties, Holmes was fond of saying that he heard the roar of the cataract, and knew the end was not far off. But as the years proceeded, he gained confidence. On his seventieth birthday, March 8, 1911, Holmes wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock in England, “Give my love to Lady Pollock. Tell her the old man swept round the last post to the home stretch going strong.” Ten years later, writing again to Pollock, Holmes said, “I used to think that the main-spring was broken by 80. . . I hope I was wrong for I am keeping on in the same way.” He said that he now had the ambition to write more simply and clearly, that a man at eighty has no time for complicated self-deception.

And on his ninetieth birthday Holmes



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

“It was extraordinary how young he looked. His face with its high color was lined and showed all the marks of living. But the deep gray eyes were more searching than ever and there was a quickness about him that seemed to stem from far within, from a wellspring unending and joyful.” C.D.B., *Yankee from Olympus: Justice Holmes and His Family*

made a brief radio speech. He said the riders in a race do not stop short when they reach their goal. “There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. . . ‘the work never is done while the power to work remains.’ . . . to live is to function. . . .” And Holmes quoted the Latin poet: “Death plucks my ears and says, Live—I am coming.”

John Adams’s successive careers are well known: member of the Continental Congress, commissioner to France and Holland during the war with England, and, at sixty-two, President of the United States. Francis Bacon, on the other hand, died at sixty-five, which for our day is young, but was not young in the seventeenth century. At the age of sixty, Sir Francis experienced devastating worldly defeat, being dismissed from his post as lord chancellor and banished from the London that he loved. The cause of this

downfall, the presumption of Bacon’s guilt or innocence, has been endlessly discussed by historians. But what Sir Francis did with the remaining five years of his life, how he recovered from humiliation, and what he accomplished, caused contemporaries to call that final period Lord Bacon’s *quinquennium nobile*, the noble five years.

As for Benjamin Franklin, he did not stop at three careers; he had at least ten. Never were a man’s interests more varied: printer, writer, politician, statesman, inventor, scientist—who does not know of the kite in the storm, the lightning rods, the Franklin stove? He helped to write the Declaration of Independence, and, at seventy, when the Continental Congress asked him to cross the ocean and attempt a treaty with France, he replied that he was only a fag end but they could use him as they wished. Franklin was seventy-seven when he served as commissioner for the peace with England, and eighty-one when he sat in the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. His old age is charming to contemplate: William Pierce of Georgia, a Convention member, walked over to Market Street and called on Franklin, after which Pierce remarked in his diary that “everything about the Doctor seems to diffuse an unrestrained freedom and happiness. He has an uncommon vivacity which seems as natural and involuntary as his breathing. He . . . tells a story in a style more engaging than anything I ever heard.”

In his eighties Franklin rebuilt his town house, adding bed chambers and a fine, big room for a library—something few people venture at that age; most of us contract to smaller quarters. As Franklin was putting his books on the new shelves, a friend came in. Franklin told him, “It has always been my maxim to live on as if I was to live always.”

A good saying, courageous and sensible, from one man who lived his life to the full and did not fear the end.

Like the subjects of her biographies, the late Catherine Drinker Bowen kept on working until the end—which came, at the age of seventy-six, on November 1, 1973.

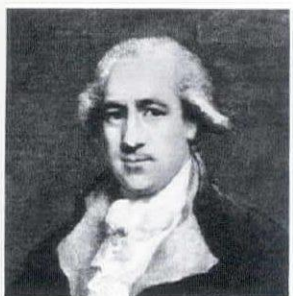


Serving the East India Company's interests—and their own—in Lucknow, assorted British rapscallions bet on a cockfight, as painted by John Zoff

THE WORLD OF
WILLIAM HICKEY



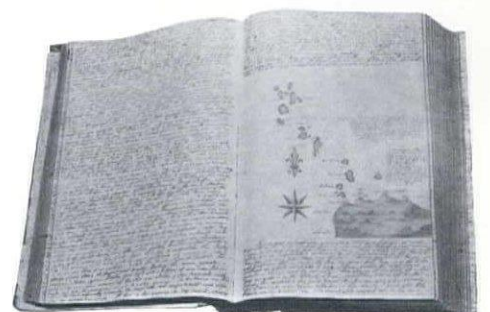
between 1789 and 1791. While the artist looks on (top, far right), Col. Mordaunt, a member of Hickey's circle, converses with the local nawab (center).



William Hickey

Beginning as a "slip slop, moll dawdling boy," Hickey became a nabob in Calcutta before the British raj was imposed on India. In his very candid memoirs, he tells us just how he did it

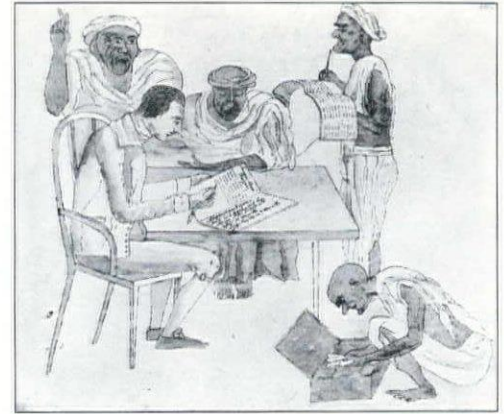
By JAN MORRIS



His memoirs

On May 1, 1769, William Hickey, an engaging young layabout from London, poked his head through the hatch of the East Indiaman *Plassey* (Captain Waddell) for his first sight of India. They had been six months on the voyage from England, sailing via the Cape of Good Hope and the Mozambique Channel, and putting in for provisions in the Comoro Islands northwest of Madagascar. Mr. Hickey was to join the armed forces of the British East India Company, and he carried letters of recommendation to influential men out there, several very smart uniforms, and a beautiful sword that an old family friend had given him, "desiring me to cut off half a dozen rich fellows' heads with it." He had passed his military entrance examination, which consisted of five unmilitary questions, and during the long voyage had drunk a great deal, attended a duel, made an equal number of bosom friends and vehement enemies, and nearly been drowned when his boat capsized in the Comoros.

So on the first day of May he climbed the companion ladder and put his head above deck to see the Coromandel Coast. The moment he emerged, something terrible happened to him. "I felt an indescribably unpleasant sensation, suddenly, as it were, losing the power of breathing, which alarmed me much. . . . I could com-

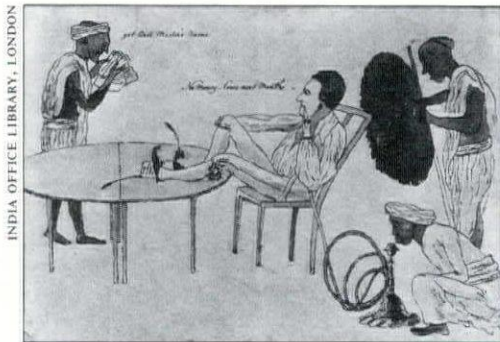


Squaring accounts with the servants

escapable role in the affairs of Great Britain. The British did not rule the subcontinent: they merely possessed a series of settlements along its coast, originally no more than trading posts, by now pseudocolonies, ostensibly still subject to the potentates of the country but in effect governed, policed, and defended by the honorable East India Company, incorporated by royal charter nearly two centuries before. Though first established by commercial diplomacy, these footholds had been maintained and enlarged by force of arms, and by the 1770's the British were one of several powers co-existing within India. The French, Dutch, and Portuguese settlements were no longer serious rivals, but several great indigenous powers survived—the Mahratta Confederacy, the Nawab of the Carnatic, the Nizam of Hyderabad, and the Sultan of Mysore; the distant Sikhs and Rajputs of the north, and the Mogul emperor himself in his fortress-palace at Delhi, who still considered himself suzerain to them all.

The British were the most dynamic of the foreign forces. Though they were endemically at war with the French and the Dutch, they were gradually building up the strength, the knowledge, and the system that would eventually make them paramount throughout India. Their territories in the subcontinent were divided into three presidencies, Madras, Bombay, and Bengal, but only in the hinterlands of the three seaports did the company flag fly. Even there its authority was precarious. As recently as 1756 the Nawab of Bengal, reasserting his ancestral rights, had seized Calcutta and suffocated a sizable proportion of the British population in the Black Hole. The Mahratta chieftains repeatedly threatened Bombay; Madras was intermittently harassed by the Nawabs of the Carnatic. But since 1764, when the Nawab of Bengal had been humiliated once and for all at the Battle of Buxar, it had been apparent to seers that the British were in India to stay, not just as traders, but as rulers.

In England the effect of the Indian experience was pervasive rather than dramatic. Only a small minority of Englishmen were directly concerned with the Eastern adventure, and the American Colonies and the West Indian sugar islands probably meant more to the general public. But India contributed handsomely to the

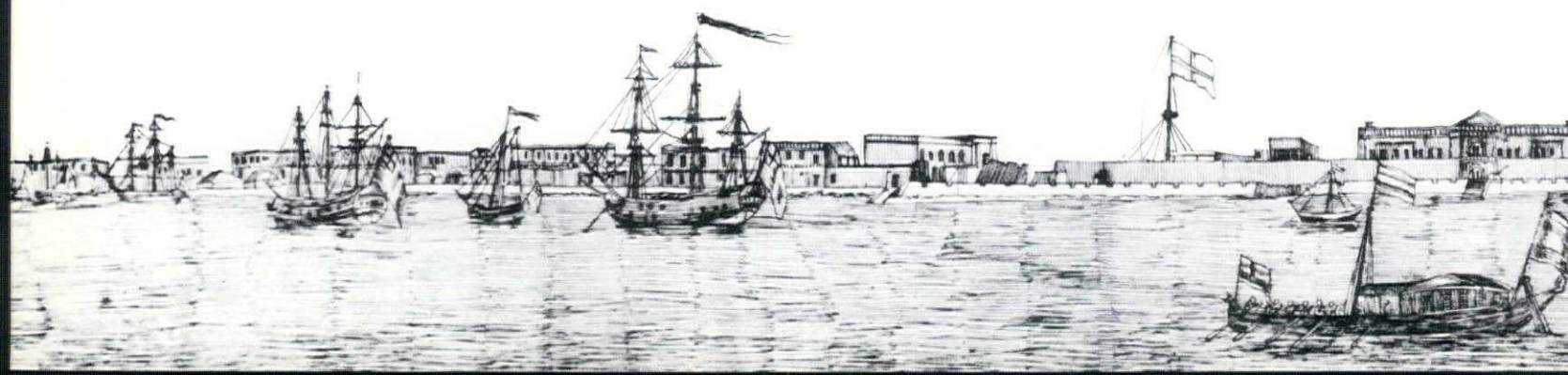


Squaring accounts with the tradesmen

pare it only to standing within the oppressive influence of the steam of a furnace."

So dreadfully did it strike the young Londoner, so inconceivable did it seem that tolerable human life could be conducted in such an inferno, that almost as soon as he landed young Mr. Hickey was looking around for passage home again; but it was, in fact, only the ordinary morning heat of India, blowing out to sea from the sweltering flatlands of the Carnatic, and in it Hickey was destined to spend the best and most profitable years of his life. "Cut off half a dozen rich fellows' heads," that old family friend had said, "and so return a nabob yourself"; and indeed, getting rich was the classic first step in that classic process of eighteenth-century English social history, the making of a nabob.

By the later years of the eighteenth century India played an in-



national wealth, by profits from trade, by the flow of specie, and by loot from the innumerable small wars fought by the company's armies in the interests of commerce. The company's headquarters in the City of London were unpretentious, but they already contained an unrivaled library of Indian material and an Oriental Repository of Indian crafts and objects that was the nucleus of a great collection. There were Indian warehouses in several parts of the City, the docks at Blackwall were always forested with the masts of the Indiamen, and the nabob home from the East was a familiar figure in English society. Often he had made his fortune in ten or twenty years and come home to enjoy it still a young man, though pale and ravaged by the climate and sometimes debilitated by drink. He frequently brought Indian servants to cherish him through his retirement, and he often bought or built a grand country house that he packed with exotic souvenirs or embellished in the Hindu style. He was the equivalent of the South African millionaire a century later; and like the Randlords of a later generation, he and his kind constituted a forceful political lobby, not merely for old times' sake but also because, as likely as not, he retained a number of valuable business interests and investments in India, and upon these he planned to build the fortunes of his family for many generations to come.

For India represented opportunity—a national gamble, always there to be taken by the spirited, the misfitted, or the unwanted. It is true that in 1773 the British government, embarrassed by revelations of corruption and excess, took steps toward official control of the company: Warren Hastings was sent out as a royal governor-general, frankly representing British sovereignty in India,



Swatting away at aggressive bugs

a supreme court was established to keep some check upon the speculations of the nabobs, and Parliament at Westminster was given rights of supervision over the company's activities. But immense fortunes were still to be made in India while the going was good: by merchants and financiers, by soldiers after booty, by professional men of all vocations who were ready to exploit the impact of Western skills, systems, and culture upon the alien societies of



Beating the heat by staying drunk

the East. India still offered adventurous young Englishmen the opportunity of getting very rich exceedingly quick.

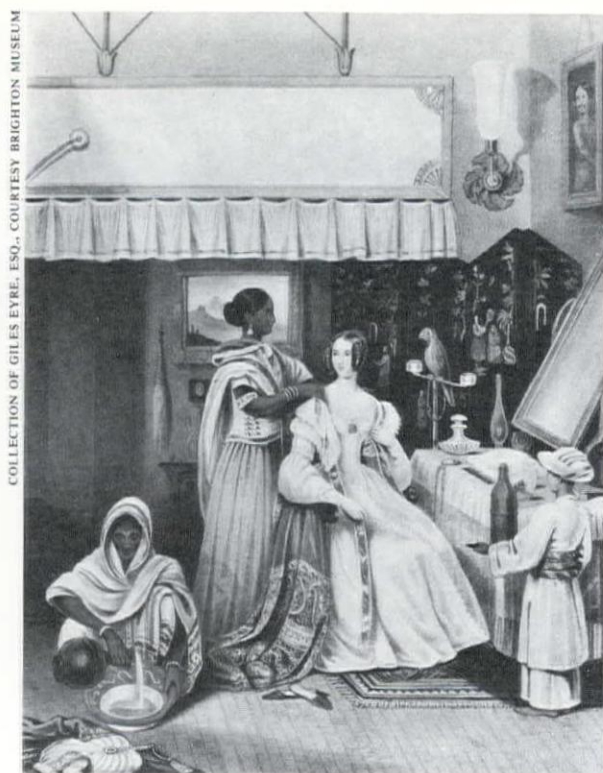
Each year the Indiamen assembled magnificently in the English Channel for the long voyage east, their hulls deep in the water with merchandise, their protective frigates in attendance, the boatmen from Dover and Deal bustling around them with messages or mail or last-minute passengers. Every ship carried its quota of young men embarking upon their life's adventure in India. Some were respectable sobersides. A few were men of scholarly instinct. Many more were adventurers, opportunists, drifters, younger sons; nuisances perhaps, packed off with relief by exhausted parents; or people without a purpose, having a go at India *faute de mieux*. One such young man was William Hickey who, though he looked very splendid, he thought, in his uniforms, nevertheless had no very serious intention of adopting the military life, and had, indeed, no idea at all of what he wanted to do, beyond pursuing, as he had done with mixed success for the twenty years of his life so far, a career of uninterrupted carnal satisfaction.

We would know little of Hickey, and much less than we do of British life in India at the end of the eighteenth century, if there had not been published between 1913 and 1925 four volumes of his memoirs, meticulously recorded in his later years in a huge vellum-bound notebook and running to well over half a million words. As it is, we know him very well. He was a familiar English type then, as he is now. "A slip slop, moll dawdling boy" is how a half-drunk sea captain at Deal described him, tempting him to drive up to London for an evening's pleasure before sailing to India next day. "Damn me if ever I saw such milk sop poor devils as ye are. What's got into the present race! There is not an ounce of proper spirit about them. . . . You wishy-washy soft masters, fresh from mammy's apron-strongs, have no nounce. Damn me, there's nothing in ye; no, nothing in ye."

The captain knew better, and so do we. Of course Hickey got horses at once and drove to London through the night for a frenzied few hours of self-indulgence. He had been a wastrel in his teens, certainly, less than absolutely honest, loose living, heedless:

Calcutta harbor in the 1760's





COLLECTION OF GILES EYRE, ESQ., COURTESY BRIGHTON MUSEUM

SLOTH AND DEBAUCHERY

Bathed, shaved, coifed, and fanned by a legion of native attendants, the young British civilian opposite prepares for a day's leisure: perhaps a ride in his English saddle, a go at squash with a racket from home, and afternoon tea with a pretty English lady like the one at left, dressed in London's very best and waited upon by her numerous maids. Buffered from India's hardships by dozens of servants, Hickey and fellow nabobs passed years of "splendid sloth and languid debauchery" in a spirit of resolute nonadaptation.

but he was no "slip slop, moll dawdling boy." He was only waiting his time. The son of a well-respected London lawyer, educated at Westminster, he was one of those young men of the upper-middle classes whose fate it is to gravitate to grander circumstances, getting themselves as a result constantly into debts and deceit. Mr. Hickey senior was not at all a severe father, and in his way Mr. Hickey junior loved him; but time and again the son let the father down, escaping his tutor to sleep with a whore in Drury Lane, running up debts, spending other people's money. He worked for a time in his father's office and thus gained—more by useful connections than by diligence—legal qualifications; but all his energies went into pleasure, the pleasures of the tavern, the recreation garden, the river (for he loved rowing and sailing), and, predictably, the brothel. His stamina was tremendous, his high spirits were marvelously infectious. Women loved him, as he loved them all his life, and his friends were mostly picaresques of his own kind: spendthrift younger sons, wild Guards officers, rakes and roués of every background.

He had a wonderful time of it, between calamities. After repeated disillusionments his father barred him from the family home, but he relented in the end, as everyone knew he would; for young Mr. Hickey, though certainly adept at the sowing of wild oats, was really a very nice boy underneath—softhearted, quick to remorse, generous, always kind to his inferiors, and, even in his worst misbehaviors of the small hours, really no more than a bit of a lad. India was just the place for him; and though his first attempt, as a military cadet, was an abject failure, in 1777 he made a second start as a lawyer in Calcutta. This time he found his niche. He was a success. "Although my follies," says he in his memoirs, "(not to use a harsher term) were so numerous and so often repeated, yet my honored father lived long enough to see an end of them, and most heartily and affectionately to congratulate me upon my hav-

ing at last steadily settled in a fair, industrious and honourable line of life, universally esteemed and respected in the society amongst whom I resided. Thank God that such has been the case! . . ."

By then Calcutta, the largest, richest, and gayest of the British settlements in India, was a city of incipient splendor. It had been founded a century before on the banks of the Hooghly, one of the mouths of the Ganges, and was fast becoming the focal point of northwest India, a magnet for the trade and wealth of all Bengal. Its name honored the goddess Kali, most bloodthirsty of the Hindu pantheon, but the British had given it the epithet City of Palaces. It was like an eighteenth-century Brasília. Its form was not yet molded, its gaps were not filled in, the trees had not grown, the parks were not green yet, and it had the bare, scoured look of new towns everywhere, before time matures and muddles them.

It was built in the neoclassic style, which had, with its suggestions of past imperial splendors, symbolic meaning for the British overseas. Its showpiece was the Esplanade, a row of public buildings running at right angles to the river and designed to make a grandiose impression upon the newcomer arriving from the sea (an impression only belied, for those travelers curious enough to explore deeper, by the jumble of hovels that was already rising behind to house the growing Indian population). There was a courthouse, a council house, the accountant-general's office, Government House. Not far away was the Writers' Building, the administrative office of the company, and there was a new steepled church, Saint John's, which bore a comforting resemblance to Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields at home. Fort William, the principal British stronghold in Bengal, was surrounded by a wide open space, the Maidan, which was created to provide a clear field of fire for the garrison, but which also made a magnificent park; and all along the river banks, from Garden Reach downstream to

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THE MEMSAHIB UNBURDENED

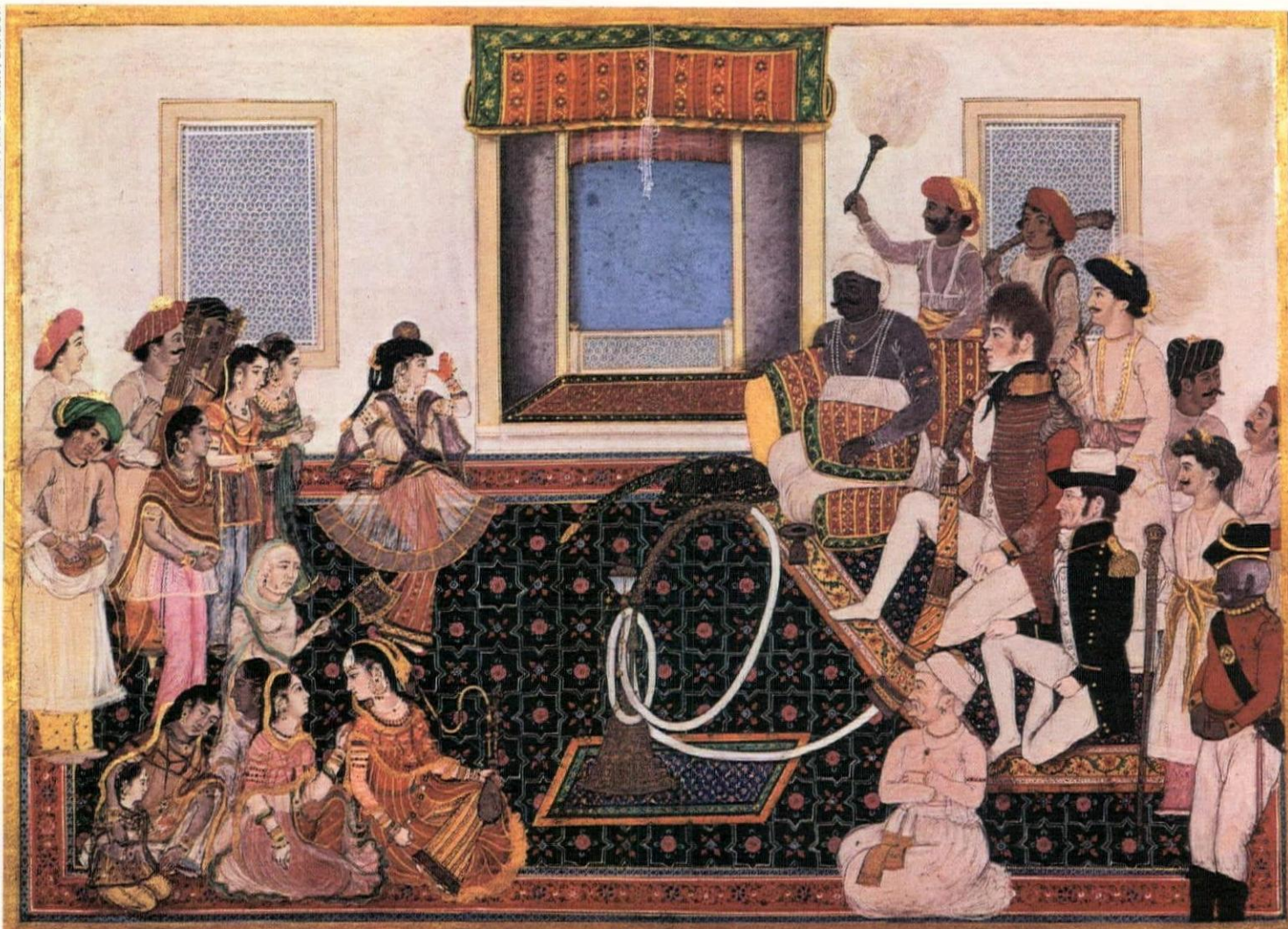
COLLECTION OF LAWRENCE IMPEY, ESQ.



Hickey, a perennial ne'er-do-well, owed his lucrative Indian sinecure to his father's friendship with Sir Elijah Impey, the influential chief justice of Bengal's supreme court. He often called at the Impey home and visited with Sir Elijah's wife, whose domestic life in Calcutta was depicted by an Indian artist around 1782. In the Impey nursery above (the cage-like crib protected the infant Impey from insects), two nursemaids, or ayahs, relieved Lady Impey of all maternal duties though not of the task of administering a vast household. In her boudoir, right, gardeners bring Lady Impey fresh vegetables, her milliner presents her with a new hat, and her household tailors busily spin and sew. Standing behind her is a punkah boy waving the inevitable fan as an English creditor, his bill in hand, waits his turn for a word with Lady Impey.







Two British officers, at right in this Indian painting, watch a nautch dancer. One smokes a hookah, a habit "disagreeable" to Hickey.

Barrackpore far up in the north, the rich Britons of Calcutta had erected their homes on a lavish scale—porticoed and pillared mansions covered in white stucco, their shutters generally painted a vivid green, each house flanked by large compounds and a clutter of servants' quarters and built in the manner of a very imposing Palladian country estate at home.

It seemed at first sight a proper European city, resplendently white—for nearly every building was new, and expensive. Yet to percipient visitors it presently came to feel curiously insubstantial. Those splendid Grecian façades were generally made only of stuccoed brick and soon began to peel and crumble. The Palladian style was meant to be interpreted in the most durable of materials, and its reproduction in Bengal, where its glories were plaster-thin and jerry-built, thus possessed a quality of sad parody. Those mansions were like exhibition buildings, not meant to last; and this was true in a sense, for though many of them have survived to this day, the Englishmen who built them had no intention of inhabiting them for long, but wished only to make their fortunes and be off. Little sense of duty, mission, or even stability yet informed the British presence in Bengal. It was there to make money, and make money it did.

This was Hickey's intention, too. His second start in India was made when he was twenty-nine, older then than it sounds now, and he must have felt that this time it was all or nothing. In such a frame

of mind, no doubt, countless Englishmen had disembarked at Garden Reach before him, as thousands more would do during the next one hundred and fifty years—for to the very end of the British Empire there was a certain desperation to the moment when, disembarking amid the stink, the hubbub, and the indescribable heat of India, one realized that this was to be, for the best part of a lifetime, home. (Why did the sahibs ever come to India, a gentle maharajah once asked Lord Curzon, when they could stay at home on their English lawns playing flutes and watching the rabbits?)

Hickey soon made himself known to all the right people, and, thanks more to his father's reputation than his own, was promptly admitted solicitor, attorney, and proctor of the new supreme court. Later he set up house with an English mistress, Charlotte Barry, who was indulgently recognized by the predominantly masculine community as his wife, and her presence at the Calcutta ceremony called "setting up" set the seal upon Hickey's entry into Bengal society. For three successive evenings, from seven until after eleven, she sat in a chair at the head of their drawing room, ladies in attendance on either side, and received all the females of the settlement, each escorted by at least two gentlemen, each greeting her with curtsies and occasional awkward silences amid the polite salutations—a preposterous ritual, Hickey thought it, and soon to become obsolete as the handful of nabobs in eighteenth-century



INDIA OFFICE LIBRARY, LONDON

The governor's reception in Calcutta, satirized by James Gillray around 1792, attracts a clutch of smiling schemers and greedy sycophants.

Calcutta gave way to the Victorian multitude of officials and box-wallahs (native clerks in government and commerce).

Charlotte, poor soul, could not stand the climate and died after only six months in Bengal; but Hickey himself, solaced in later years by Indian mistresses, lived a life of developing luxury and distinction, often ill but always resilient, surviving the worst the heat and dirt could do to him, growing perceptibly more temperate as the years went by but still busy from dawn until dusk in a rewarding round of litigation, social effervescence, private feud, ostentation, gourmandising, and inebriation. There were, of course, Englishmen of more serious bent in Calcutta: artists, linguists, historians, cultured men like Hastings, who lived in Government House in stoic abstinence, interested himself in everything from Hindu philosophy to Himalayan botany, and was deeply concerned with the purpose and method of the British presence in India. Hickey, though, we may suppose, was in many ways a fairly characteristic Anglo-Indian gentleman of Bengal, and in his diaries he recorded just what such a destiny entailed in the last years of the nabobs, for by the end of his career in India their days were clearly numbered.

It entailed the possibility of danger, for the times were full of risk in India. The Black Hole was fresh in everyone's memory, and the city was still fortified against attack from the interior. The British hold on Bengal was by no means unshakable, and rioting

in the city was not uncommon. Besides, England remained at war with France, and there were times when Admiral de Suffren's squadron, aggressively cruising the Indian Ocean, seemed quite likely to fall upon Bengal. Charlotte and Hickey were themselves temporarily Suffren's prisoners during a voyage from England in 1783, and not until Trafalgar was the French threat entirely removed. Like British merchants in Hong Kong today, the nabobs of Calcutta always knew in the backs of their minds that even a relatively small change in the fortunes of the world could mean their irrevocable ruin.

Then the health hazard was appalling. Two monsoons, it was popularly said, was the life span of the Briton in Calcutta, and Hickey's memoirs are full of ghastly diseases and scarcely less ghastly treatments. Cholera was worst of all. Nobody knew what caused it; some thought eating fish and meat at the same meal incited it, others believed it hovered unpredictably over the city in vaporous clouds. One method of treatment was the application of a red-hot iron ring to the patient's navel, which would, experts convincingly claimed, cause "a sudden revolution in the intestines." Typhoid and malaria, both mysteries to medical science, were endemic in Bengal; unnamed fevers carried people off with fearful suddenness; hygiene was almost as primitive among the British as it was among the Indians. One of the most impressive corners of the infant city was the cemetery in South Park Street,

opened in 1763 and a town of its own already, laid out in streets and forums direct from the textbooks of Palladian architecture. Beneath these correctly proportioned domes and pyramids the English of the City of Palaces were palatially interred—most of them still young, nearly all of them hopeful, all sacrificed—*au fond*—to the pursuit of profit.

The climate itself was hazard enough. Though by the end of the century ice could be bought at the Ice House (it came from Wenham Lake in Massachusetts), most families had to make do with an earthenware jar kept cool by a servant whose sole duty was to rotate it in a tank of water and saltpeter. Midday was a nightmare for the overdressed and overfed English, and then the community went to sleep behind its green shutters while the punkahs creaked above their heads, swayed by invisible serfs, and the blessed shadows crept across the city from the west. Everything active had to be done in the five or six cooler hours of the day—before breakfast when people took their exercise and even held their race meetings; in the forenoon when they worked in their offices; late in the evening when they trooped to the New Playhouse or to the Harmonic Tavern; in the small hours when, after an enormous



Tending the sahib's hookah

dinner, they proceeded to dance until dawn—women often died, we are told, from the strain of Calcutta's all-night dances.

It was not, for all its festivity, an easy life. "Oh, damn the place," said one of Hickey's Bengal friends, when asked in London if he was missing Calcutta, "don't mention it. I should be devilish glad never to be obliged to see it again so long as I live." Yet by and large, it seems that the little expatriate society of Britons, deposited in their lace and spangles upon the Hooghly's humid banks, lived out their exiles, not merely with resignation or resolution, but actually with gusto.

The city was full of characters. Warren Hastings himself was one of the most remarkable Britons ever to serve in India, and was later to provide an epilogue to the whole gaudy drama of nabobdom: his impeachment in 1788 for misconduct in India (six years later he was acquitted of all charges) was really a reminder from England that, however powerful and princely Englishmen might seem in Bengal, by metropolitan standards they were still ordinary



Toting the sahib across town

subjects of the Crown—a reminder, in fact, of reality to a community that liked to live in fantasy. Then there was the impetuous and malignant Philip Francis, who fought a duel with Hastings and was one of Hickey's particular *bêtes noires*; Sir Elijah Impey, the irascible chief justice; and Hickey's close friend Bob Pott, a young man he first met as a seaman cadet in Canton and who was already, in his twenties, a leading citizen of Calcutta. The dusky Begum Johnson survived four varied husbands to keep open house every night of the year and become grandmother to a prime minister, Lord Liverpool; Miss Emma Wrangham was a splendid shot and a formidable boxer; the Reverend Mr. Blunt had habits unbecoming to a clergyman—an incomprehensible young man, Hickey calls him, who got "abominably drunk and in that disgraceful condition exposed himself to both soldiers and sailors, running out stark naked into the midst of them, talking all sorts of bawdy and ribaldry."

Even in the racy and not very scrupulous England of George III, not all these people would have been welcome to fastidious society—"Take care of the spoons and forks," another Calcutta character, Colonel Auchmuty, used to say to his wife before the guests arrived. "Count them up carefully, my honey, for by the holy Jesus we have got some tight boys here tonight." The nabobs lived with wild extravagance. It is true that their palaces were often half furnished, and that a certain air of unreality attended the very existence of British Bengal, but the pace of life was terrific. Mrs. Mary Sherwood, the children's writer, called it "splendid sloth and languid debauchery," but, though there was a certain splendor to the heedlessness of Calcutta life, there seems very little languor to the debauchery. They gambled madly: it was not unknown to lose £40,000 in an evening. They drank enormously: three bottles of claret in an evening was normal for a man, and most women of style got through a bottle a night. They ate gargantuan meals of mutton, curries, cheeses, and fruits, and entertained themselves at the dinner table with a game that was considered amusing and fashionable in Calcutta at the time, the flicking of bread pellets across the room.

They had coveys of servants and drove about in smart, crested phaetons, or rode through the Maidan on exquisite Arabs. Hickey himself indulged his lifelong penchant for boats by building himself a ceremonial barge, rowed by a crew of fourteen in red, green, and white liveries. In this handsome craft he would take his guests up and down the Hooghly in the evening, attended sometimes by small pages wearing turbans and blowing French horns. Bachelors nearly all had mistresses, generally Indians or half-castes, though Philip Francis kept a gorgeous Frenchwoman in a country house upriver, and Hickey's own Charlotte had been an expensive demi-mondaine in London.

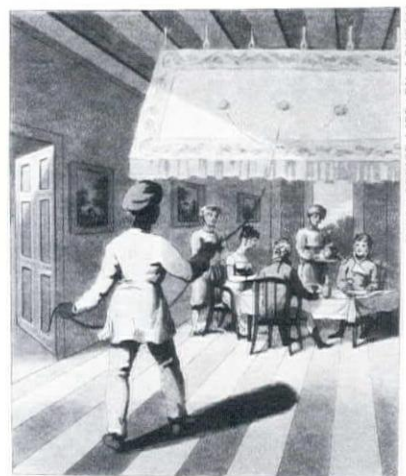
But behind the vulgarity, the ostentation, and the hedonism, a

more serious purpose lay. Most of these people did not want to stay in Calcutta a year longer than they must. They lived lavishly indeed, but as a means of escape: for no nabob in his right senses wished to retire in Bengal, and no nabob at all expected to return to England without a sizable fortune to his credit (though as it happened, many of them, so imprudently did they live, went home penniless and forlorn).

As a lawyer Hickey made his money largely by representing rich Indians in the courts where English was the official language. As soon as he began his practice in Calcutta he found he had clients, and for the next twenty-five years he was never short of income (though often, being the kind of man he was, distinctly short of capital—setting up an establishment for Charlotte, complete with a good cellar of wines, a London-built carriage, and her own hairdresser brought out from London, kept him in debt at 12 per cent for more than twenty years).

Straight vocational earnings, though, provided only a small part of India's opportunities. Every kind of supplementary corruption thrived, and vast sums of money poured into British purses almost effortlessly. Generals could make their fortunes by a single battle, and senior company men and civic dignitaries of Calcutta could do almost as well. Hastings himself once contemplated bringing recalcitrant members of his council to heel by incorporating a general measure of bribery—£10,000 apiece would manage to do the trick, he thought.

Most lucrative were posts as British residents at the courts of Indian princes, for they controlled access not only from the public



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Whipping up an English breeze

£30,000 a year in bribes: he had got the job through the influence of his father, the archbishop of York.

By the time Mr. Hickey went home for good, in 1808, his Calcutta was already disappearing, and his kind of Briton, too, was fading from the Indian scene. Graver men of sterner duty were arriving to administer the Indian empire, and authority was passing by stages from a trading monopoly to an imperial government. Bread flicking was out. The formidable Wellesley turned Calcutta into a great capital by building for himself and his successors a truly imperial palace—India, it was said, should be ruled “with the ideas of a Prince, not with those of a retail-dealer in muslins.” One by one the old perquisites of graft or privilege were abolished, until in the end the last traces of the whole archaic structure were swept away by the Indian mutiny. The nabobs were figures of the eighteenth century, and one by one, with their foibles and their vices, their jollity, their crooked fortunes, their ravaged livers and sallow complexions, their Indian servants, their ivory geegaws, and their interminable tales of life in Bengal, they retreated before the nineteenth century and went home to die.

Hickey himself went with regret, for despite that appalling first glimpse of the Indian coast, he grew to love Bengal and became one of the best-known personalities of British India, prominent at every party, every ball, every race meeting, promenading through the Maidan in his elegant carriage or rowed flamboyantly among the country craft and three-masters on the river. By the time he retired, in his sixtieth year, he was the master of a household of sixty-three servants, and he took home a fortune of some £19,000—not large by the standards of the nabobs, but then he was never the kind to save. He acquired a small, pleasant house at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, and there he settled with his two maiden sisters and his Indian servant Munnoo and wrote his memoirs; for he had experienced the truth, he tells us, of an observation he had often heard—“viz, that want of employment is one of the greatest miseries that can be attached to a mind not altogether inactive.”

Jan Morris, who formerly wrote under the name James Morris, is familiar to HORIZON readers as the author of numerous evocative articles on a rich variety of personalities, places, and events.



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Chasing the blues away

to the prince but from the prince to his effectual suzerains, the British. One British official, at the court of the Nawab of the Carnatic, is said to have picked up £1,200,000 in bribes in nineteen years. Hickey's friend Bob Pott became Resident at the durbar of the Nawab of Bengal (by pulling strings in London and bribing his predecessor to retire). There he found that the entire stipend paid to the Nawab by the British passed through his own hands, “in which channel a considerable part of it always stuck to his fingers,” and he also enjoyed the “further advantage” of supervising all the Nawab's purchases of European articles. The Resident at Benares, another friend of Hickey's, was reckoned to make some

OVERLEAF: Dressed in British finery, the Auriol family, painted by Zoffany, sip tea and dally at chess. Only the scraggly palm, right, the fanciful house, left, and the exotic servants suggest the Indian setting.



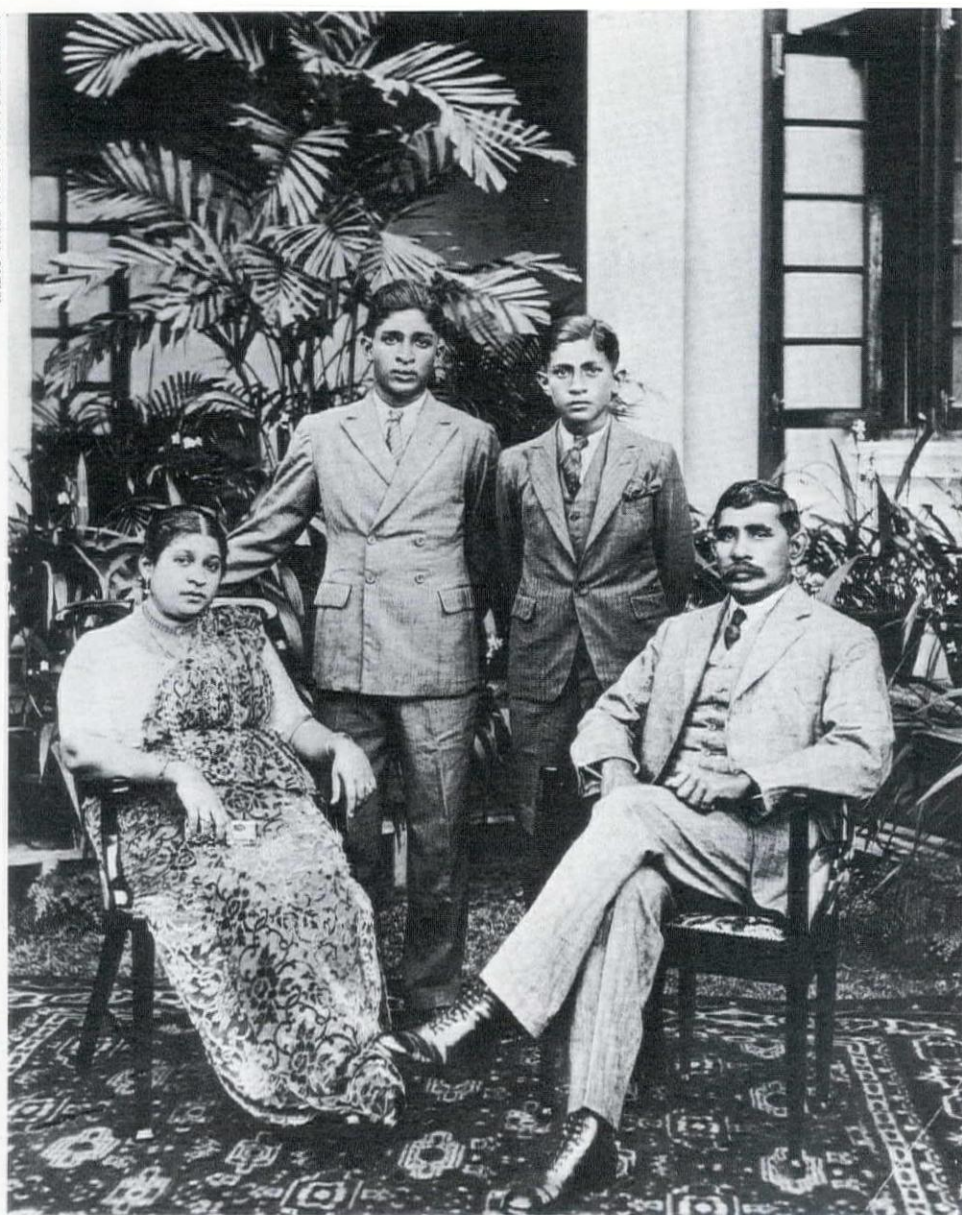


DECLINE AND FALL OF THE WOG

Trained in cricket and parliamentary democracy by William Hickey's successors, the Worthy Oriental Gentlemen play on—but the pitch is rough and the wickets are getting stickier

By TARZIE VITTACHI

RADIO TIMES HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY



Prewar Ceylonese politician Don Stephan Senanayka looked like a Victorian paterfamilias.

The first thing to remember about Wogs is that they were—and still are—a highly admired species of God's creatures. (God Himself was a Wog, to judge by the ethnic origins of His prophets, all of whom were born east of Suez.) Until recently, of course, Wogs as a group were regularly used, abused, spat upon, put upon, patronized and condescended to, but the individual Wog was admired for being a "gentleman"—Oriental, yet worthy. He was a Worthy Oriental Gentleman, or, if you wanted to be waggish about his tendency to confuse his vees and wobble-yews, a Wery Oriental Gentleman, or, if you chose to be more prosaically descriptive, a Westernized Oriental Gentleman. But the point was that the man was Westernizable, therefore worthy. (The word may also be short for "golliwog," which in turn probably goes back to "polliwog" and recalls, too, the gully-gully man who made magic for you in the narrow, fetid back streets of Cairo or on the sun deck of the P. & O. liner in Port Said.)

The ironic edge given to the word came later. In the beginning, Wogs were worthy persons who were "black," and as such impenetrable and mysterious, sharply contrasted to what was white, clear, and predictable. Their mystical virtues, however, could only be put to work if they were given familiar human dimensions. The Wog was therefore endowed with the necessary attributes. In spite of his evident shortcomings, he possessed the primordial qualities of ultimate reliability:

Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am,
Gunga Din!

And primitive, uncalculating courage:

An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded
under fire!

Not to mention blood-borne wisdom:

But the things you will learn from
the Yellow an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!

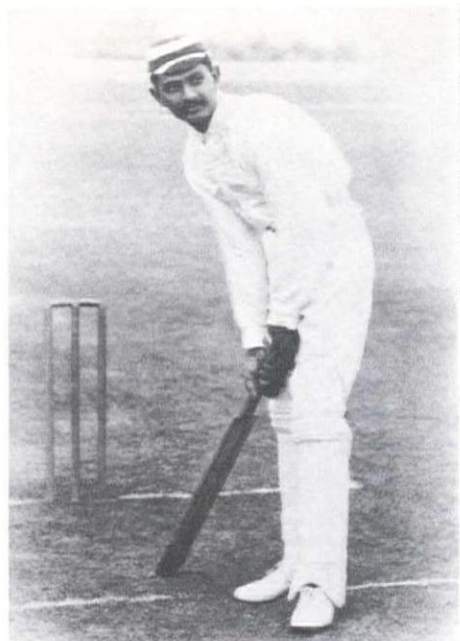
And the virtue of unbudgeability, the cornerstone of British public rectitude:

Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan brown, For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and it weareth the Christian down.

All these marvelous qualities were latent in the Wog, like Adam lurking patiently in the granite waiting to be revealed by Epstein's chisel, or the Koh-i-Noor before the master cutter put his bit to it. They needed only to be cherished and nurtured, separated from the wilderness of natural existence and organized, Anglicized, trimmed and labeled like the flowers in the botanical gardens Sir Stamford Raffles installed in Singapore and Bogor.

The second thing about Wogs is that they are essentially a British breed. There are Dutch Wogs in Indonesia, and French Wogs in Indochina and Gabon, while the Philippines swarm with sawed-off Americans—a species of San Franciscan Wog. But the archetypal Wog was British. They were deliberately and meticulously made in Britain, as distinctive as Armitage toilet bowls and Simpson's Daks.

The British were the canniest colonialists of all time. Not that they didn't bungle their business with their white colonies by getting into arguments over "principles": taxation without representation, no independence without majority rule, and similar issues that obscured the simple fact that building an empire and holding it together were matters, not of principle, but of effective force—or, at any rate, the show of force. But colonials of all colors understood that when Whitehall grew feverish about principles it was simply revealing an inability or unwillingness to mount the force required to pacify the fuzzy-wuzzies on the Ganges, the Nile, the Zambesi, or Boston Harbor; at such times they cocked snooks at Whitehall by killing General Gordon, unilaterally declaring independence, or dumping tea into the water without waiting for it to boil. Still, when all was said and done, the British had no real problem with the white colonials: they were kith and kin who might quarrel and leave home, but they could be counted on to kiss and make up, and maintain thereafter what came to be called a "special relationship."



K. S. Ranjitsinji, photographed in 1893, became one of the immortals of cricket.

The blacks, browns, and yellows presented the real problem. Their societies were awkwardly structured, comprising, typically, a landed gentry or nobility that supplied rulers and a chaos of serfs, but there was no recognizable middle class. How could the middle-class British merchant and his bookkeepers deal with this medieval monster? They would have to change this Caliban somehow, make him serviceable, so that they might say:

... he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.

So they set about doing just that, reconstructing captive societies by interpolating a native middle class created out of the gentry and the more malleable serfs. The idea was to develop a buffer class between the native rulers and the native ruled, a class that could fill the ranks of the armies of policemen and clerks needed to maintain law and order and further the ends of commerce.

It was cheaper to train Gunga (Ganges) Dins than to bring legions of Tommies and civilian Johnnies all the way out from home and maintain them thereafter in hairy tropical conditions, seated behind rickety desks collecting mercantile revenues or imperial taxes. Thus was born the celebrated public service of the Empire, with a military arm and a civil arm, loyal sepoys and loyal clerks. The whole structure was a huge revenue-collecting

agency with the governor-general serving as chief collector. The collecting was done with characteristic British indirectness. No worthy Briton would soil his hands by gathering the filthy money himself: why should he, when he could license the extortion that had traditionally been practiced by the zamindars and simply take his cut off the top? The pickings were rich: by 1790 the net profits of the East India Company, then under the management of Lord Cornwallis, amounted to £2,807,444—while William Pitt's revenues from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales came to no more than £16,000,000. Despite the increasing amounts required for British altruism—i.e., for law and order and "protection" from rival predators such as the French and the Dutch—the emergent middle class, in its fashion, thrived.

It soon became distinctly recognizable. The clearest evidence of its separateness from the lesser breeds recently brought within the law was linguistic. You teach a man a new language and he stands apart from the rest: he may learn it well enough to tell you off in it, as did Jawaharlal Nehru, Solomon Bandaranaike, and Lee Kuan Yew, but it gives him an enviable cachet among his own folk. It can also, however, subject him to the charge of having been mentally deracinated. So Caliban railed:

You taught me language; and my profit
on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague
rid you
For learning me your language!

Other marks of distinction followed. There was the inevitable change in attire: from bare feet or chappals to brogues and boots and athlete's foot; from sarongs or lungis to pajamas; from porous hand-woven cottons to steamy drills, ceremonial tweed, and even—heaven forgive us!—cricketing flannels under the tropical noonday sun. Food habits and domestic manners changed: the British "course"—that pathetic daily parade of limpid soup, backboneless boiled fish in white sauce, roasted ligaments of beef, and pud (all desserts, even a mango or a banana, were puddings)—appeared on the Asian table. Rice and curry (formerly *kari*, a south In-

dian sauce concocted from mustard, turmeric, and five other arcane spices and dubbed either "the tastebud-titillator" or "the rice-puller" depending on whether one went in for quality or quantity) suffered an eclipse. It had fed us daily, at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and now it appeared only on Sunday noon, after church, a pallid version of the original, now known as "curry tiffin" (tiffin: Anglo-Indian, originally, taking "tiff," in the sense of quaffing or drinking).

Table manners changed too. The well-bred Wog had to learn—mostly through trial by ordeal—how to manipulate the fish fork, the meat fork, the dessert fork, and all the rest of the paraphernalia required to guarantee one's social cachet and keep the factories of Sheffield humming. The noble and ancient art of finger eating, so essential to the appreciation of the texture of rice and curry, was left to the vulgar and the very rich who didn't care anyway. Betel-chewing was scorned as a filthy habit (though tobacco-smoking was socially rewarding because that is what the sahibs, from Raleigh to Clive, had enjoyed); thus the engaging business of mortaring a clutch of betel leaves, areca nut, ground lime, and other garnishings now gave way to the child's play of lighting a cheroot or a cigarette.

But widespread as these symptoms of

Woggery were, they were superficial. As a rule, the new affectations were limited to the men: the women of the Empire continued to eat chapaties or rice with *kari* or a hot, spicy sambal in the kitchen—with their fingers, in spite of their newly "educated" menfolk's warnings that "worms" lodged under their fingernails. They continued to chew betel leaves and refused to throw away their saris, *sarong kebayas*, and open sandals. They scoffed at the new-fangled styles, "Dutch Burgher" or "Anglo," adopted by a few of their number who aped their men's sartorial toadyism by taking to skirts, blouses, stockings, and high-heeled shoes. But they dared not mock their husbands' garb, for that was the symbol of social and financial security. Sometimes, when a man acquired an imperial honor with which went a distinctive ceremonial uniform—high-necked tunic, cuffed trousers with silk beading down the sides, spurred boots, and pith hat with a brass boss or point on top—the outfit served as his shroud: there he lay in his coffin, clasping his imperial habiliments as though they would guarantee his security even against earthworms.

But the real worthiness of the Westernized Oriental gentleman lay deeper, in his mind—and in his soul, such as it was. There he had been well and truly Wogged. To reach those depths a subtler instru-

ment was required than simple appeal to a man's greed or his need for material security or his ambition for advancement: it took language, with its insidious power to alter the way a man thinks and feels. If language was the needle with which to penetrate to his soul, the syringe was the manner in which words were packaged, and its contents the values of the British middle-class administrators: merchants, lawyers, doctors, legislators, schoolmasters, and other well-meaning missionaries.

Being a Wog meant inhabiting a state of mind circumscribed by the Pax Britannica and stuffed with Protestant, mercantilist notions of what was morally proper. What was moral was, almost always, what was profitable. Thus honesty was the best policy because it paid in the end. Laissez faire was the virtuous way of conducting business because it yielded profitably to the pressures of the Unseen Hand; Proudhonism and Marxist socialist planning, on the other hand, were diabolic and unprofitable because the best laid schemes o' mice an' men ganged aft a-gley. So morality was an instrument of trade, a measure of profit, a bill to be discounted by the Divine Teller upstairs. Bernard Shaw saw the British through his Irish cross-eyes, but clearly: "Money," he said, "is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis."

It did. And the Wogs were not tardy about adopting it, together with everything else that went with this pragmatic morality, including, as I have said, laissez faire. But such an individualistic, competitive market system called for an equally individualistic and competitive political system. And the Wogs soon accepted a number of democratic shibboleths as self-evident truths: that "all men are created equal"; that parliamentary government represents the will of the people, even when most of the latter have voted against the government; that the majority's opinion must prevail over the minority's, not because it is right, but because more people hold it; and that while it is good to be rich, it is better to be poor but honest, in spite of the abundant evi-



A Brahmin family in transition kept the old ways but bought a Western suit for its male heir.

dence that crooks who don't "play cricket" pile up many more runs than most nice people.

To imbue the Wog with the necessary degree of exquisite unreality, he was sent to a public school (that is, a private school) to have his brain softened by eight or nine years of an education modeled on that dispensed at Eton, Harrow, Marlborough, and the other celebrated producers of recruits for the ruling class. Raffles College located in Singapore, Chiefs' College in Lahore, Royal College in Colombo—indeed, even the modest small-town schools—were all factories designed to turn out brown or yellow Englishmen for use as public servants and commercial clerks.

Back in the 1930's and 1940's we Wogs-in-the-making were steeped in the history of England from 1066 to 1914, but taught virtually nothing of Ceylonese or Indian history prior to the arrival of the British. We memorized the most jingoistic verse, like Newbolt's

Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,
Here's to the bold and free!
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,
Hail to the kings of the sea!

or Brooke's

God! I will pack, and take a train,
And get me to England once again!
For England's the one land, I know,
Where men with splendid hearts
may go.

So thoroughly trained were we in loyalty to king and country that our throats clutched up with emotion as we declaimed for our Junior School Certificates:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign
field
That is for ever England. . . .

We could quote large chunks of Burke's address to the Bristol electors or tell you how Nelson clapped the glass to his sightless eye and said "I'm damned if I see it" when given the signal to hold his fire, but until we reached the postimperial age of cynicism we never learned of the Dutch admiral De Ruyter who had sailed up the Thames and wrecked havoc on the British navy. *That* story, of course, was



At play in 1890, the portly Maharajah of Kapurthala took up tennis to get his weight down.

told only to the Dutch Wogs in Indonesia.

We learned the rites associated with being made-over Englishmen, such as holding a straight bat. One performed this rite, of course, "not for the sake of a ribboned coat, or the selfish hope of a season's fame"; oh, no—we did it because everyone up there in the Celestial Pavilion had got there by holding a straight bat and steadfastly continuing to "play up! play up! and play the game!" The day I knew there was hope for me was the day I saw a brown man, the Nawab of Pataudi, playing cricket for England: I knew then that God, too, held a straight bat and, however bouncy the pitch, always played the game.

It was not a matter for wonderment that, when the time came for the Calibans—the rural people who added up to 80 per cent of the population, and the urban workers—to cry, "Freedom, high-day, freedom!"

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

and to "acquire new masters" they should have accepted, without question, the leadership of the Wogs. A pyramid of authority was an indigenous feudal structure on which the values of the pukka sahibs had been overlaid. The governor-general was the white king who, by superior arms, had replaced the indigenous king, and his residence was usually re-

ferred to as The Palace. He was the fount of power and public order. He, or others in his name, appointed the judges who dispensed British, French, or Roman-Dutch law, and the provincial and district officials who regulated life and collected the dues. The Wogs, as they were more and more thoroughly Westernized and accepted as "capital fellers," white inside their colored hides, became, with nary a ripple disturbing the flow of events, an integral element of the hierarchical pattern. They had the power to decide how much tax you paid, whether your son was entitled to a scholarship, whether or not you went to prison, and even what rank your deities held in relation to theirs. Many of them had used their official positions to acquire land, and they enjoyed the quasi-mystical authority that goes with land ownership. Their power was almost magical.

If circumstances had permitted—if, for instance, the European empires had been liquidated in 1875 or even 1900, instead of in the middle of the twentieth century—the White Man's Burden would have been handed over to the Establishment Wogs, the browns, yellows, and blacks who had served the cause of empire with the furtive loyalty and perverse dutifulness of prison trustees. But that is not what happened. Democracy appealed—over the serried ranks of the Establishment Wogs—to the peasants in the countryside.

The leaders of the great freedom move-

ments of Asia and Africa were also Wogs—but hardly any of them were Establishment Wogs. Gandhi was a British barrister who practiced law in South Africa before he went back home to India. Nehru was a Harrow and Cambridge man (his daughter went to Oxford), a rich man's son who didn't have to work for a living. Dudley Senanayake, the first prime minister of Sri Lanka (Ceylon), was educated at a Christian mission school and played cricket; and Solomon Bandaranaike, the idol of the Ceylonese peasants, whose widow has ruled in his name since 1959, was raised as a Christian and educated at Oxford, where he crossed verbal swords with Anthony Eden. Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the founder of Pakistan, was, like Gandhi, a barrister, and prided himself, unlike Gandhi, on the keenness of the crease in his Savile Row trousers. Kwame Nkrumah, once called Africa's Redeemer, was a Worthy African Gentleman, but a product, too, of the universities of Pennsylvania and London. Achmed Sukarno was one of the very few Indonesians allowed into a Dutch school, and, although he fought Holland ferociously, always harbored a not-so-sweet ambition to be welcomed at The Hague by the Queen of the Netherlands. (He wasn't. His successor was.)

Even the Communists and Trotskyites voicing the demand for independence were the sons of Wogs who could afford to send them to Leyden, the Sorbonne, Cambridge, or, especially, the London School of Economics. Peter Keuneman, the Communist leader of Sri Lanka, was sent to Cambridge by his father, a distinguished high court judge. Martin Perera, the Ceylonese Trotskyite, was a London School of Economics alumnus, as were other Asian and African radicals.

These great leaders of liberation, all Wogs, had no power, only demands for power; they had no tangible benefits to offer, only the prospect of freedom, with its enormous burdens. Why did they break out of the comfortable mold into which they had been poured? And why did so many people allow themselves to be stirred by their call?

The first question can only be answered circumstantially: no one can say for cer-

tain why people want to lead others from their accustomed paths. The Wog leaders had all been taught to respect the values of the metropolitan countries that ruled them, values like nationalism, democracy, and libertarian ideas of justice and human rights, all of them very different from the feudal values of their own forefathers. But they had become such Good Wogs, and were so certain of their capacity to take over the captaincy of their countries, that their aim, by and large, was to play the game as they had been taught, under the same libertarian rules, and using the same straight bat.

Why did the masses listen to their call to independence, in spite of the dangers inherent in courting imperial wrath? First of all, because they were credible: their intentions and their actions were seen to be the same. They were prepared to sacrifice their family fortunes for their cause—and in most cases did. They were prepared to go to prison—and did. They were even ready to be banished—and many were. They worked indefatigably, devotedly, at the lifelong task of educating people, biding their time, inching forward to their great goal.

At last it began to pay off. Gandhi sat spinning cotton in Bombay, and when his followers in their hundreds of thousands boycotted British textiles, the Lancashire mills were hard hit. (Marvelously, the leaders of the British mill workers who lost their jobs became ardent advocates of Indian independence.) Everything seemed possible. And soon after the war, with the spirit of liberation stalking the world, the empires collapsed, leaving their former colonies to these dedicated, idealistic, and thoroughly non-Establishment Wogs.

For a while, all went well. The Wogs played Whitehall's parliamentary game with consummate artistry. They had taken over the system and all its trappings—the upper and lower houses of Parliament, replicas of the ceremonial mace in the House of Commons, and, despite the tropical heat, full-bottomed wigs (air conditioning for the Wogs now in power was an essential feature of the independence scene). The rules of the game were

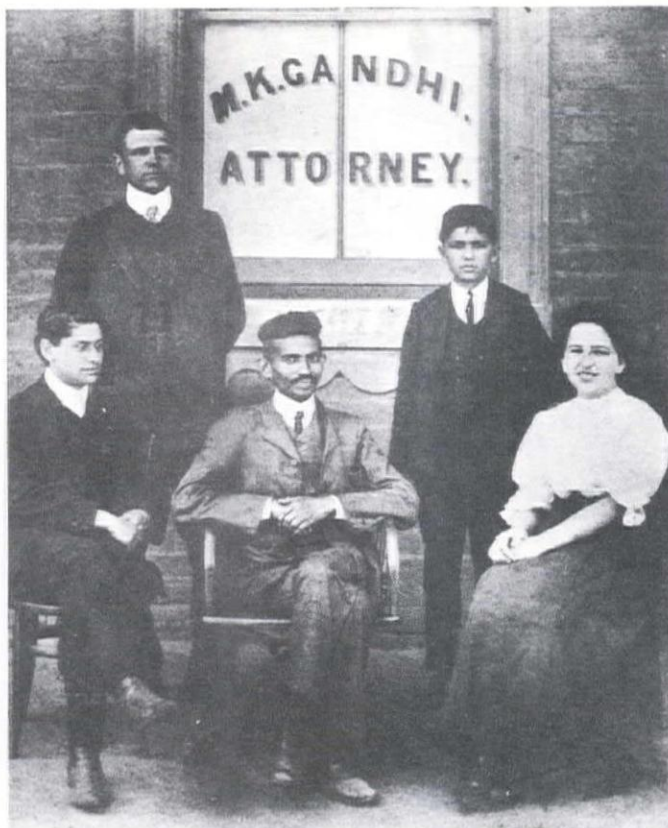
adopted with scarcely any change from the great British parliamentary law-giver Erskine May, and members hung about in the canteen until they heard the division bell. Once a year, the governor-general or president would deliver the speech from the throne in the lower house setting out the government's good intentions for the ensuing twelve months. It was all very orderly and familiar. Cabinet ministers, now almost all Wogs, brown or yellow sahibs who had replaced the pukka sahibs from the West, conferred on the telephone and signed papers in plush offices where generations of knights of the British Empire and of Saint Michael and Saint George had sat before them.

This was easy-paced government, comfortable and dignified. But when the new rulers visited their constituencies it seemed more and more difficult as the years went by to return with the conviction that all was well and that re-election was assured. Food seemed to be perpetually in short supply. Rents were rising crazily. The schools were unable to meet the demand for places. And worst of all, more and more constituents were pressing for help—just a word in the right ear, or a personal letter of recommendation to the man in charge of a government department to secure a job for a son or daughter. Ominously, too, the voters seemed to be listening ever more attentively to the demagoguery of political upstarts from "extremist" parties of the right and the left who didn't play cricket. Everyone talked of Five Year Plans and Master Plans, and experts in every imaginable aspect of the economy—in fisheries, poultry, farming, cattle breeding, rice cultivation, irrigation, tourism expansion, merchant shipping, public transport, industry—came and went; but the national product per capita hardly grew and unemployment rose each year. (One exasperated Wog prime minister of Ceylon defined an expert as a man who comes to find out and leaves before he is found out.)

It has taken the Wogs a long time—now more than a quarter of a century—to realize that they cannot produce economic growth by simply carrying on a revenue-collecting administration inherited from

their colonial predecessors. Governments must not only collect revenues, but spend them intelligently. Unfortunately, however, the system works most efficiently in channeling funds upward into the treasury, not downward and outward to the fields and into industry. And the system cannot be reformed because bureaucracies are incapable of reforming themselves. Meanwhile, the loyal opposition heckles the government and tries to nullify its every move in the name of constitutional checks and balances. The time span of a Wog politician's popularity is becoming shorter and shorter. He must deliver on his election promises. He can no longer rest on one popular achievement or on the glamour of his pedigree, because poor people are now shrewd enough to ask, "What have you done for me lately?"

In despair, one generation after independence, the Wogs have changed the brown and yellow versions of Westminster democracy radically, or maintained them in form only. The Africans—even the most gentle among them, Mr. Julius Nyerere—have moved toward one-party rule. Ceylon was long presented to the world as the most successful experiment in transplanting Westminster parliamentary institutions to tropical soil, but the transplant bears little resemblance to its parent now, after the introduction of six-year terms for members, the abolition of the upper house, and the establishment of special politically responsive courts, together with other strategic devices to eliminate or restrict opposition. Pakistan has only recently installed its national assembly, but impatience with opposition for opposition's sake is already beginning to show in that body. Bangladesh has *de facto* one-party rule. In Singapore, there has not been a single opposition member in Parliament since 1966. Malaysian practices countenance ethnic weightage in favor of Malays—something unknown in Westminster. And in India the Congress party continues to steamroll opposition as



Gandhi, above, at his office in 1913, was a dapper, London-trained lawyer, and Nehru, below, a proper young Harrovian.



it did the forces of the raj. It is still not a party but a movement. Yet the pretty rituals of parliamentary practice and of lip service to the people's will are still devoutly carried on.

This concern of the Wogs with the trappings of democracy is characteristic. Many of the political leaders are of the pre-independence generation, which was steeped in the parliamentary values of

Westminster. They have not followed the example of the younger Lee Kuan Yew, prime minister of Singapore, who as much as ten years ago decided that if you are broke but want quick economic growth, you cannot be sentimental or loose about the use of power. Singapore is managed like a successful business corporation, with Mr. Lee as chairman of the board and the Singaporeans as stockholders.

That is one way of doing it. It has not been adopted elsewhere, for two reasons. To begin with, Lees are comparatively rare, and anyone with less nerve who tried to emulate him would have the devil to pay. Then, too, libertarian notions die hard: efficiency, yes, but at what price, the Wogs constantly ask themselves. So

they tinker with parliamentary forms and watch their economies sink inexorably.

It is this earnest dedication to old-fashioned democratic ways that makes the Wogs attractive and admired wherever they go in the libertarian West. Their countries may be dead broke and their own inefficiency too obvious to hide, but their reluctance to stifle dissidence, their attachment to systems of checks and balances, their awe of Acton's warning that absolute power corrupts absolutely, make the Wogs the social lions of the UN delegates' lounge, and the cocktail circuit of Sutton Place and Belgrave Square. Nice people.

The Wogs are a dying breed. For a quarter of a century they have been the administrators of half the world; with rare exceptions, their record has been none too good, and the crowds in the stands are starting to boo. Even so, when a good Wog enters the great Locker Room the Captain still, I'm sure, claps him on the shoulder, clamps his jaws stoically, and whispers, "Well played, sir!"

Tarzie Vittachi, of Ceylon, is the executive secretary of the United Nations' World Population Year and author of The Wogs, published in England by André Deutsch.



Love and Death in Ancient Greece

Catching him in the act, an obscure citizen of Athens slew his wife's lover. But was it a crime of passion—or premeditated murder?

Euphiletos was tired. He had been out in the country all day attending to business, and now he was home trying to get some sleep, and the baby was crying. His house was on two floors; the baby slept with a maid on the first floor; above, there was a combined living-dining-sleeping area for him and his wife. Euphiletos told his wife to go downstairs and nurse the baby. She protested that she wanted to be with him; she'd missed him while he was in the country—or did he just want to get rid of her so that he could make a pass at the maid, as he had the time he got drunk? Euphiletos laughed at that and at last his wife agreed to go downstairs and hush the child, but she insisted on locking the door to their room. Euphiletos turned over and went back to sleep. It never occurred to him to ask why his wife had gone through the charade of keeping him away from the maid, or why she had spent the rest of the night downstairs. But a few days later something happened that made him ask these questions, and by the end of the month a man was dead, killed in full view of a crowd of neighbors and friends.

This drama took place nearly two thou-

Opposite: This amorous, and undoubtedly illicit, encounter is a detail from a classic Greek vase painting of the late fifth century B.C.—just about the same period as the marital misadventures of Euphiletos.

sand five hundred years ago in ancient Athens. The characters were none of the brilliant and celebrated figures of the times—Socrates, Plato, Euripides, Aristophanes, Alcibiades—but members of the Athenian lower-middle class, obscure people who receded into the shadows of history. Their story is a soap opera compared to the grander tragedies being played out at the festivals of Dionysos in the theatre cut into the slopes of the Acropolis.

By a quirk of fate and an accident of politics the speech written for the murder trial that climaxes this story was the work of a man named Lysias. As a boy, Lysias sat in the company of Plato and Socrates, who often visited his father's house. As an adult, he was active in politics, and when a coup by the opposition party sent his family into exile, his property was confiscated and he narrowly escaped with his life. But a counter coup soon allowed him to return to Athens, and Lysias, now without a livelihood, had to find a profession.

He found one in the Athenian legal system. Athenian law was complex and attorneys were unknown; every citizen had to prosecute or defend himself in person. As a result, a class of professional legal advisers emerged that made a living supplying litigants with cogent, legally sound briefs. In time, Lysias became one of the most sought-after of these speech writers and several examples of his elegant and

literate Greek style have been preserved, including the speech written for the defendant in this case.

Euphiletos, like many Athenians of modest means, lived in a small house in the city and commuted to the country to attend to his farm or market garden. He cannot have been well-off, for his house had the minimum number of slaves—one. Even a sausage seller or baker had at least one slave. Euphiletos had recently married and he was a trusting husband, so he said, giving his wife anything she asked for, never questioning her movements, trying to please her in every possible way. The most exciting event in the marriage was the birth of their child, whom his wife nursed herself. But the most significant event was the death of his mother: the whole family attended the funeral and, although Euphiletos did not know it at the time, his marriage was laid to rest that day along with his mother.

After the birth of their child Euphiletos and his wife had rearranged their living quarters. It was too dangerous to carry the baby up and down the steep ladder to the upper floor every time the child needed to be washed or changed, so the family was split up. Euphiletos and his wife moved into the upper part of the house, while the baby, with the slave girl to look after it, stayed downstairs.

The arrangement worked well, and Eu-

philetos's wife often went down in the middle of the night to be with the baby when it was cranky. But on the evening of the day Euphiletos came back tired from the country, two things in addition to the little drama of the locked door struck him as unusual. One was his wife's makeup: it was only a month since her brother had died—yet he noticed that she had put powder on her face. And there were noises in the night that sounded like a hinge creaking. When his wife awakened him by unlocking the bedroom door the next morning, Euphiletos asked her about these sounds. She said she had gone next door to a neighbor's house to borrow some oil for the baby's night light, which had gone out. As for the makeup, when Euphiletos thought about it he remembered his wife saying how much she had missed him and how reluctantly she had left him to go down and take care of the baby. Reassured, he dismissed the whole episode from his mind and thought no more about it—until something happened to shatter this comforting domestic picture and rearrange all the pieces of the puzzle in quite a different way.

One morning, a few days later, Euphiletos was leaving his house when he was stopped in the street by an old woman. She apologized for taking his time. "I'm not trying to make trouble," she said, "but we have an enemy in common." The old woman was a slave. Her mistress, she said, had been having an affair, but her lover had grown tired of her and left her for another woman. The other woman was Euphiletos's wife.

"The man is called Eratosthenes," said the old slave. "Ask your maid about him. He's seduced several women. He's got it down to a fine art."

In the midst of his shock and anger Euphiletos revealed a streak of something methodical, almost detached, in his character. Instead of going straight to his wife or her lover, he proceeded like an accountant investigating an error in the books.

He retraced his steps to his house and ordered the maidservant to come with him to the market. His wife would see nothing unusual in this, for respectable married women did not go out shopping in fifth-

century Athens. That was left to the men and the slaves. Halfway to the market Euphiletos turned aside and marched the girl to the house of a friend, where he confronted her with the old woman's story. The girl denied it. Euphiletos threatened to beat her. She told him to go ahead and do what he liked. He talked of prison. She still denied it. Then Euphiletos mentioned Eratosthenes' name, and she broke down. In return for a promise that she would not be harmed, she told Euphiletos everything.

Her story was bizarre as well as comic and macabre. It began at the funeral of Euphiletos's mother. Eratosthenes had seen Euphiletos's wife among the mourners and had taken a fancy to her. He got in touch with the maid and persuaded her to act as go-between. Whether it was a difficult or an easy seduction we don't know; but, as the old woman had said, Eratosthenes was a practiced hand.

This love affair, first planned at a funeral and then set in motion by proxy, was carried on mostly at Euphiletos's house when he was away in the country. On one occasion his wife may have contrived to meet her lover away from the house, for she had gone with Eratosthenes' mother to the festival of the Thesmophoria, one of several festivals celebrated in honor of feminine deities. During these festivals a woman could leave the seclusion of her own house without arousing suspicious comment.

The slave girl also told Euphiletos that on the night he came back tired from the country, her mistress had told her to pinch the baby to make it cry, which gave her an excuse to go downstairs. His wife's parade of jealousy, Euphiletos now realized, was an act, designed to provide her with a reason to lock the door on him. So while he was a temporary prisoner in his own bedroom, his wife was downstairs in the nursery with her lover, and the maid was keeping the baby quiet somewhere else.

In a crisis, a person will often revert to archetypal behavior. For the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. the Homeric poems

provided a mythological blueprint for almost any life situation, and it is interesting to see how Euphiletos's next move re-created a scene out of the legends. In *The Odyssey* Homer tells the story of what happened when Hephaistos, the god of fire, found out that his wife, Aphrodite, had been sleeping with the war god, Ares. Hephaistos decided not to face Aphrodite with her infidelity; instead, he wove a magical net that was sprung by the two lovers when they climbed into bed together. Then, as they lay there trapped, Hephaistos invited the other Olympians to come and view the guilty pair, "and the unquenchable laughter of the gods rose into the sky." In his own mundane way, but without the magic net, Euphiletos would follow the example of Hephaistos. He made his slave promise to keep everything she had told him a secret; then, pretending to his wife that he suspected nothing, he went about his business as usual and waited for a chance to spring his trap.

The part of cuckold is a mortifying one to play, and it was particularly so in ancient Athens where the relative status of men and women was so unequal. A free-born Athenian woman was free in little more than name. She could not vote, make contracts, or conduct any business involving more than a certain sum of money; legally she was little more than a medium for the transmission of property from grandfather to grandchildren through the dowry she brought with her to her husband. Her husband, of course, was invariably chosen for her by her father or by the nearest male relative if her father was dead. Almost the only thing she could call her own was her reputation, which depended on good behavior, an unassertive demeanor, a life spent dutifully spinning, weaving, dyeing clothes, cooking, bearing and raising children, and, above all, on not interfering in the serious business of life as conducted by the men. In a famous speech in praise of the Athenian men who died during the Peloponnesian War, Pericles makes only one reference to women: according to Thucydides, who reports the speech in his history of the war, Pericles said that women should never give rise to any comment by a man, favorable or un-

favorable. In the tragic dramas, moreover, women who offer their opinions unasked or who go about alone in public usually feel they have to apologize for behaving in such a brazen and immodest way.

Such was the official status of women. Unofficially, the women of ancient Athens found ways, as their sisters have done in every age and culture, to undermine the barriers of male prejudice. In Euripides' play *Iphigeneia at Aulis* (written within a year or two of Euphiletos's marriage), Agamemnon tries to assert his authority over his wife, Clytemnestra, in order to get her out of the way while he sacrifices his own daughter, Iphigeneia, to Artemis. Clytemnestra, with a show of wifely stubbornness that surely came out of the playwright's contemporary observation, refuses to be dismissed and finally cuts the conversation short by sending her husband about his business. In another play by Euripides, *Hippolytos*, there are some lines that might have been written specifically for Euphiletos himself to speak. Hippolytos, told that his stepmother, Phaidra, is in love with him, remarks scathingly: "I would have no servants near a woman, just beasts with teeth and no voice, [for] servants are the agents in the world outside for the wickedness women do."

Drink and sex are the traditional outlets for the oppressed. The comedies of Aristophanes are studded with snide references to the excessive drinking habits of women. According to Aristophanes, festivals such as the Thesmophoria were excuses for massive alcoholic sprees. More likely, these mystery cults were the safety valve for pent-up emotions, a chance to transcend the cruelly narrow boundaries imposed on women by their roles in a rigidly male society.

As for sex, women were the weaker vessel when it came to this human urge. In *Lysistrata* Aristophanes has the women wondering whether they can hold out long enough to bring the men to their knees. And in the legends that canonized popular wisdom on the subject there is a story about Zeus and Hera

squabbling over who gets the greater pleasure out of sex—the man or the woman. When they finally appeal to Teiresias, the blind seer and prophet, who, as part man and part woman, ought to be able to settle the question for them, he duly reports that in the sexual act the woman, in fact, gets nine-tenths of the pleasure, and the man only one-tenth.

These scraps of myth and folklore, however, filtered through male fantasy as they are, reveal a sense of unease about women. In the Orestes myth, for instance, it is Clytemnestra who takes over the reins of government in the absence of Agamemnon, then murders him when he returns; and it is her daughter Electra who pushes a faltering Orestes into taking revenge for the slain king. A whole army of formidable heroines—Electra, Clytemnestra, Antigone, Hecuba, Andromache, Medea—marches through the pages of Greek drama. The Fates, the Muses, and the Furies are all women. None of these female figures is anything like the meek and passive drudge that the Greek woman of the fifth century was expected to be.

But were they real types, these mythological heroines, or were they phantom projections of male fears and desires, mother imagoes, castration anxieties dressed up as gods, embodiments of the part of a man he most wants to repress—his own irrational and emotional side, his moon-bound, lunatic aspects—thrust onto women because he dare not admit them in himself?

It is possible. Every mythologized figure embodies inner and outer worlds. We see what we wish to see, and the picture we perceive turns into a mirror. Were there actual women in Athens capable of organizing a fully functioning communistic state and pushing it through the assembly, like the Praxagora of Aristophanes' play *Ekklesiazousai*? Were there Electras and Clytemnestras and Medeas? If there were, they never reached the pages of the history books. We hear of Aspasia, Pericles' "companion" (the Greek word is *hetaira*, meaning "woman friend"), for whom he divorced his legal wife. But Aspasia was a member of the demimonde of "liberated" women who

lived outside the social order, not necessarily slaves, but not full citizens either. They were often prostitutes, but some of them were cultured and educated, better traveled and more interesting to Athenian men than their own wives. Custom permitted one or more relationships with *hetairai* outside the marriage, but a *hetaira* had no legal claim on a man, and he could sell her or dispose of her any time he liked. Meanwhile, for the trueborn Athenian woman who wanted a more varied life than the one prescribed by convention, what was there? Gossip with the neighbors. The bottle. A festival now and then. A clandestine love affair.

Four or five days passed while Euphiletos brooded over the wrong done to him. Suppose a child was born from this liaison: who could tell whether it was his or Eratosthenes'? All kinds of complications might follow. But whatever he was feeling, Euphiletos managed to hide it from his wife. She never suspected that he knew anything at all.

Euphiletos had a good friend named Sostratos. Less than a week after his interview with the maid Euphiletos met Sostratos coming home from the country, and since it was late Euphiletos invited his friend to his house for supper. This casual meeting was to become important later at the trial. The two men went upstairs, ate and drank well, and had a pleasant evening together. By custom Euphiletos's wife was not present. After Sostratos had gone home Euphiletos went to sleep.

Some time in the middle of the night there was a knock on his door. It was the maid. Eratosthenes had arrived.

Leaving the maid to keep watch, Euphiletos slipped out a back way and went around the neighborhood waking up his friends. Some of them were out of town, but he managed to collect a small group who went to a nearby store and bought torches. Then they all trooped off to Euphiletos's house where they stood outside in the street holding the lighted torches while Euphiletos tapped on the door. Quietly the maid let him into the courtyard. He pushed past her into the room where his wife was supposed to be asleep with the baby. A few of Euphiletos's

friends managed to crowd in behind him.

For a split second the scene must have been like a tableau out of Homer: Eratosthenes naked in bed, Euphiletos's wife in his arms, the two lovers trapped in the light of the torches held by the neighbors.

Then Eratosthenes, still naked, sprang up. Euphiletos shouted at him, "What are you doing in my house?" and knocked him off the bed, pulled his wrists behind his back, and tied them.

Eratosthenes offered to pay Euphiletos any sum he named. Euphiletos had a choice: he could accept the bribe, or he could take a form of revenge allowed by law—brutalizing and humiliating Eratosthenes by such methods as the insertion of tough thistles up his rectum. There was also a third option open to him under the circumstances: since he had caught Eratosthenes in the act, and there were witnesses present, Euphiletos could kill him.

Euphiletos interrupted the other man's pleas. "I won't kill you," he said, and then, in the kind of logical twist the Greeks loved, he added, "but the law will."

And in the name of the law he killed Eratosthenes.

Athenian homicide law required the dead man's family, not the state, to bring charges of murder. Eratosthenes' family undertook the task, and approximately three months later Euphiletos found himself facing a jury of fifty-one Athenians in the court known as the Delphinion, located in the southeast corner of Athens, where cases of justifiable homicide were tried. Eratosthenes' family charged Euphiletos with premeditated murder on the grounds that he had sent his maid to lure Eratosthenes to the house; they may also have tried to prove that Eratosthenes was dragged into the building by force, or took refuge at the hearth before he was killed. In the speech he writes for Euphiletos, Lysias sets out to rebut all these charges.

Lysias puts into Euphiletos's mouth some ingenious legal arguments. The law (of which a copy is read to the court) says that a seducer caught in the act may be killed. "If you make it a crime to kill a seducer in this way," he argues, "you will have a situation in which a thief, caught burglarizing your house, will pretend that

he is an adulterer in order to get away with a lesser crime." Lysias also refers the jury to the law on rape. Rape carries a lower penalty than seduction. Why? Because, theorizes Lysias, the rapist simply takes the woman's body, while the seducer steals her soul.

Nevertheless, in spite of Lysias's able and sophisticated defense, there is a flaw in Euphiletos's argument. His defense rests on the assumption that his action was unpremeditated, committed in the heat of the moment, under the shock and stress of finding his wife in bed with another man. That is surely the intent of the law, and Euphiletos goes to great lengths to prove he had not planned the encounter. He cites the dinner invitation to Sostratos, which, he says, is not the behavior of a man planning murder. But the rest of his story contradicts this. The signals by which the maid warned him that Eratosthenes had arrived and by which he let her know that he was waiting at the front door; the rounding up of friends to act as witnesses; the presence of the murder weapon on his person—all point to prior preparation. Euphiletos may prove to the jury's satisfaction that he did not lure Eratosthenes deliberately to his house that night, but he fails to prove that he was taken totally by surprise or that he tried to do anything to stop the affair before it reached that point. His action looks suspiciously like cold-blooded revenge executed under color of a law that forgives even violent crimes if they are committed in the heat of passion.

Neither the speech for the prosecution nor the testimony of witnesses has survived, so we do not know if the wife or the maid gave evidence. Though women were not allowed to appear as witnesses in court cases, the rules for murder trials may have been different. A slave could not testify at all, but a deposition could have been taken from her under torture and read to the court. On the other hand, Euphiletos may have wanted to avoid bringing the women into it: after all, they had been in league against

him throughout the whole unhappy affair.

There is something touching in the alliance between the slave, an object without rights or status, and the wife, legally a free citizen but in reality a kind of slave too. The maidservant probably accepted a bribe from Eratosthenes, but all the same she had a moment of heroism when, threatened with a beating and prison, she refused to incriminate her mistress. Afterward, when she became Euphiletos's accomplice, there is an eerie reversal of the situation: the slave admits her master to the house in the same stealthy way that she had opened the door for her mistress's lover a few minutes earlier. But still, there was a moment when Euphiletos was the outsider, barred from his own house and his wife's arms, with only his rage and his group of male friends for company.

Finally there is the wife herself, the center of the drama and its most shadowy character. Apart from his grudging admission that she was thrifty and capable and a good housekeeper, Euphiletos tells us little about her. From what we know of Athenian marriage customs, we can guess that she was probably married at fourteen or fifteen to a virtual stranger and expected to keep house for this man who spent much of his time away from home on business. Was she satisfied with the trinkets that Euphiletos says he let her buy, and with all of the household duties and her young baby?

A small fragment survives from a lost play by Aristophanes in which a character says, "A woman needs a lover the way a dinner needs dessert." Euphiletos's wife was no *Lysistrata*, able to express her frustration and rebellion in some dramatic act of revolutionary will, but she did find a way to rebel all the same. It cost her dear. By Athenian law, if a man discovered that his wife had been raped or seduced, he was expected to divorce her. And from what we know of Euphiletos's character, we can be sure that he obeyed the law.

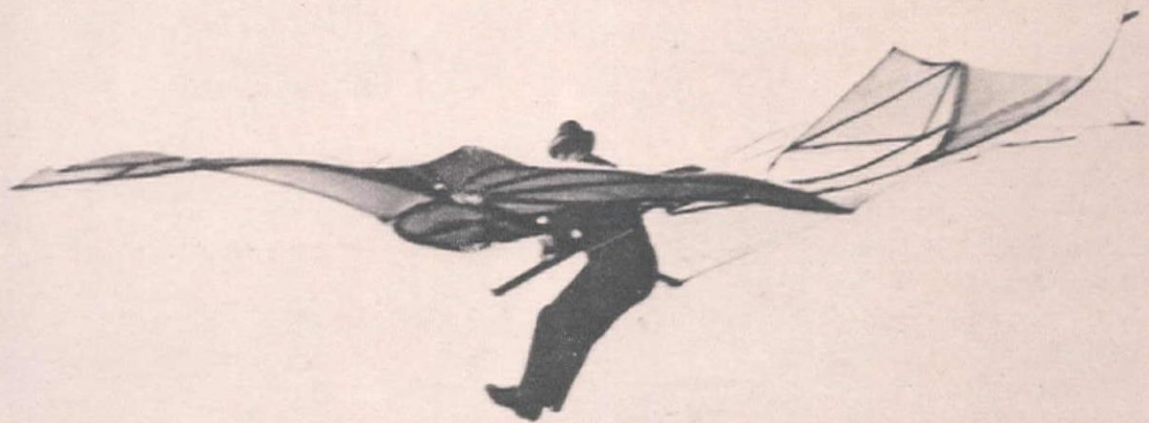
Kenneth Cavander, playwright, director, and former classics teacher at Yale, has written several HORIZON articles on the ancient world. His latest was "The Hellenistic World" in the Autumn, 1973, issue.

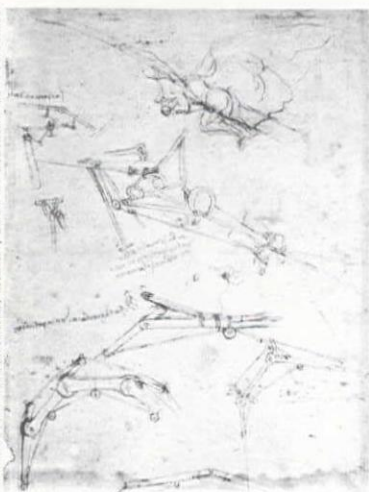
Rising Generations

Will men *ever* fly, like birds, on muscle power alone?

Squadrons of square-shooters, flappers,
whirlers, and whizzers are still in there trying

By J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM *and* WILBUR CROSS





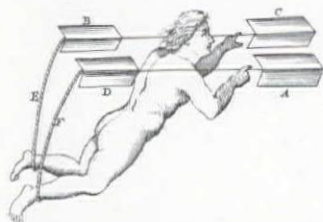
Leonardo's birdman, c. 1500

will fly by manpower alone. Inspired by this challenge, aerial teams around the globe are struggling, not very successfully, to defy the laws of gravity. Each group of enthusiasts in this odd field has its own theory about design. In addition to the Square-Shooters, who believe in glider-like craft with conventional propellers, there are the Flappers, who construct bird-wing contraptions; the Whirlers, who are convinced that a rotary principle will win the day; and the Whizzers, who usually end up with what can only be described as super vibrating machines that dissipate their energy in all 360 directions at once.

These people design Sky Bikes, Cyclopters, Helipedes, Ornithopters, Aerostats, and other fancifully named craft. Unfortunately, the performance of these machines seldom does justice to the terminology. For example, one Flapper, Mick Walton of Devonshire, England, raced down Crech Barrow Hill several years ago with a set of hundred-pound wings strapped to his shoulders. Surveying the mangled wreckage from which he eventually emerged, he observed, "Failure is but the beginning of success." He has not been heard from since.

Many amateur inventors are lured into their efforts solely by the romance of flying like the birds. But the most dedicated do-it-yourselfers are those with their sights on The Prize, an award of £10,000 offered by Henry Kremer, a London industrialist, to the first pilot(s) to fly a predetermined course using muscle power alone. When it was originally announced in 1959, the sum was £5,000 and the contest restricted to entrants from the United Kingdom. Kremer upped the incentive and made

the competition worldwide in 1967, having realized that his specifications were tougher than anticipated. The rules, drafted by the Royal Aeronautical Society, state that the craft must be heavier than air; fly a figure-eight course around two points half a

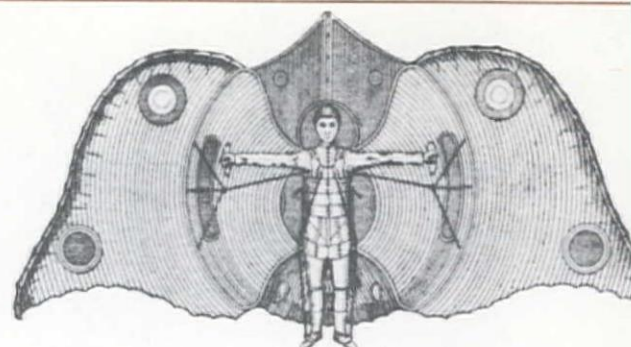


1678 French design: très logique

Behind locked doors and shuttered windows, top-secret projects in aeronautics go forward: yet not all of these hushed endeavors have to do with designing supersonic jets or transporting astronauts to Mars. You might say they are in the same category as riding a bicycle. Consider the simple yet astonishing fact that we have broken the sound barrier, built passenger craft that carry upwards of two hundred people, and put men on the moon, but no one has designed a practical aircraft that



Icarus unfeathered



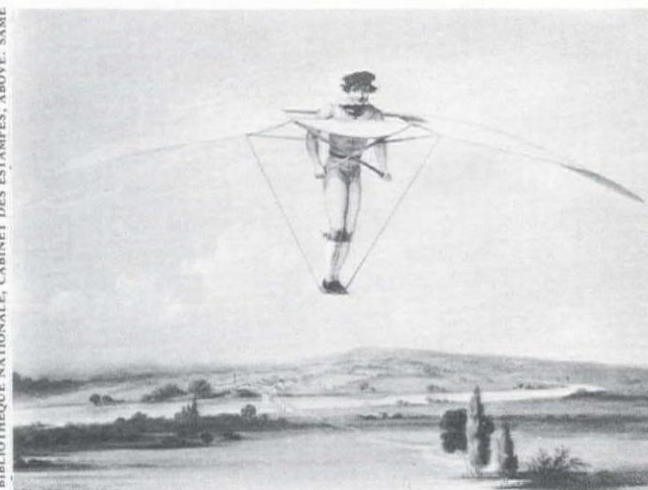
Batman à la française, 1854



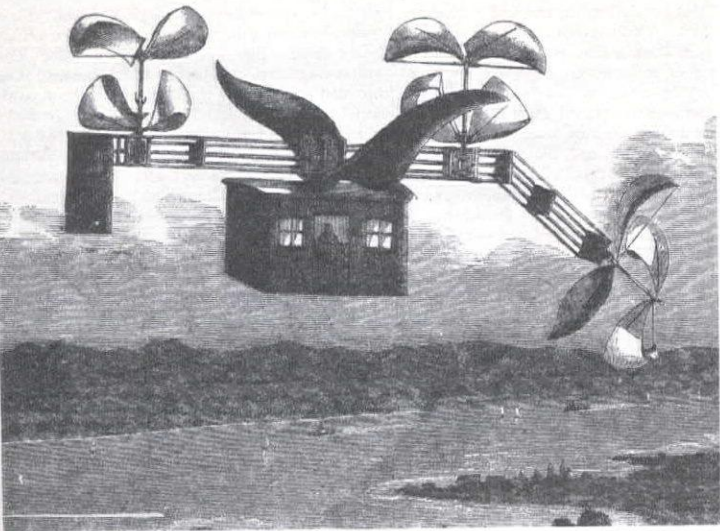
A noble Belgian effort, 1874



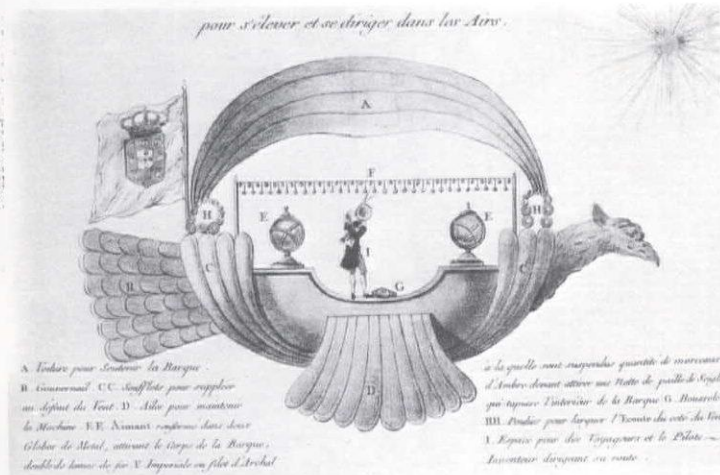
In France with the flying philosopher



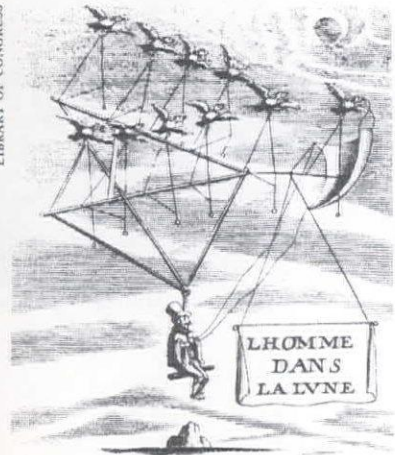
Dr. Miller's aerostat of 1843, a London sensation



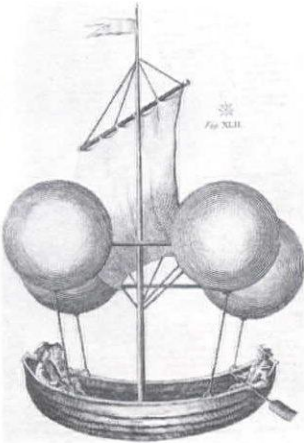
An American contribution that never left the drawing board



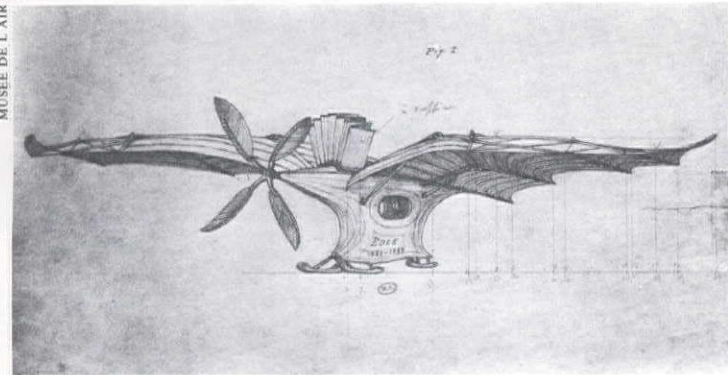
The Portuguese Passarola, held aloft (somehow) by magnets



Aiming for the moon, 1671



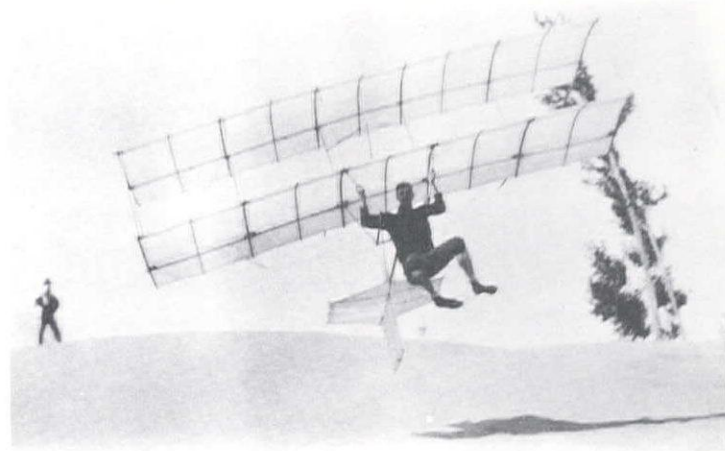
Untried Italian craft, 1670



Clément Ader's Eole, 1890; he coined the word avion



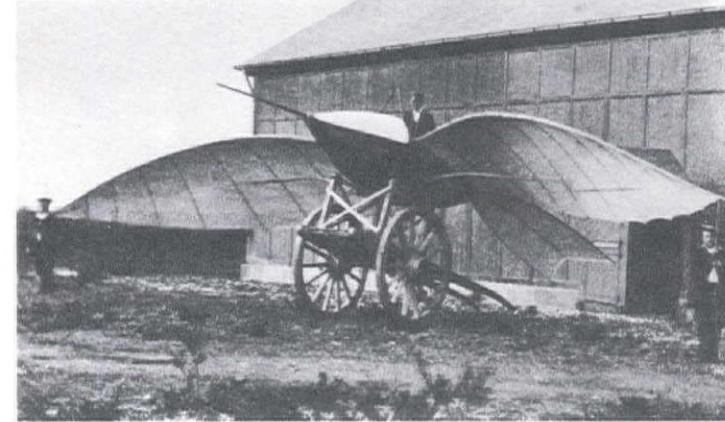
An eggbeater (apparently), designed by the Marquis d'Ecqueville



Two wings and a prayer by Lake Michigan, 1896



The "aeroplane" comes to Chicago, 1907



A seaman-designed "artificial albatross," as it doubtless was

mile apart; maintain an altitude of ten feet or more; and have no more than one ground-crew member steadying the wing at takeoff.

Not surprisingly, the greatest interest has been shown in England, where at least five groups are seriously bidding for the honors. Foremost, perhaps, is the SUMPAC (Southampton University Man-Powered Aircraft Club) bunch, whose craft is a descendant of an original model that at one time flew 650 yards—impressive, but not enough to qualify for the prize. A new attempt is “imminent.”

John Wimpenny, who in an effort to bolster his brawn once ate liver every Tuesday night for weeks, even though, as he complained, “I hate liver,” gave his plans and planes to Liverpool University after a crash in 1969. Their current machine is dubbed *Liverpuffin*, to commemorate Wimpenny’s diet and his audible lung power while piloting the craft.

At Weybridge another group has conceived a machine with a wingspan of 120 feet. It flew only 50 yards on its maiden flight in 1971, but is expected to do better this year. North of London, the splendidly named Hertfordshire Pedal Aeronauts have tied their aspirations to an elaborate two-man machine called *Toucan*. With a 123-foot wingspan the aircraft is now ready for its first trials. And, finally, there is the Royal Air Force entry. Under the dashing name *Jupiter*, this fragile 118-pound crate whirled its way to a record distance of 1,171 yards in 1972.

Despite the head start, the British are in serious danger of being surpassed by designers from other nations. One American contender is the McAvoy MPA-1, built at Georgia Tech several years ago and now being reconstructed after an accident. Another is a secret craft said to be so small, delicate, and lightweight it will have to be pedaled by a midget.

As the Icarian enthusiasts have discovered, it is the takeoff that separates the men from the boys. Donald Bright of the U.S. Air Force explained the problem this way: “You can get a well-designed craft airborne without any problem, since you can exert the required one horsepower to get her up 15 feet or so, and hold at half a horsepower to sustain flight in a gentle head wind. But the catch is this: when you bank into your first turn for that required figure eight, your energy requirements bounce up sharply. And even if you steel your muscles and fight through the turn, you still have three more to face.” John Wimpenny agreed in 1962, after what was then a record-breaking 993-yard flight: “I could have kept on going straight for ages; but as soon as I started thinking about the turn, my pedaling lapsed and I had to come down.”

Although theoretically “almost any one” could construct a man-powered plane, a few essentials are needed, including infinite patience, limitless time, a thorough knowledge of aerodynamics, inexhaustible energy, several dozen loyal and close-mouthed friends, a few thousand dollars, and (to shelter the fragile contraption) a rainproof, wind-protected shed. It also helps to be a little nutty about flying.

If the goal so longingly sought by the buffs of man-powered flying is ever achieved, where will it end? Perhaps airlines could run special do-it-yourself flights classed Energy/Economy, in which passengers would pedal vigorously while riding on padded saddles. One thing is certain: if the energy crisis continues, we may all have to rise to the occasion—becoming truly Man the Flying Machine.

J. A. Maxtone Graham, from Berkshire, England, and Wilbur Cross, who lives in Bronxville, New York, may soon reveal the design for their superduper flapping, whizzing flying machine—or they may not.

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Above it all at a competition in Sussex, three hopefuls . . .

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. . . attempted to fly at least fifty yards for a cash prize.

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All fell into the drink, and the prize went unawarded.



Pedalers five: a German wheel-and-wing contraption of 1920 . . .



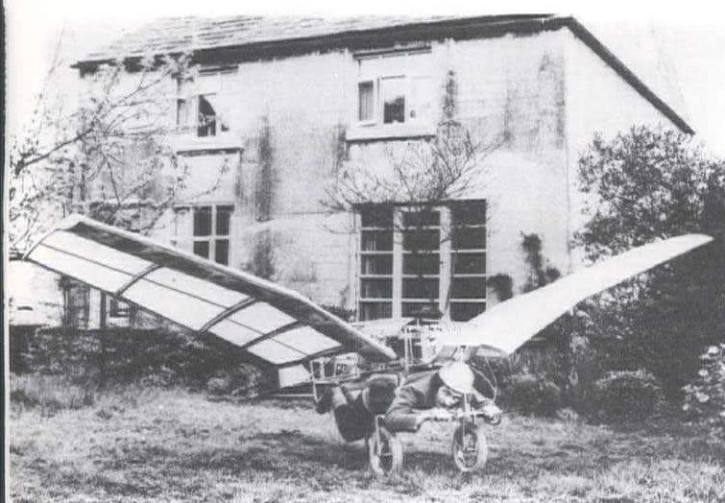
. . . had all the success of this sleeker one of 1967 (none).



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These two English craft got off the ground . . .



. . . but this ornithopter so far has a most ambiguous record.



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Three British flappers of the 1970's: serious . . .



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. . . dauntless . . .



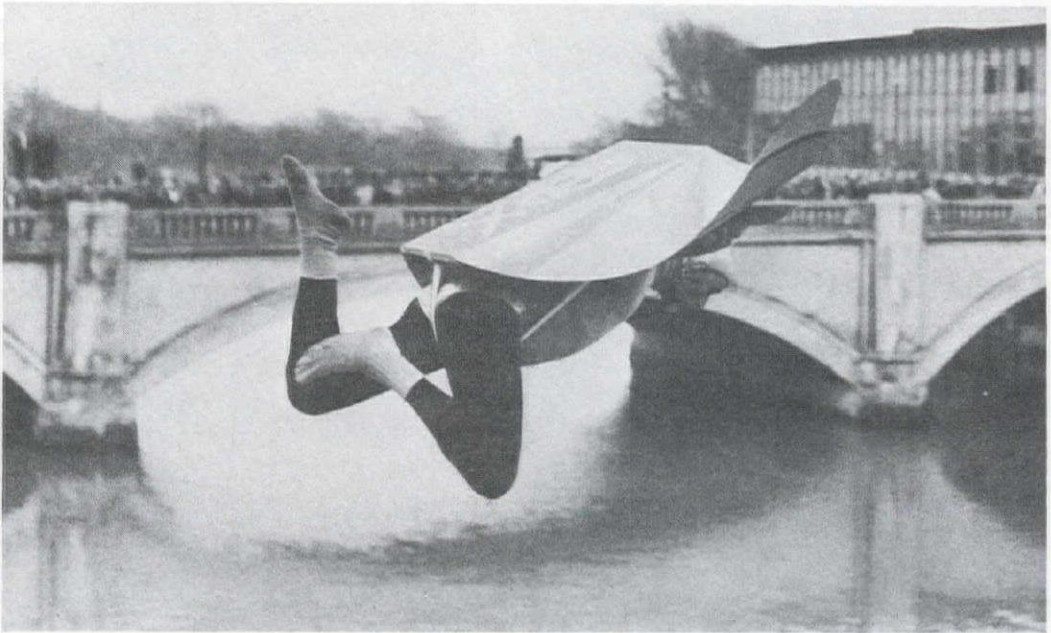
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. . . and always ready to give it another go.

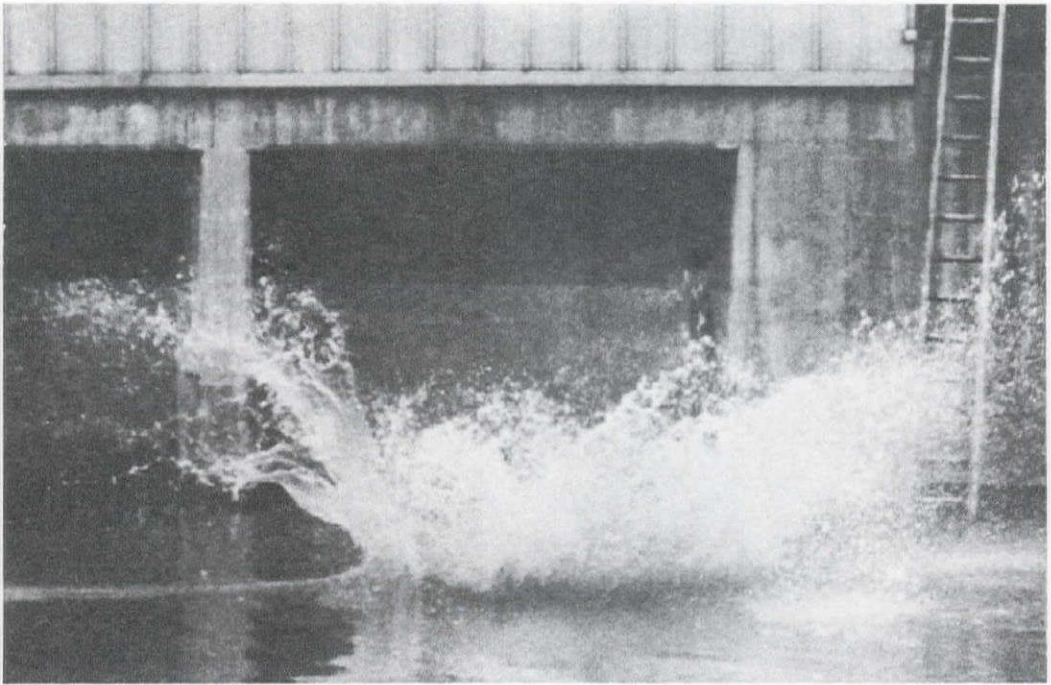
ALL: KEYSTONE PRESS



"O God! it is a fearful thing . . .



. . . To see the human soul take wing," remarked Lord Byron.



Perhaps. But after drying off, this bold birdman said he would double his wingspan and try again.